THE

Retrospective Review.

FOR OUT OF THE OLDE FIELDES, AS MEN SAITHE,
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE CORN FRO YERE TO YERE;
AND OUT OF OLDE BOOKES, IN GOOD FAITHE,
COMETH ALL THIS NEWE SCIENCE THAT MEN LERE.

CHAUCER.

VOL. XI.

LONDON:

BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

1825.

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LONDON:
PRINTED BY D. S. MAURICE, PENCHURCH-STREET.

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Retrospective Review.

Vol. XI. Part I.

Art. I.—*A Journal, or Historical Account of the Life, Travels, Sufferings, Christian Experience, and Labour of Love, in the work of the Ministry, of that ancient, eminent, and faithful Servant of Jesus Christ,* George Fox. *Third Edition. London,* 1765.

The progress of human opinion, the knowledge of human nature, the weakness to which we may be reduced, and the strength of which we are capable, are the great lessons taught by history to all mankind. Not, indeed, history in its more limited meaning; as the record of events, measured not by the depth of the sources whence they sprang, the permanence of their causes, the universality of the principle, but their magnitude in the world's eye; not history, the manual for warriors, statesmen, legislators, negotiators, and others who ride in triumph on the shoulders of the world, "on the neck of crowned Fortune," to uphold their dignity, and secure their power; but the history of the human mind; the recorded facts that lay bare its powers and its passions, its hopes and its delusions; where every man may read, and has an interest in the record, and whence every man should rise the wiser and the better. To the great mass of mankind, the history of one single error, one delusion, to which the human mind was long subject, and from which it is now emancipated, and has forgotten, is of more value, than all the battles, intrigues, and negotiations, since courts and courtiers have had being. So it seems to us; but this, perhaps, is one of those very delusions, where

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desire beguiles and cheats us into belief; for it is, certainly, an opinion that gives more than the admitted importance to our present labour, which is, to bring before our readers, the life and opinions of as extraordinary a man, as visionary a dreamer, as mad an enthusiast, and as honest a man, as ever played a part in the great human drama.

Of course it needs no preface to inform the reader that George Fox, the writer of this Journal, called by the famous Penn, "Annals of the man of God," was, in the language of his followers, "a chosen vessel through whom the eternal, wise, and good God was pleased, in his infinite love, to honour and visit this benighted and bewildered nation, with his chosen day-spring from on high"—or, as the irreverend would say, was founder of the sect of Quakers.

As, with all our love of toleration, we cannot extend the principle so far as to give to nonsense a license and privilege from exposure, we hold it well to premise that nothing we may hereafter say, is meant to apply to the Quakers of the present day. They are a quiet, orderly, peaceable, self-satisfied, brown-coated, broad-beavered generation, and have little, except their abstract principles, in common with the unquiet, disorderly, self-dissatisfied, buckskin-breeched, and buckskin-coated, booted, and spurred founder of their sect. They have, indeed, no more to do with his follies and extravagance, than his virtues and his sufferings. The present generation are as little likely to be found annoying and persecuting other people with their opinions, as they are to be found in jail for resisting tythes, or not resisting the influence of the spirit. The Quakers, indeed, as they had the disadvantage of the world's opinion in the beginning, have the advantage of it now;—their virtues are all of that worldly character, which the world well knows how to estimate;—they are honest, sober, civil, and industrious, virtues, by which the world and the individual are equally benefited; and benefit is the very sensible measure by which the world forms its judgment, and the Quakers too; that "honesty is the best policy," is a proverb, and the best that can be said of the Quakers, is that they know it; so far from trusting themselves to the direction, or misdirection, of the spirit, they never trust themselves to any one single impulse of their nature; they never diverge, right or left, from the common, beaten, high-way of established usage; they are just such men, "and women too," as in the progress of improvement, and the consummation of machinery, will some day or other, we expect, be manufactured by steam engines. They are, in fact, as opposite to the founder of their sect, as the spirit of Quixotism is to that of Quietism. Thus much, by way of preface; now to the immediate subject of this article.

George Fox, the writer of this Journal, was born in 1624, at Drayton in the Clay, in Leicestershire. His father was a weaver; a circumstance not to be passed over lightly; for the breed is as specially noted in the Calendar of Saints, as in the Calendar at Newmarket; and the weavers were always a righteous generation;* and Fox himself assures us that in this one "there was a seed of God." His name was Christopher, but by his familiars, he was called "Righteous Christer." "My mother," he adds, "was an upright woman; her maiden name, Mary Lago, of the family of the Lago's [as most people would have supposed without this special notice; we conclude, therefore, the Lago's were in the roll of Battle Abbey] and of the stock of the martyrs."

George, in his youth, was a dull, heavy boy, or, as he pleases to phrase it, "had a gravity and stayedness of mind and spirit, not usual in children." In religious knowledge he was somewhat precocious, for he claims, at eleven years of age, to have "known pureness and righteousness." In other things his dullness continued; for, though his relations thought to have made him a priest, it was more judiciously determined to make him a shoemaker. We conclude his dullness continued, and that his friends acted judiciously, for the utmost literary pretensions, made for this "man of God," as Penn calls him, in after life, by his most affectionate disciples, were that "he could read pretty well, and write—though not quickly—so much as would serve him afterwards to signify his meaning to others." "It cannot be denied," says Sewel, "he was no good speller, but his characters being tolerable, his writing was legible." Now it was not till long after his friends had determined to bind him to the "gentle craft," that the Lord opened to Fox, "that being bred at Oxford and Cambridge was not enough to fit and qualify men to be ministers of Christ;" or, that he stumbled on the words of the Apostle, "that they needed no man to teach them;" and, therefore, his friends, naturally enough, imagined that some spice of learning was essential to the ministry; and George not taking kindly to writing, reading, and the earlier mysteries of education, they, in their human and fallible judgment, recommended boot-closing. George, indeed, could not but thank them; for we infer, from many passages, that in early life he looked on what he called "Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and the Seven

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* There is an admirable description of a puritan weaver in Chapman's *Monsieur D'Olive*. It is too intimately interwoven with the scene to admit of being extracted.

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Arts," as cabalistical, and damnable; that learning was

cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain.—

Did not, he asks triumphantly, "the languages begin at Babel? and did not St. John the divine, say that the beast and the whore had power over tongues?" No doubt of it; but it was unkind of George to include his mother-tongue; especially as the lady was of "the family of the Lago's."

Right or wrong, George was apprenticed to a shoemaker; but his master dealing also in wool and cattle, and George taking more delight in sheep than shoe-making, his disciples call him a shepherd, "a just emblem," they say, "of his after ministry and service." George was certainly no "Perkin Revelour;" for he did acquit him so diligently in his business, and minded it so well, that his master was successful in his trade, whilst George continued with him;—"while I was with him," he observes, "he was blest, but after I left him, he broke, and came to nothing."

With this master George continued, very much in the ordinary course of ordinary people, until he was nineteen; when being at a fair, he met with a cousin and another friend, both "professors," and they agreed to drink together. These "professors," however, were not so easily satisfied as their companion; "they began to drink healths, and called for more drink, agreeing together, that he that would not drink should pay all. This grieved me," says George, "very much, having never had such a thing put to me before, by any sort of people." Wherefore I rose up, and putting my hand into my pocket, took out a groat, and laid it upon the table before them, saying, "If it be so, I will leave you;" and he did leave them. This is a circumstance of no importance in itself, but great in its consequence; it was the occasion of the first divine communication. "I went away," he continues, "and when I had done my business, returned home; but I did not go to bed that night, nor could I sleep; but sometimes walked up and down, and sometimes prayed, and cried to the Lord," who said unto me, "Thou seest how young people go together into vanity, and old people into the earth; thou must forsake all, young and old, keep out of all, and be a stranger unto all." George understood this literally, left his relations and his master, and wandered over the country, inclining towards London, though without any apparent intention of going there, until he reached Barnet; there he "was tempted almost to despair;" and notwithstanding what he calls "the command of God," given on "the ninth of the seventh month," before alluded to, he questioned if he had not

done amiss in forsaking his relations. Eventually his scruples were overcome, and he ventured into the great city.

Here, however, he met with little satisfaction. "I looked," says he, "on the great professors, and saw all was dark, and under the chain of darkness."—"Some tender people would have had me staid, but I was fearful, and returned homeward into Leicestershire, having a regard upon my mind to my parents and relations, lest I should grieve them; who, I understood, were troubled at my absence." At home he continued not long; and, indeed, for many years after, it is questionable whether he was most unsettled in mind or body. Whatever extravagancies Fox may have committed, it is just towards him to acknowledge thus early, that he was, from the first, a sincere seeker of truth, and, afterwards, a firm believer in what he professed and taught. But at this time, and for some years after, he was, with all his sincerity, a downright bedlamite, wandering over the country without a resting place or a home; sleeping for weeks together in the open fields; and going for days together without food or nourishment. In his own melancholy record he observes, "my troubles continued, and I was often under great temptations. I fasted much, walked abroad in solitary places many days, and often took my Bible, and sat in hollow trees and lonesome places until night came on; and, frequently, in the night, walked mournfully about by myself: for I was a man of sorrows in the first workings of the Lord in me." Upon another occasion, he says, "about this time I was in a fast for about ten days, my spirit being greatly exercised on truth's behalf."

With all his after-confidence, Fox had, early in life, some natural misgivings, and he endeavoured to find help and relief from others. The dreadful state to which he was at times reduced, we may collect from what follows. "After this, I went to one Macham, a priest, in high account. He would needs give me some physic, and I was to have been let blood; but they could not get one drop of blood from me, either in arms or head, though they endeavoured it, my body being, as it were, dried up with sorrows, griefs, and troubles, which were so great upon me, that I could have wished I had never been born, or that I had been born blind, that I might never have seen wickedness nor vanity; and deaf, that I might never have heard vain and wicked words, or the Lord's name blasphemed." We should not do justice to Fox without extracting what follows. In all his fearful agonies, and with all his desperate determination to separate himself from human society, some touch of humanity, some gentle sympathy with the sufferings of others, is always discoverable; as in his fears, when in London, lest his parents should be unhappy, and in the following account of his

keeping Christmas, when in the very height of his suffering. "When the time called Christmas came, while others were feasting and sporting themselves, I looked out poor widows from house to house, and gave them some money. When I was invited to marriages I went to none at all, but the next day, or soon after, I would go and visit them, and if they were poor I gave them some money."

In his seeking for consolation from the "high professors," Fox records some extraordinary, and some ridiculous adventures. "I heard of one," he says, "called Doctor Cradock, of Coventry, and went to him; I asked him the ground of temptation and despair, and how troubles came to be wrought in man? —As we were walking together in his garden, the alley being narrow, I chanced, in turning, to set my foot on the side of a bed; at which he raged as if his house had been on fire." Again, "I went to another ancient priest, at Mansetter, in Warwickshire, and reasoned with him about the grounds of despair and temptations; but he was ignorant of my condition: he bid me take tobacco, and sing psalms." Fox simply observes on this, "Tobacco was a thing I did not love, and psalms I was not in a state to sing; I could not sing." Nor, indeed, do we remember his ever making the attempt, until some years after, when in prison at Carlisle, where the jailor having, with brutal violence, beaten him, Fox says he was "so filled with joy, that he began to sing." This seems strange to us, and favours the opinion of Hudibras.

> This they call Pain,
> Is (as the learned Stoicks maintain)
> Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good;
> But merely as 'tis understood.
> * * * * *
> It follows we can ne'er be sure,
> Whether we pain or not endure,

or inflict. By the bye, we may here notice that Fox having once "tuned his voice," very soon gave proof of extraordinary power; for the jailor thinking to annoy him, fetched a fiddler; but the man no sooner began to play, than Fox "sang a hymn so loud, that with his voice he drowned the sound of the fiddle, and thereby so confounded the player, that he was forced to give over and go his ways." If this does not remind the reader of the contention between the lute player and the nightingale, in Strada and Ford, it may of the similar despair of a fiddler, though from a different cause, in that most beautiful of ballads, *The Lord's Marie*, now said to be written by Allan Cunningham.

At this time, and for the remainder of his life, Fox, of

course, had dreams, and visions, and heard voices from heaven, and was, on innumerable occasions, specially instructed by the Lord; and as the coming of Jesus was preceded and foretold by John, therefore it was, we presume, that one Brown, says Sewel, "upon his death-bed spoke, by way of prophecy, many notable things concerning George Fox, and, among the rest, that he should be made instrumental by the Lord to the conversion of the people." This prophecy seems to have decided the question; for "when this man was buried," says Fox, "a great work of the Lord fell upon me, to the admiration of many who thought I had been dead; and many came to see me for about fourteen days. I was very much altered in countenance and person, as if my body had been new moulded or changed. While I was in this condition, I had a sense and discerning given me by the Lord.—I saw into that which was without end, things which cannot be uttered, and of the greatness and infiniteness of the love of God, which cannot be expressed by words. For I had been brought through the very ocean of darkness and death, and through and over the power of Satan, by the eternal glorious power of Christ; even through that darkness was I brought which covered over all the world, which chained down all, and shut up all in the death.—Then could I say, I had been in spiritual Babylon, Sodom, Egypt, and the grave; but by the eternal power of God I was come out of it, was brought over it, and the power of it, into the power of Christ.—A report went abroad of me, that I was a young man who had a discerning spirit, whereupon many came from far and near, professors, priests, and people. The Lord's power broke forth, and I had great openings and prophecies, and spoke unto them of the things of God, which they heard with attention and silence, and went away and spread the fame thereof." After the success of this first display, there was no more self-questioning; he braced up his leather-breeches, and proceeded forthwith to meetings of priests and professors, and expounded texts, much to the satisfaction of the "more sober."

Fox's life had now a determinate purpose, and his mind became, in consequence, somewhat quieted; the fever was a little subdued, and his madness had more of method. Away he goes to meetings and steeple-houses; takes to prophecying and performing miracles;—it were better, we think, to have followed the advice of the priest of Mansetter, and taken to psalm-singing, and tobacco;—and proceeds right onwards, till he had founded a sect, and established his authority over it.—However, this was a work of time and labour. But hereafter he lives more in the world's eye; his history is less personal; he avows doctrines, denounces errors, and finds followers; and before we enter into the particulars of his after life, we must

give some account of the doctrines he now taught, and the pretensions he set up. And we must here observe that few things are more opposite than the naked startling assertions which Fox sported at this time, and the same opinions as explained by Barclay, Penn, and other sensible men, who eventually took the lead among his followers, and had a natural influence over Fox himself. We may premise, that we hate and abhor all persecution, and we never hesitate to avow it, for any and all religious opinions. Of the cruel sufferings of George Fox there can be no doubt; his broken bones, his bruised and bleeding body, could testify to it a hundred times; the memory of his persecutors we give up to the just indignation of all who protest against persecution; but we cannot permit the Quakers to triumph over them, as they have been accustomed to do, unless they deny his conduct. George Fox was not only a persecutor, but had the very soul of an inquisitor. For is it not persecution, we ask, rudely to interrupt the worship of others—to enter their religious houses—to mock their most reverend ceremonies—to deride their belief—to stigmatize their best endeavours—to insult their ministers—to enter private houses and annoy and revile people, till they fly their own homes to avoid you?—We will not make Fox responsible for the conduct of his followers, of that we may speak hereafter; but these doings he boasts and triumphs in. Is it no persecution to tell an officer and a gentleman, "he must have a new God, for his God was his belly?" a magistrate, "his heart was rotten, and he was full of hypocrisy to the brim?" To interrupt a minister in the performance of his religious duty, and begin your ill-timed address, "Come down, thou deceiver?" to stigmatize another as a Scribe and Pharisee, that "goest in Cain's way, in envy, an enemy to God;" "a son of Balaam?" "a greedy dumb dog?" We like, on these occasions, to "speak by the card," to give the proofs of what we assert. If what follows be not persecution, what is? "Passing onwards that night," says Fox, "a papist overtook me, and talked to me of his religion, and of their meetings; and I let him speak all his mind. That night I stayed at an alehouse. Next morning I was moved to speak the word of the Lord to this papist. So I went to his house, and declared against all their superstitious ways; and told him, that God was come to teach his people himself. This put him into such a rage, that he could not endure to stay in his own house."

But the Quakers, though they claim this extravagant license, which, if it were permitted to any, men had better run wild in the woods than live in such society, are not at all disposed to tolerate it; no, nor to tolerate dissent, unless such dissent as is by law established and authorised. When the penal laws

were repealed, in King William's time, by which laws, "some dissenters, and especially the Quakers, had suffered and been persecuted many years—care was taken," says Sewel, "to keep that law in force, by which papists were excluded from sitting in Parliament. And those *penal laws*, of which mention hath been made heretofore, in due place, were now restrained, except the Test Act, *properly required* for serving in high offices, and *to keep out the papists*." Again, he observes, in Holland, some, under pretence of plainness, printed books, in which "not one capital letter was to be found;" and after this, and some other extravagancies, (no great offences yet proved) "*it is not to be wondered* that the magistrates *clapped them up in Bedlam*." Is it not, indeed? Now, we think it no offence at all to print books without capital letters, and that *it is* to be wondered at, that magistrates should think themselves justified in "clapping" such printers into Bedlam. So too, in speaking of Muggleton, the founder of a sect that sprang, and almost legitimately, from the Quakers themselves, he observes, "I am loth to transcribe more of these most horrible blasphemies; and we have cause to wonder at the long forbearance of God, that he has thus bore the disdainful affront offered by this inhuman monster, in defiance of his Almightiness. Hereafter I shall have occasion to make mention of this Muggleton, for he lived yet several years; and I don't find that any punishment was inflicted upon him by the magistrates, other than *the pillory*, and *half a year's imprisonment*; though many think, *not without good reason*, that such blasphemers ought to be *secluded from conversation with men*." It is really very difficult to satisfy these gentlemen in punishing others, though they wince confoundedly when subjected to it themselves. He does not find that *any* punishment was inflicted on Muggleton, *other than* (a trifle hardly worth noticing) the *pillory* and *six months' imprisonment*, whereas many (Quakers) and himself, would have all such blasphemers sentenced to *solitary imprisonment for life*.

Just so others thought in respect to him, *they* called the blasphemer, George Fox. We know how Fox tells us, that upon such an occasion, he qualified this or that nonsense, and how wiser heads than his afterwards gave speciousness to it; but if blasphemy be a sufficient apology for persecution, what might not the persecutors of that age have urged against Fox, who rarely spoke in public, but with some such preface as "The Lord hath opened to me,"—"I am moved of the Lord,"—"I am sent of the Lord God of heaven and earth?" Who begins "an exhortation of warning to the magistrates,"—"All ye powers of the earth, Christ is come to reign, and is among you, and ye know him not?" In another paper, he informs the "seven parishes at the Land's End," "Christ is come to teach his

people himself; and every one that will not hear this prophet, which God hath raised up, and which Moses spake of, when he said, 'Like unto me will God raise you up a prophet, him shall you hear;' every one, I say, that will not hear this prophet, is to be cut off." In his *Journal*, he says, "From Coventry I went to Atherstone, and it being their lecture day, I was moved to go to their chapel, to speak to the priest and the people. They were generally pretty quiet; only some few raged, and would have had my relations to have bound me. I declared largely to them, *that God was come to teach his people himself*, and to bring them from all their man-made teachers, *to hear his Son;* and some were convinced there." This same language, "that God was come to teach his people himself," Fox used upon more than one occasion. Those very words he addressed to the people at Doncaster; and with those same, we have seen, he so staggered the poor papist, that he fled from his own home with horror, as Fox triumphantly records. We repeat, that we know how, upon occasion, this language was qualified and explained; but *this was the language;* this was the abrupt, daring, astounding manner in which he was accustomed to address persons, who neither knew his person nor his principles; and such an address sounded, we suspect, to his hearers, quite as blasphemous as the ravings of Muggleton, or any other madman.

But even the real pretensions of Fox, as admitted by his followers, and collected from his own words, understood with his own interpretation, were not a little startling. The foundation of his dissent was, briefly, that the scriptures are not the rule either of conduct or judgment, but "the light of Christ within man." The "light within," is to the understanding of the million, the misunderstanding million, we suppose Fox would say, at any rate, to all but himself and followers, *is reason;* and to say, men's conduct and judgment are not to be formed by the scriptures, but by reason, is pure deism. But Fox's words are, "the light *of Christ* within;" and, says Penn, there is the natural light—that is, reason—the light of God, and the light of the evil one. Admit it; but how are the world, the uninitiated, to distinguish between them. "Experience," says one of themselves, when difference had sprung up, "hath taught, that imagination sometimes works so powerfully in the mind, that one thinks himself obliged to do a thing which were better left undone." The Quakers themselves then cannot distinguish between these lights, and have no other rule to decide by, but the conduct and opinions of another, being in agreement with their own conduct and opinions. "Every man," said one of them, "hath the witness in himself," and must witness *to himself*, we add; but what is to witness to the world? what was to satisfy the minds, for instance, of the

people of Nottingham, when their minister had just told them, it was the scriptures by which they were to try all doctrines, religions, and opinions; that Fox was justified in rudely interrupting him, and exclaiming, "Oh no; it is not the scriptures; it is the holy spirit of God, by which the holy men of God gave forth the scriptures?" How were they to distinguish between Fox and Muggleton; between "the truths" of the one, and "the blasphemies" of the other? and why were they to shut up one from the conversation of men, and leave the other at liberty? "Oh," say the Quakers, "every man hath the witness within himself,"—that is to say, the test within himself. Well, then, by this test was Fox tried, and shut up in prison, though not excluded from the conversation of men. This is not our argument, it is their own.

But this "witness," it appears to us, is not certainly relied on, even by the Quakers themselves. It is time, and not agreement, that is the real test. What do they say to the following, as we quote it, word for word, from the first edition of the *Journal*, edited by Penn:—"As I was sitting in a house full of people, declaring the word of life to them, I cast mine eyes upon a woman, and I discerned an unclean spirit in her. And *I was moved of the Lord* to speak sharply to her, and told her she was *a witch:* whereupon the woman went out of the room. Now, I being a stranger there, and knowing nothing of the woman outwardly, the people wondered at it; and told me afterwards, I had discovered a great thing, *for all the country looked upon her as a witch. The Lord had given me a spirit of discerning*, by which I many times saw the states and conditions of people, and could try their spirits. For, not long before, as I was going to a meeting, I saw women in a field, and I *discerned them to be witches;* and I was moved to go out of my way into the field to them, and to declare unto them their conditions; telling them plainly, *they were in the spirit of witchcraft*. At another time, there came such an one into Swarthmore Hall, in the meeting time; and I was moved to speak sharply to her, and *told her, she was a witch;* and the people said, afterwards, she was generally accounted so." Now we beg the reader, and it is necessary, if he means to do justice to this "discernment," to transport himself back to the age in which Fox lived; to remember *that witchcraft was then a statutable offence*, as well known, and as certainly punished, as house-breaking, or highway robbery; and that more than *sixty persons* are said *to have suffered death for it, in one year, in one county*. Now we ask, what did the Quakers of the eighteenth century say to this discovery of *witches*, by the *spirit of the Lord?* Why, they said nothing, but silently, without one word of note or comment, altered the passage;

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which is thus printed in the last edition: If this be not done in "the spirit of the Lord," it is in "the spirit of discerning;" of discerning what nonsense the age has outgrown. We request the readers to compare the passages in italics, and mark the omissions. "As I was sitting in a house full of people, declaring the word of life unto them, I cast mine eye upon a woman, and discerned an unclean spirit in her; I was moved of the Lord to speak sharply to her, and told her she was *under the influence of an unclean spirit;* whereupon the woman went out of the room. I being a stranger there, and knowing nothing of the woman outwardly, the people wondered, and told me afterwards, I had discovered a great thing, for all the country looked upon her to be a *wicked person.* The Lord had given me a spirit of discerning, by which I many times saw the states and conditions of people, and could try their spirits. Not long before, as I was going to a meeting, I saw some women in a field, and discerned *an evil spirit in them;* and I was moved to go out of my way into the field to them, and declare unto them their conditions. Another time, there came one into Swarthmore Hall, in the meeting time, and I was moved to speak sharply to her, and told her she was *under the power of an evil spirit;* and the people said afterwards, she was generally accounted so to be." These are strange alterations, and we hardly know how to reconcile them with that sincerity, which we are willing and anxious to allow to all men, however widely we may differ from them in opinion.*

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* This is an old charge against the Quakers. Thus, in *A Trumpet of the Lord, sounded forth of Sion,* &c. written by the famous Edward Burroughs, and published in 1656; a trumpet sounded, as he asserted, "By order and authority given unto me, *by the Spirit of the living God,* the 31st day of the tenth month, 1655, about the fourth hour in the morning." One blast was addressed to "Oliver Cromwell and his Council;" another, "to the judges;" a third "to all astrologers, &c.;" a fourth, "to all generals, &c.;" and there was a fifth, "to all you, *who are,* and *have been always, enemies to the very appearance of righteousness,* who are called *Delinquents and Cavaliers.*" Now, it appears this trumpet was not quite so distinct in *any* of its soundings, in 1672, when the work was reprinted, but this *fifth* sounding was so especially soft, that it could not be heard, and was *wholly omitted* in that edition. Now, considering the authority, being no other than "the Spirit of the living God," we know not well how to reconcile these things. We know it is the practice, but we are not aware that they claim the power to silence a prophet, or to amend, alter, or apply the positive commands of God, as they assert these things to be. It would certainly have required some nerve to publish this fifth sounding *after* the Restoration, and some ingenuity to reconcile it with foreknowledge and omnipotence.

But we will confine ourselves, as closely as possible, to some of the opinions and pretensions of Fox, and let the reader judge of his sanity. The foundation of his dissent, as we have shewn, was, that the scriptures are not the rule, either of conduct or judgment, but the light of Christ within men. By this light only, by the same "divine spirit," in which they were written, could the scriptures be rightly interpreted. The spirit of the prophets was as much wanting as heretofore; "none could read John's words aright, but in and with *the same divine spirit, by which John spake them;*" none "could know the words of *Christ* and of his apostles, without *his* spirit." All, indeed, that Fox knew, was by divine inspiration, for he professes to have "no slight esteem" for the scriptures; not for what they taught him, but that "what the Lord opened in me, I *afterwards* found was agreeable to them." But this is an idle waste of words; it is proving by circumstances what is capable of direct proof. Fox claimed not only to be inspired, but to be *a prophet;* and this is asserted not only of him, but of many others of the sect, by the Quakers themselves. Barclay, says the republicans, "evilly intreated the messengers of the Lord, and caused *his prophets* to be beaten and imprisoned." "Being one day," says Fox, "in Swarthmore Hall, when Judge Fell and Justice Benson were talking of the news, and of the parliament then sitting, (called the Long Parliament,) I was moved to tell them, Before that day two weeks the parliament should be broken up, and the Speaker plucked out of his chair; and that day two weeks, Justice Benson told Judge Fell, that now he saw George was a true prophet, for Oliver had broken up the parliament." In another place he observes, "When some forward spirits, that came among us, would have bought Somerset-house, that we might have meetings in it, I forbade them to do it; for I then foresaw the king's coming in again." But, if we put faith in the Quaker historian, one or other of the sect foretold every great event for twenty years:—the breaking up of the long parliament—the Restoration—the Dutch war—the plague

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"Thus saith the Lord, *my controversy is against you*, even my hand in judgment is upon you already; and *you are become cursed* in all your hatchings and endeavours, and from time to time my hand hath been against you in battle; and you have been *and are given up to be a prey to your enemies*, &c. &c.; therefore, I rose in my fury against you, and *will have war with all your followers, herein, for ever*, &c. &c. *And though your kings and princes have been cut off in wrath*, &c. &c., you will not see, how you are given up to be a curse and a desolation, and a prey, in houses and lands, and persons, to those whom *I raised against you*, and *gave power over you*, &c."

—and the great fire, inclusive. But, unfortunately, their foreknowledge was of no service, either to themselves or others. In Cromwell's time, they spoke of the republicans as *almost as bad* as the cavaliers, no sure way of conciliating the latter; of the plague, the prophets died as well as other people; and from the fire, they had not the common prudence to remove their property; although one of them, named Ibbit, came expressly, and in haste, from Huntingdonshire, having delayed to announce it, "until he felt," as he expressed it, "the fire in his own bosom;" he then "began to scatter his money up and down the streets, turn his horse loose, untie the knees of his breeches, [we suppose, prophets, like

"Cannon, shoot the higher pitches,
The lower they let down their breeches."]

to let his stockings fall down, and to unbutton his doublet, [to cool the fire in his bosom, we presume,] and went all over the city denouncing the judgment against the people. So should they run up and down, scattering their money and goods, half undressed, like mad people, as he was a sign to them,"—and "the very first day of the following week it was fearfully proved true." If this were any thing but nonsense, any thing but the casual and accidental concurrence of circumstance, which will, surely, make a true prophet of some one out of a hundred daily and hourly prophecying, we think the government should have had an eye to the Quakers rather than the papists, and the Monument have been surmounted with a hat and brim of Quaker dimensions, rather than disfigured with its prosy and lying inscription. This same Ibbit, when the fire had reached Cheapside, placed himself before the flames, and spread his arms forth to stop its progress; but his friends removed him thence, or, says the historian, "he must have perished." This latter, they say, was madness, proceeding from spiritual pride at the fulfilment of his prediction. It was madness, and so was the prediction itself.

Another of the bewildering doctrines of Fox was *the perfectibility of man*. As explained by Penn, they teach "perfection from sin," but not "a perfection in wisdom and glory in this life, or from natural infirmities or death, as some have with a weak or ill mind imagined and insinuated against them" —a weak or ill mind indeed, that would add fresh burthens to the heavily laden, and make George Fox responsible for nonsense he never taught. But let us quote his own words on this subject.—"Now was I come up in spirit, through the flaming sword, into the paradise of God. All things were new, and all the creation gave another smell unto me than before, beyond

what words can utter. *I knew nothing but pureness, innocency, and righteousness,* being renewed *up into the image of God* by Christ Jesus; so that I *was come up to the state of Adam, which he was in before he fell.*" On another occasion he has the following introductory passage: "Moreover, the Lord God let me see, *when I was brought up into his image in righteousness and holyness,* and into the paradise of God, &c."

After these things, our readers will think the performing of miracles a matter of course; and we beg them to understand this was not merely a pretension of poor George's, but that his acts were recognized and registered as miracles by his followers. We quote the following from the *Index* to the *last* edition.—"Miracles wrought by the power of God, (page) 155. She that was ready to die raised up again, 158. The lame made whole, 95. The diseased cured, 481. A distracted woman recovered, 26. See Trouble of Mind. A great man, given over by his physicians, restored, 28, 341, &c. &c." Let us look more particularly into one or two of these. "After some time, I went to a meeting at Arnside, where Richard Myer was, who had been long lame of one of his arms. I was moved of the Lord to say unto him, amongst all the people; 'Stand up upon thy legs,' for he was sitting down; and he stood up, and stretched out his arm that had been lame a long time, and said, 'Be it known unto you, all people, that this day I am healed.' Yet his parents could hardly believe it; but after the meeting was done, had him aside, took off his doublet, and then saw it was true." Again, at Cossel, he observes, "came a woman, and brought her daughter for me to see how well she was; putting me in mind, 'that when I was there before, she had brought her to me much troubled with the king's evil, and had then desired me to pray for her,' which I did, and she mended upon it, praised be the Lord." At Baldock there was a baptist woman sick. "John Rush, of Bedfordshire," says Fox, "went with me to see her. When we came in, many tender people were about her. They told me 'she was not a woman for this world; but if I had any thing to comfort her concerning the world to come, I might speak to her.' I was moved of the Lord to speak to her; and he raised her up again, to the astonishment of the town and country."

We have thought it necessary to give this brief notice of some of the extravagant opinions taught, and pretensions made, by Fox, that our readers may understand the ground of that abhorrence in which he was held, and that persecution he endured. Still it was not the great doctrines of his sect that Fox, in early life, principally taught, or the insulted feelings of the people, from which he always suffered; a little nonsense in principle, and a little folly in conduct, both being ill-timed,

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served, over and over again, to shut him up in prison. The not observing an established courtesy by taking off his hat, was a perpetual offence to all the proud spirits in the magistracy, before whom he was eternally brought, and subjected him to intolerable persecution; and, on his part, the very mention of death, or Moses, or circumcision, or the church, or the word of God, were a sure block, over which he stumbled; and a text which he must expound, without regard to time, season, or audience. It was not that what he said was altogether ridiculous; but ridiculous from the vehemence, rudeness, and denunciations, with which he denied what none but the most ignorant ever supposed, or discussed what nobody else disputed. But Fox was once of the most ignorant. He afterwards acquired that knowledge and power, never contemptible, which a complete mastery over such a work as the Bible, gives to every man; and, having thus discovered his former ignorance, thought all men in the same darkness from which he had so unexpectedly burst forth.

We have before warned the reader, that he must not expect a connected narrative of Fox's life. Such an abstract would have less interest, and throw much less light on the real character of the man, than our collected notices. His was a life of change, without variety; to-day in prison, to-morrow at liberty; and it needed even less fore-knowledge than some of his own prophecies, to predict when he would be in jail again.

It is an extraordinary circumstance, that it was not till after some years' wandering, and after the establishment of many meetings, that Fox was commanded by the Lord "to go abroad into the world." It may be added, that no man ever observed a command more religiously. For more than twenty years, we do not believe he had a home; and when he married, he was, seldom there long together, and only at wide intervals of time. During this long period, the privations he endured, the brutal violence he suffered from, the indignities he submitted to, make the heart ache. Some of his simple narratives are, in the highest degree, affecting, and will testify, as long as the record shall remain, to the perfect sincerity of his intentions. Thus, shortly after his liberation from a twelvemonth's imprisonment in Derby jail, "he came at night to an inn, where he bid the woman of the house, if she had any meat, to bring him some. But because he said *thee* and *thou* to her, she looked strangely on him. Then he asked her if she had any milk? and she said *No!* He, believing she spoke falsely, and seeing a churn in the room, would try her, and asked her if she had any cream? But she denied that she had any. Then a little boy, playing about the churn, put his hands into it, and,

pulling it down, threw all the cream on the floor. Thus the woman appeared to be a liar; and she, being amazed, took up the child, and whipped it sorely; but he reproved her for her lying, and, going out of the house, went away, and that night lay in a stack of hay, in rain and snow." Another time, he came to a house, "where he desired to have some meat, drink, and lodging, for his money; but they would not suffer him to stay there: then he went to another house, but met with the like refusal. By this time it was grown so dark, that he could not see the highway, but perceiving a ditch, he got a little water, and so refreshed himself. Then he got over the ditch, and, being weary, sat down among the furze bushes till it grew day." With the first of the morning, Fox was *fortunately* apprehended; for on this occasion he was not committed to prison; and, while in custody, "some discreet man called him into his house, where he got some milk and bread, *not having eaten for some days before.*" At Patrington they also refused him meat and lodging; but, "as it grew dark, he spied a hay stack, and went and sat under it till morning." The next day he came to Hull, on which he feelingly observes, "*That night I got a lodging!* but was very sore with travelling on foot so far." On "a first day," being at Doncaster, he, and other friends, were stoned by the people, and one struck Fox on the head, and the blood run down his face. Nothing, however, could deter or intimidate him. On "the *next* first day," he went into the "steeple-house" at Titchhill, and "there found the priest, and the chief of the parish, in the chancel, to whom he began to speak; but they immediately fell upon him, and the clerk struck him with his bible so violently on his face, that the blood gushed out, and he bled exceedingly. Then the people thrust him out of the steeple-house, and beating him, threw him down, and dragged him along the street, so that he became besmeared with blood and dirt, and his hat was taken away. Some moderate justices now, hearing how George Fox and his friends had been abused, came to examine the business; and the clerk was afraid of having his hand cut off, for striking him in the church; but George Fox, as a true Christian, forgave him, and would not appear against him." Indeed, his sufferings and privations were, at this time, so great, and seemingly so beyond human power of endurance, and his wanderings so known, as to give rise to the most absurd reports: it was among the common superstitions, that he was often in two counties at the same time; and we find one of his friends requesting him to go to bed, or, at least, to lie down upon a bed, "that they might say they had seen me in or upon a bed; for they had got a report that I would not lie on any bed, because I had laid many times without doors."

At Ulverstone, he observes, " the people were in a rage, and fell upon me in the steeple-house before his [Justice Sawrey's] face, knocked me down, kicked me, and trampled upon me. So great was the uproar, that some tumbled over their seats for fear. At last he came and took me from the people, led me out of the steeple-house, and put me into the hands of the constables and other officers, bidding them whip me, and put me out of the town. Many friendly people being come to the market, and some to the steeple-house to hear me, divers of these they knocked down also, and broke their heads, so that the blood ran down several; and Judge Fell's son, running after, to see what they would do with me, they threw him into a ditch of water; some of them crying, ' knock the teeth out of his head.' When they had haled me to the common moss side, a multitude following, the constables, and other officers, gave me some blows over my back with willow rods, and thrust me among the rude multitude; who, having furnished themselves with staves, hedge-stakes, holm or holly-bushes, fell upon me, and beat me upon the head, arms, and shoulders, till they had deprived me of sense; so that I fell down upon the wet common. When I recovered again, and saw myself lying in a watery common, and the people standing about me, I lay still a little while, and the power of the Lord sprang through me, and the eternal refreshings revived me; so that I stood up again in the strengthening power of the eternal God, and, stretching out my arms amongst them, I said, with a loud voice, ' Strike again; here are my arms, my head, and cheeks.' Then they began to fall out among themselves." Whitelock has a notice that refers probably to this very circumstance. " The people in the north set upon the quakers, and beat them; and the Quakers prayed to God to forgive them, which so convinced the people, that they fell out among themselves."

This was the life Fox led when out of prison. Of his sufferings in prison, one instance may serve in illustration. When brought before the judges at Lancaster, he observes, " Upon my complaining of the badness of my prison, some of the justices, with Colonel Kirby, went up to see it; but when they came, they durst hardly go in, the floor was so bad and dangerous, and the place so open to wind and rain. Some that came up said, ' sure it was a jaikes-house.' " Afterwards, " I was put into a tower, where the smoke of the other prisoners came up so thick, it stood as dew upon the walls, and sometimes it was so thick I could hardly see the candle when it burned; and, I being locked under three locks, the under jailer, when the smoke was great, would hardly be persuaded to come up and unlock one of the uppermost doors, for fear of the smoke; so that I was almost smothered. Besides, it rained in upon my

bed; and many times, when I went to stop out the rain in the cold winter season, my shirt was as wet as muck with the rain, that came in upon me while I was labouring to stop it out; and, the place being high, and open to the wind, sometimes as fast as I stopped it, the wind blew it out again. In that manner did I lay all the long cold winter till the next assize; in which time I was so starved with cold and rain, that my body was greatly swelled, and my limbs much benumbed. By reason of my long and close imprisonment in so bad a place, I was become very weak of body." The magistrates of Lancaster, however, were sooner tired of persecution, than Fox of suffering, and they exerted themselves, successfully, to have him removed to Scarborough. When all was prepared, they came, says Fox, " and fetched me out of the castle, when I was so weak with lying in that cold, wet, and smoky prison, that I could hardly go or stand. I told the officers, I had received neither Christianity, civility, nor humanity, from them. They hurried me away about fourteen miles, to Bentham, though I was so very weak I was hardly able to sit on horseback, and my clothes smelt so of smoke, they were loathsome to myself. The wicked jailer, one Hunter, a young fellow, would come behind, and give the horse a lash with his whip, and make him skip and leap; so that I, being weak, had much ado to sit him; then he would come and look me in the face, and say, ' How do you do, Mr. Fox?' I told him, ' It was not civil in him to do so.' The Lord cut him off soon after." Being arrived at Scarborough, he proceeds, " I being very weak, and subject to faintings, they, for a while, let me out sometimes into the common air with the centry. They soon removed me out of this room, and put me into an open room, where the rain came in, and the room smoked exceedingly, which was very offensive to me.

" One day the governor, who was called Sir Jordan Crosland, came to see me, and brought with him one called Sir Francis Cobb. I desired the governor to go in, and see what a place I had. I had got a little fire made in it, and the room was so filled with smoke, that when they were in they could hardly find their way out again. I was forced to lay out about fifty shillings to stop out the rain, and keep the room from smoking so much. When I had been at that charge, and made it somewhat tolerable, they removed me into a worse, where I had neither chimney nor fire-hearth. This being to the sea-side, and lying much open, the wind drove in the rain forcibly, so that the water came over my bed, and ran about the room, that I was fain to skim it up with a platter; and when my clothes were wet, I had no fire to dry them; so my body was benumbed with cold, and my fingers swelled, that one was grown as big as two. Though I was at some charge on this room

also, yet I could not keep out the wind and rain. Besides, they would not suffer friends to come at me; and many times not any, not so much as to bring me a little food; but I was forced, for the first quarter, to hire another to bring me necessaries. Sometimes the soldiers would take it from her, and she would scuffle with them for it. Commonly a three-penny loaf served me three weeks, and sometimes longer, and most of my drink was water, with wormwood steeped or bruised in it. One time, when the weather was very sharp, and I had taken great cold, I got a little elicampane beer; and I heard one of the soldiers say to the other, 'They would play me a pretty trick; for they would send for me up to the deputy-governor, and in the mean time drink my strong beer out,' and so they did."

Among many extraordinary men, whom suffering brought Fox acquainted with, was Cromwell himself. The whole passage is worth extracting. He had been sent up to London in charge of Captain Drury, for refusing to give his word to Colonel Hacker not to attend meetings.

"After Captain Drury had lodged me at the Mermaid, over against the Mews, at Charing Cross, he went to give the Protector an account of me. When he came to me again, he told me the Protector required that I should promise not to take up a carnal sword or weapon against him or the government, as it then was; and that I should write it in what words I saw good, and set my hand to it. I said little in reply to Captain Drury; but the next morning I was moved of the Lord to write a paper to the Protector, by the name of Oliver Cromwell, wherein I did, in the presence of the Lord God, declare, that I did deny the wearing or drawing of a 'carnal sword, or any other outward weapon, against him or any man; and that I was sent of God to stand a witness against all violence, and against the works of darkness; and to turn people from darkness to light; to bring them from the occasion of war and fighting to the peaceable gospel; and from being evil doers, which the magistrates' sword should be a terror to.' When I had written what the Lord had given me to write, I set my name to it, and gave it to Captain Drury, to hand to Oliver Cromwell, which he did. After some time, Captain Drury brought me before the Protector himself, at Whitehall. It was in a morning, before he was dressed; and one Harvey, who had come a little among friends, but was disobedient, waited upon him. When I came in, I was moved to say, 'Peace be in this house;' and I exhorted him to keep in the fear of God, that he might receive wisdom from him; that by it he might be ordered, and with it might order all things under his hand unto God's glory. I spoke much to him of truth; and a great deal of discourse I had with him about religion, wherein he carried himself very moderately. But he said, we quarrelled with the priests, whom he called ministers. I told him, 'I did not quarrel with them, they quarrelled with me and my friends. But,

said I, if we own the prophets, Christ, and the apostles, we cannot hold up such teachers, prophets, and shepherds, as the prophets, Christ, and the apostles, declared against; but we must declare against them by the same power and spirit.' Then I shewed him, that the prophets, Christ, and the apostles, declared freely, and declared against them that did not declare freely; such as preached for filthy lucre, divined for money, and preached for hire, and were covetous and greedy, like the dumb dogs, that could never have enough; and that they who have the same spirit that Christ, and the prophets, and the apostles had, could not but declare against all such now, as they did then. As I spoke, he several times said, it was very good, and it was truth. I told him, 'That all Christendom (so called) had the scriptures, but they wanted the power and spirit that those had who gave forth the scriptures, and that was the reason they were not in fellowship with the Son, nor with the Father, nor with the scriptures, nor one with another.' Many more words I had with him: but people coming in, I drew a little back. As I was turning, he catched me by the hand, and with tears in his eyes, said, 'Come again to my house; for if thou and I were but an hour of a day together, we should be nearer one to the other;' adding, that he wished me no more ill than he did to his own soul. I told him, if he did, he wronged his own soul; and admonished him to hearken to God's voice, that he might stand in his counsel, and obey it; and if he did so, that would keep him from hardness of heart; but if he did not hear God's voice, his heart would be hardened. He said it was true. Then I went out; and when Captain Drury came out after me, he told me. the lord Protector said I was at liberty, and might go whither I would. Then I was brought into a great hall, where the Protector's gentlemen were to dine. I asked them, What they brought me thither for? They said it was by the Protector's order, that I might dine with them. I bid them let the Protector know, I would not eat of his bread, nor drink of his drink. When he heard this, he said, 'Now I see there is a people risen, that I cannot win, either with gifts, honours, offices, or places; but all other sects and people I can.' It was told him again, 'That we had forsook our own, and were not like to look for such things from him.'"

Upon another occasion he observes, "Leaving Kington, we rode to London. When we came near Hyde Park, we saw a great concourse of people, and, looking towards them, espied the Protector coming in his coach. Whereupon I rode to his coach side. Some of his life-guard would have put me away; but he forbad them. So I rode by his coach side with him, declaring what the Lord gave me to say to him, of his condition, and of the sufferings of friends in the nation; showing him, how contrary this persecution was to Christ and his apostles, and to Christianity. When we were come to James's Park Gate, I left him; and at parting he desired me to come to his

house. The next day, one of his wife's maids, whose name was Mary Sanders, came to me at my lodging, and told me her master came to her, and said he would tell her some good news. When she asked him what it was? he told her, George Fox was come to town. She replied, that was good news indeed (for she had received truth); but she said she could hardly believe him; till he told her how I met him, and rode from Hyde Park to James's Park with him. After a little time, Edward Pyot and I went to Whitehall; and when we came before him, Dr. Owen, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, was with him. We were moved to speak to Oliver Cromwell, concerning the sufferings of friends, and laid them before him; and directed him to the light of Christ, who had enlightened every man that cometh into the world. He said it was a natural light; but we showed him the contrary; and manifested that it was divine and spiritual, proceeding from Christ, the spiritual and heavenly man; and that which was called the life in Christ, the word, was called the light in us. The power of the Lord God arose in me, and I was moved in it to bid him lay down his crown at the feet of Jesus. Several times I spoke to him to the same effect. I was standing by the table, and he came and sat upon the table's side by me, saying, he would be as high as I was; and so continued speaking against the light of Christ Jesus; and went his way in a light manner. But the Lord's power came over him, so that when he came to his wife and other company, he said, 'I never parted so from them before;' for he was judged in himself."

The reader will have observed that Fox was sent to London by Colonel Hacker, whose conduct towards him was throughout civil, and even kind. Fox, in return, attributes his hanging to the retributive justice of Providence, although we hear nothing of the non-hanging of his nephew, who proposed to cut off the Quaker, and certainly observed nothing of his uncle's courtesy. This severe judgment of others, under pretence of noting the judgments of the Lord, is an offence of perpetual recurrence throughout this volume. After his liberation from Scarborough castle, he observes, "I could not but take notice how the hand of the Lord turned against those my persecutors who had been the cause of my imprisonment, or had been abusive and cruel to me under it. For the officer that fetched me to Houlker-hall wasted his estate, and soon after fled into Ireland. And most of the justices that were upon the bench at the sessions when I was sent to prison, died in a while after; as old Thomas Preston, Rawlinson, Porter, and Matthew West of Boswick. And justice Fleming's wife died, and left him thirteen or fourteen motherless children; who had imprisoned

two friends to death, and thereby made several children fatherless. Colonel Kirby never prospered after. The chief constable, Richard Dodgson, died soon after; and Morent, the petty constable, and the wife of John Ashburnham, the other petty constable, who railed at me in her house, died soon after. William Knipe, the witness they brought against me, died soon after. Hunter, the gaoler of Lancaster, who was very wicked to me while I was his prisoner, was cut off in his young days. The under sheriff that carried me from Lancaster prison towards Scarborough, lived not long after. And Joblin, the gaoler of Durham, who was prisoner with me in Scarborough castle, and had often incensed the governor and soldiers against me, though he got out of prison, the Lord cut him off in his wickedness soon after. When I came into that country again, most of those that dwelt in Lancashire were dead, and others ruined in their estates; so that, though I did not seek revenge upon them, for their actings against me, contrary to law, yet the Lord had executed his judgments upon many of them."

The reader will remark the quiet Satanic triumph over poor Fleming, with his "thirteen or fourteen motherless children," of Hunter "cut off in his young days," of Joblin "in his wickedness." Such "judgments," fortunately, prove nothing, but the bitter and vindictive nature of him that records them; and, too certainly, that a submitting Quaker and inflicting Inquisitor are the same in spirit; the one possessing power inflicts the punishment on the imaginary wrong-doer; while the other, wanting power, delivers him over to the punishment of a Supreme Being, whom his bigotry and intolerance cannot contemplate as a God of mercies, but of vengeance, as a ministering agent to his own vindictive impotence. After much such another passage, Fox observes, "God's vengeance from heaven came upon them, *for all such spirits I laid before the Lord, and left him to deal with them, who is stronger than all.*" Let us not be misunderstood. The question of a special providence is not here considered. We are contending only against that daring impiety, which impudently presumes to understand every act of that providence, and with blind self-will to interpret between God and their fellow-men. This is a presumptuous folly the world is not yet ashamed of, nor will be while fanatics have followers; it is the "clapper-dish" with which Judas fills his bag. The example this volume alone would afford would be ridiculous, but that the present age could equal it in number, which "sinks our laughter in a sigh." Man who knows any thing of man, or of himself, is well aware his best efforts are often unsuccessful, and his best wisdom folly. This is well

when it teaches him charity in judging others, humility in judging himself; impious, and the worst of impiety, when it leads him to judge God, and as a God. That it is the extreme of folly scarcely deserves proof. There is hardly one act of Providence, in judging of which men must not necessarily differ. Take an instance where passion could have no possible influence. One of the earlier Quakers, being on ship-board, speaks of a special providence, in consequence of his wife's prayers, by which the wind suddenly veered to the opposite point of the compass, and saved them from the rocks. Did he agree to this, who, after returning thanks for having the rocky shore to the windward during the first gale, was by this change driven on it, and wrecked? Can a Protestant and a Catholic agree in any one act, as the act of a special providence, in the lives of either Luther or Calvin? Can the French and the Russians agree about that providence by which the frost set in so early and so severely as to destroy the finest army in Europe? The worst means have often led to the most glorious events; the gloom of bigotry to the light of truth; the conduct of bad men to the happiness of good men; the tyranny of an individual to the freedom of a nation; the vices of Tarquin, and the virtues of Codrus, led to exactly the same consequence, the establishment of a democracy. These may be all instruments in the hands of a superintending providence; but does it become us to consecrate the means, to commend bigotry, to uphold bad men, to applaud tyrants? And if men cannot agree on those great events which in their consequences affect the whole, shall every splenetic, rash, presumptuous fellow presume to judge them; and judge every event in the beggarly detail of his own paltry existence?

It was a "special providence," according to Sewel, that led Fox into the ministry; for it appears that early in life he had some thoughts of practising physic. Fox and Dogberry, we have shewn, agreed in opinion that "reading and writing come by nature," and nature had not in this particular been bountiful to either; however, it was made up to the former in other things, that it now appears equally "come by nature," such as the knowledge of law, medicine, and divinity. "The three great professions in the world," says Sewel, "viz. physic, divinity, (so called), and law, were opened to him; so that he began to deliberate whether he should practise physic for the good of mankind." We think Fox decided wisely. It is indeed notorious enough in the history of fanaticism, religious and medical, whether operating by faith or animal magnetism, that the mind has strange influence; still, palsy, pleurisy, gout, and epilepsy, in ordinary people, are not to be got rid of by these extraordinary remedies; diseases, in the uninitiated and

unbelieving, are, like the patients themselves, stubborn, heterodox, and unyielding, and we fear patient and disease would not unfrequently have been

> Damn'd and interdicted
> For diabolical and wicked;

and perhaps the same heathen, babylonish rhyme returned as a "retort courteous," to the physician. Not, indeed, that Fox would have quoted any thing so profane, if we may infer his opinion of poetry from his declared judgment of poets. "I was moved," he says, "at Mansfield, to go and speak to one of the wickedest men in the country, one who was a common drunkard, a noted whoremaster, and *a rhyme-maker*, and I reproved him in the dread of the mighty God, for his evil courses."

Of the credulity of Fox we have given instances enough; not the least of which is his unquestionable faith in himself. Of his natural shrewdness, instances are not wanting. The following receipt to lay a conjuror will, we think, be always found effective. "While I was in Darby gaol," he observes, "there was a wicked ungodly man who was reputed a conjuror. And the gaoler and he falling out, he threatened to raise the devil, and break his house down; so that he made the gaoler afraid. I was moved of the Lord to go in his power and rebuke him, and to say to him, 'Come, let's see what thou canst do; do thy worst.' I told him, 'The devil was raised high enough in him already, but the power of God chained him down;' so he slunk away from me." Another time, after the Restoration, and during his confinement in Scarborough castle, he was visited by Dr. Cradock, a high-churchman. After answering many questions himself, Fox ventured to ask the doctor, why he had excommunicated so many "friends?" to which Cradock replied, "For not coming to church." What follows, we give in the words of the Journal. "Why, said I, ye left us above twenty years ago, when we were but young lads and lasses, to the Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists, many of whom made spoil of our goods, and persecuted us because we would not follow them. We, being but young, knew little of your principles, and the old men that did know them, if ye had intended to have kept them to you, and have kept your principles alive, that we might have known them, ye should either not have fled from us as ye did, or ye should have sent us your epistles, collects, homilies, and evening songs; for Paul wrote epistles to the Saints though he was in prison. But they and we might have turned Turks or Jews for any collects, homilies, or epistles, we had from you all this while. And now

thou hast excommunicated us, young and old,—that is, 'Ye have put us out of your church, before you have got us into it,' and before ye have brought us to know your principles." "Another time," he observes, "came Dr. Witty, who was esteemed a great doctor in physic, with lord Falconbridge, the governor of Tinmouth castle, with several knights. I being called to them, Witty undertook to discourse with me, and asked me, 'What I was in prison for?' I told him, 'Because I would not disobey the command of Christ and swear.' He said, 'I ought to swear my allegiance to the king.' He being a Presbyterian, I asked him, 'Whether he had not sworn against the king and house of lords, and taken the Scotch covenant? And had he not since sworn to the king? What then was his swearing good for? But my allegiance,' I told him, 'did not consist in swearing, but in truth and faithfulness.'"

If we are not giving to this article so personal an interest and connection as might be expected, the reader must remember that the promulgation of doctrines was the great end of the active life of Fox, and suffering the seal with which he testified to them; but the one, when not extravagant enough to awaken attention, are much better sought for in the authorised version of his followers, and mere endurance has too little variety to enliven a narrative. There were no hair-breadth escapes, no daring but unsuccessful resistance, to give variety to his sufferings; it was only to know that the prison gaped for him, and he walked into it; to know that he was there by authority, and he remained. Some instances of this are really worth recording; and indeed the strict, unshaken, unquestioned veracity of Fox, which they will witness to, is the finest trait in his youthful character, and the glory of his after-life. While he was in his apprenticeship, he observes, "I used in my dealings the word, verily, and it was a common saying among those that knew me, 'If George says verily, there is no altering him.'" This was so well and so generally known, that being once in prison in Lancashire, and on no less a charge than "endeavouring to raise insurrections, and to embroil the kingdom in blood," as the warrant expressed it; and that too in the ticklish times that followed the Restoration, and just after the mad extravagance of the fifth-monarchy men; the king's warrant came down for his removal to London. Fox refused to give bail for his appearance in London—the sheriff, to avoid expenses, agreed to *take his word*, and delivered to him the warrant on which he had been committed. Fox, of course, did appear; but at that moment the judges were in a hurry to go and pass sentence on some of the regicides, and not perhaps understanding the serious nature of the charge, or presuming Fox was the gaoler,

and that he had his prisoner in safe custody, they desired him, father peevishly, to come the next day, which he accordingly did, accompanied by a friend. His own account continues thus: "When we had delivered to the judges the charge against me, and they had read to those words, 'that I and my friends were embroiling the nation in blood,' &c. they struck their hands on the table. Whereupon I told them, 'I was the man whom that charge was against, but I was as innocent of any such thing as a new-born child, and had brought it up myself, and some of my friends came up with me, without any guard.' As yet they had not minded my hat, but now, seeing my hat on, they said, 'What did I stand with my hat on!' I told them I did not stand so in any contempt of them. They then commanded me to take it off; and when they had called for the marshal of the King's-bench, they said to him, 'you must take this man and secure him, but you must let him have a chamber, and not put him amongst the prisoners.' 'My lord,' said the marshal, 'I have no chamber to put him into; my house is so full that I cannot tell where to provide for him but amongst the prisoners.' 'Nay,' said the judges, 'you must not put him amongst the prisoners.' But when he still answered he had no other place to put me in, judge Forster said to me, 'Will you appear to-morrow, about ten of the clock, at the King's-bench bar in Westminster-hall?' I said, 'Yes, if the Lord give me strength.' Then said judge Forster to the other judge, 'If he says yes, and promises it, you may take his word.' So I was dismissed. The next day I appeared at the King's-bench bar at the hour appointed,"—But, not to pursue this particular case beyond its interest, it will be enough to say he was eventually discharged by order from the king.

Another time, Fox and his son-in-law, Lower, being in prison, at Worcester, an order came down for the release of the latter, and a habeas corpus to bring up Fox to the King's Bench at Westminster. Upon which the sheriff made Lower under-sheriff, and delivered Fox over to him. Fox, appearing at the appointed time, was remanded to Worcester, and returned there. Being brought to an inn the day the trial was expected to come on, he was left there all day, in custody of a child eleven years of age; and, the trial being after all deferred, he was told he must return to prison, which he did, accompanied only by a friend. At the next session, he still refusing to take the oath, and the grand jury having found a bill against him, he traversed, but refused to give bail, though many friends were present; yet he told the justices "he would promise to appear, if the Lord gave him health and strength," and his promise was taken. At the following sessions he appeared again, and was tried, and found guilty, which subjected him to the loss of all his goods,

and imprisonment for life. On this he was necessarily confined; but, being some time after dangerously ill, he was permitted, though under this dreadful sentence, to leave his prison, and reside in a friend's house till recovered. The termination of this affair is little less extraordinary than the progress of it. Fox was offered the king's pardon, and refused it, because acceptance seemed to him an acknowledgement of guilt. He was again brought up by habeas corpus to the King's-bench, to plead to errors in the indictment; and the judges, evidently desirous of his liberty, admitted their validity; and thus, after fourteen months' imprisonment, he was liberated. This we must think is one of the most unquestionable evidences of known and acknowledged innocence and suffering, that can be brought from the entire history of persecution, and shews the monstrous injustice of laws against conscience, which bad men evade without difficulty, and which can be only operative against men who need no laws to secure them. Here was a man to whose perfect sincerity the whole country could testify, whose word was taken as a bond even in the courts of law, subjected to this grievous punishment, because he would not violate his conscience by an oath.

But this persecution, though occurring under the government of Charles, is not to be urged, exclusively, against it, for Fox and his friends suffered equally under all the changes, in those changeable times. It is, indeed, a melancholy fact, that no religion, possessing the power of law, and the power of opinion, has ever had sufficient magnanimity to forbear persecution. Those very men who, in the early part of the reign of Charles the 1st, fled, even to the "vast howling wilderness" of America, as Cromwell called it, for liberty of conscience, were no sooner warmed by their numbers, and secure by power, than they became persecutors, and in the case of the Quakers, persecutors even to death. The conduct of those men was, indeed, a disgrace to the age, and the men themselves to the religion they professed. The unhappy people who visited them, however ignorant and misguided, were, at least, disinterested; and could only reap labour, privation, and long suffering, in return for their exertion; to the civil government of every country, they were inoffensive; yet these, men, women, and children, the people of New England most cruelly imprisoned, whipped, tortured, and put to death. What a contrast to the conduct of these professing Christians was offered by the Mahometans under similar circumstances. "Mary Fisher, a maiden, being come to Smyrna, to go from thence to Adrianople, was stopt by the English consul, and sent back to Venice, from whence she came by another way to Adrianople, at the time that Sultan Mahomet the 4th was encamped with his army near the said

town. She went alone to the camp, and got somebody to go to the tent of the grand Vizier, to tell him that an English woman was come, who had something to declare from the great God to the Sultan. The Vizier sent word, that next morning he should procure her an opportunity for that purpose. Then she returned to the town, and repaired next morning to the camp again; where being come, she was brought before the Sultan, who had his great men about him, in such a manner as he was used to admit ambassadors. He asked her by his interpreter, (whereof there were those about him,) whether it was true that had been told him, that she had something to say to him from the Lord God? She answered, Yea. Then he bad her speak on: and she not being forward, weightily pondering what she might say, and he supposing that she might be fearful to utter her mind before them all, asked her, whether she desired that any might go aside before she spoke? She answered, No. He then bad her speak the word of the Lord to them, and not to fear, for they had good hearts, and could bear it. He also charged her to speak the word she had from the Lord, neither more nor less, for they were willing to hear it, be it what it would. Then she spoke what she had upon her mind.—The Turk hearkened to her with much attention and gravity, till she had done, and then the Sultan asking her, whether she had any thing more to say? She asked him whether he understood what she said? And he answered, Yes, every word; and further said, that what she had spoken was truth. Then he desired her to stay in that country, saying, they could not but respect such an one, as should take so much pains to come to them so far as from England with a message from the Lord God. He also proffered her a guard to bring her into Constantinople, whither she intended. But she not accepting this offer, he told her, it was dangerous travelling, especially for such an one as she; and wondered that she had passed so safe so far as she had; saying also, it was in respect to her, and kindness, that he proffered it, and that he would not for any thing she should come to the least hurt in his dominions.—And Mary having performed her message, departed from the camp to Constantinople, without a guard, whither she came without the least hurt or scoff. And so she returned safe to England."

We have already shewn to what a state of bodily exhaustion, from labour and privation, Fox was at times reduced. Indeed, in early life, his journeys were without end, his fastings without limit, his exposure without consideration of weather or season, night or day; and his enemies were not less zealous, for his beatings were without mercy, and his imprisonments without number. For this sort of life he had well prepared himself, both in mind and body. His mind was nerved and disci-

plined by long thinking and moral consciousness; and his body was not, indeed, "armed in complete steel," but in complete leather; "partly," says Sewel, "for the simplicity of that dress, and also because such clothing was strong, and needed but little mending or repairing." In early life he journeyed on foot; but like most founders of sects, eventually rode on horseback or in a carriage; and, says Milton's friend, Ellwood, "the good man (like Julius Cæsar) willing to improve all parts of his time, did usually, even in travel, dictate to his amanuensis what he would have committed to writing." That he bestrode no contemptible cattle we infer from the commendation of the justice at Lynn; and it is not improbable from his apprehension at that time, that he wore a suit of grey, and that his appearance was altogether more respectable than formerly. One of the news-writers, he says, "put in the paper, that in my interview with Oliver, I wore silver buttons; which was false: for they were but ochimy." He wore his hair extremely long, we should have said in offence to the round-heads, whom he certainly disliked, but that he gives us to understand it was by command of the Lord.

In the personal appearance of Fox there seems to have been something very solemn and imposing. His expressions, says Penn, "were uncouth and unfashionable," but "his very presence expressed a religious majesty."—"He had an extraordinary gift in opening the scriptures—but, above all, he excelled in prayer. The inwardness and weight of his spirit, the reverence and solemnity of his address and behaviour, and the fewness and fulness of his words, have often struck even strangers with admiration, as they used to reach others with consolation. The most awful, living, reverent frame I ever felt or beheld, I must say, was his in prayer."—"Graceful he was in countenance," says Ellwood, "manly in personage, grave in gesture, courteous in conversation, weighty in communication, instructive in discourse; free from affectation in speech or carriage." Sewel, who also knew him personally, says, "he was tall of stature, and pretty big-bodied, yet very moderate in meat and drink; neither did he yield much to sleep. He was a man of a deep understanding, and of a discerning spirit; and though his words were not always linked together by a neat grammatical connexion, and that his speech sometimes seemed abrupt, as with a kind of gap; yet he expressed himself intelligently, and what was wanting in human wisdom, was abundantly supplied with heavenly knowledge. In his prayers (which generally were not very long, though powerful), appeared a decent gravity, mixt with an awful reverence to admiration." To these extraordinaries we may add, that Fox had extraordinary lungs, no indifferent thing to a man who preached three

and four hours at a time, to large congregations in the open air. Indeed, Camm and Coale, two of the early ministers, the latter of whom, Sewel, after Homer we suppose, calls "son of thunder," died of consumption through straining their voices.

The ordinary events recorded in biography, the birth, the marriage, and death of the party, are of little consequence in the life of Fox. In compliance, however, with established custom, we add, that he died in London on the "13th of the month, anciently called January, about 10 o'clock at night, in the 67th year of his age; and his body was buried near Bunhill-fields, on the 16th of the said month."

It may be allowed us before closing this article to say a few words in reference to the age in which Fox lived, and the consequences of his ministry. At the time he first appeared, there was, raging over the whole kingdom, a religious madness. "Who," says Howel, in a letter dated 1644, the very first of Fox's wanderings, "would have held it possible, that to avoid superstition, some people should be brought to belch out such a horrid profaneness, as to call the temples of God, the tabernacles of Satan; the Lord's Supper, a twopenny ordinary; to make the communion table a manger, and the font, a trough to water their horses in; to term the white decent robe of the Presbyter, the whore's smock; the pipes through which nothing came but anthems and holy hymns, the devil's bagpipes." This was the current and established slang, and about the only thing in which the people were agreed. On one occasion, says Fox, "I met with people that held women had no souls;" at another with a people that "relied much on dreams," as indeed Fox himself did; but he professed to distinguish between "the whisperings of Satan," "the speaking of God," and the mere vulgar shadowing from "multitude of business." At another time, with "people that held all things come by nature." Being in prison at Coventry, he met with men who declared themselves to be God; in Darby prison one said, "Your faith stands in a man that died at Jerusalem, and there was never any such thing." The same person also "held, that never any of the prophets, nor apostles, nor holy men of God, suffered any thing outwardly, but all their sufferings were inward." From a short news-tract, published at the time, it appears that "upon the 10th of this instant month of January, [1646,] being the blessed sabbath, in sermon-time, there arose a great disturbance, [in one of the city churches,] by one Evan Price, a taylor, who in the middle of the sermon stood up, and declared himself to be Christ." Being taken and questioned before the Lord Mayor, "he maintained that he had suffered upon the cross, and had the print of all the nails upon his hands." The country was, in fact, overrun with sects, parties, and divisions beyond all number; and their

differences equally beyond reason and common apprehension. "Some," says Mr. D'Israeli, "maintained there existed no distinction between moral good and moral evil, and that every man's actions were prompted by the Creator. Prostitution was professed as a religious act; a glazier was declared to be a prophet, [why every third Quaker was a prophet,] and the woman he cohabited with was said to be ready to lie in of the Messiah. A man married his father's wife; [another was apprehended for having *seven* wives.] Murders of the most extraordinary nature were occurring; one woman crucified her mother; another sacrificed her child in imitation of Abraham; and just at this time appeared George Fox to add to the bewilderment, and make confusion worse." "A Quaker," proceeds D'Israeli, "to prove the text that man shall not live by *bread alone*, but by the word of God, persisted in refusing his meals. The literal text proved for him a dead letter, and this practical commentator died of a metaphor." One young gentleman found himself so possessed of the spirit, even while at school, that "*the making of Latin verses became a burthen to him*," and he was therefore taken home by his rejoicing family. If this test be sufficient, we suspect the influence of the spirit is much more extensive than the simple Quakers imagine. Boys of sixteen and seventeen became "powerful ministers." The history of one of these, James Parnell, is full of melancholy interest, and we regret we cannot extract it.

While Fox was confined in York jail, "Justice Benson's wife," he observes, "was moved of the Lord to come to visit me, and *to eat no meat but what she eat with me at the bars of the prison window*." Another woman, "Sarah Goldsmith, who from a well-meant zeal to testify against pride, having a coat of sack-cloth, and her hair dishevelled, with earth or dust strewed on her head, had gone through the city without receiving any considerable harm from the people, because some looked upon her to be crack-brained." This not succeeding to their satisfaction, others threw aside the sack-cloth, and with it common decency, and paraded the public streets stark naked. Solomon Eccles "went naked above his waist, with a chafing dish of coals and burning brimstone on his head, and entered a [Catholic] chapel when all the people were on their knees to pray for their idol, and spoke as follows:—Wo to these idolatrous worshippers! God hath sent me this day to warn you, and to show you what will be your portion except you repent." William Sympson was moved of the Lord to go at several times for three years, naked and barefoot before them, as a sign to them, in markets, courts, towns, cities, to priests' houses, and to great men's houses; telling them, "So should they be stripped naked as he was stripped naked." And sometimes he was

moved to put on hair sackcloth, and to besmear his face, and to tell them, "So would the Lord besmear all their religion as he was besmeared." "Great sufferings," says Fox, "did that poor man undergo, sore whippings with horsewhips and coach-whips on his bare body, grievous stonings and imprisonments in three years' time, before the King came in, that they might have taken warning; but they would not, and rewarded his love with cruel usage." One woman being on the scaffold at Boston in America, where she suffered death, declared, "that she had been in Paradise."

The Quakers, indeed, knew no bounds either to their zeal or extravagance.* Some went forth as Missionaries to America,

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* Hume has given a brief but masterly account of the Quakers, and of the mad extravagance of Nayler; but he is not quite correct in saying that imprisonment, labour, and bread and water, brought the latter to his senses, and that he was content to come out of prison an ordinary man, and return to his usual occupation. Nayler lived but a short time after, and he both taught and wrote, in that short time, in favour of the doctrine of the Quakers. The Quakers, too, though condemning his extravagance, that is to say his difference with themselves, are very guarded in what they say of him. In the language of one, "His gift in the ministry was eminent, his experience in divine things truly great." One of his greatest burthens, and of which he most repented, was, says Fox, "his resisting the power of God in me." The account of Nayler given by the Quakers is this: He was a man in very high repute among them, but "he became exalted above measure, through *abundance of revelation*," and the flatteries of ignorant enthusiasts. These people addressed him as "the everlasting son of righteousness—the only begotten son of God." This was the common language of his followers; and when he was in prison at Exeter they knelt before him, and kissed his feet; and proclaimed every where that he there raised up one Dorcas Ebury, after she had been two days dead; to which the woman herself testified on oath, before a magistrate. After his liberation they accompanied him in procession, and on his entering Bristol, some walked bare-headed before him, while others strewed their garments in the way, and all went singing "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God of Hosts, &c." The "dissipation of the illusion," that Hume alludes to, was not that Nayler ever saw the total fallacy of opinions which led, in their result, to these extravagancies, but that he confessed his error in permitting others to run such extreme lengths in shewing him honor; for the Quakers say *he never declared himself* to be Christ; and he said, "he did not receive them as done to himself, but to Christ in him." Even to the raising of Ebury, Nayler gives a gloss, that, if we understand it, shews no very lucid interval. "And that report, as though I had raised Dorcas Ebury from the dead *carnally*, this I deny also, and condemn that testimony to be out of the truth; though *that power which quickens the dead*, I deny not, which is the word of eternal

Syria, India, China, and " Prester John's country.' Among these a great many were women. Others went to Malta, Egypt, and even Rome itself, where they were thrust into the Inquisition, the jails, and the madhouses.

There could certainly have been no other end to the extravagancies of a sect who admitted no authority to control the license of individuals; to whom creeds, councils, experience, and the wisdom of past ages, were as nothing to; whom the scriptures were no measure of the truth of their doctrine, but their doctrine of the scriptures, nor of their conduct, for they at first held that the commands of scripture were no further obligatory on any man, than as he found conviction on his conscience, though they afterwards qualified this opinion; than their separation as a body, with the universal contempt and reprobation of other men. As Fox grew older he became sensible of this. The " light within," which was " sufficient to enlighten every man that cometh into the world," would sometimes, as in Penot, Nayler, Keith, Bugg, and others, outblazon, or outbrazen, the light in George himself:—Sewel, speaking of one of these, says, innocently enough, he " so far complied with his vain imaginations that *he thought himself further enlightened than George Fox, and his friends:*—every man became an oracle, and oracles were sometimes contradictory; accordingly, councils were called; a select body was established, over which Fox was chosen to preside. This council was to be infallible; its light was to illuminate the whole body; in " best wisdom," it was to judge the doctrine of every man; and thus that " light within," which when a solitary, obscure glimmering, visible only through the cracks in the scull of a poor, ignorant, fanatical shoemaker, was sufficient to shew the errors of all the established religions in Europe; which, as one of the reclaimed Quakers afterwards urged, they " in order to bring us over to them, and to decoy us, told us was a sufficient guide, teacher, and leader, and sufficient to lead us to salvation, yea, above scriptures, above fathers, above councils, and above churches;" was at once, and for ever, put out, and Pope George and his Cardinals established in lieu of it.

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life." One piece of justice let us do Nayler; he was mad in good company. The council of a nation that could sit ten days in judging this miserable creature, and eventually sentence him to be twice put in the pillory, twice whipped, to have his tongue bored through, and be branded on the forehead with hot irons, was equally in want of a bread and water regimen.

ART. II.—*The Honour of the Gout, or a Rational Discourse; demonstrating that the Gout is one of the greatest Blessings which can befal Mortal Man: That all Gentlemen who are weary of it, are their own Enemies; and that those Practitioners who offer at the cure, are the vainest and most mischievous Cheats in Nature: By way of Letter to an eminent Citizen; wrote in the heat of a violent Paroxysm, and now published for the common Good by* Philander Misaurus: *London*, 1720.

How comes it to pass that so many people regard the gout as a subject of merriment? If any one is lying sick of a fever, his friends make their inquiries after him with all requisite concern and solemnity. Dropsy and phthisis, too, excite a due degree of sorrow and sympathy. But the public, aye, the "thinking public," hear of the pains of the Arthritic with careless unconcern; and it is ten to one but the neighbour who visits his couch of torment is unmoved by the sight of flannel or of crutches. Nay, the countenance distorted by agony, moves him not; but he approaches the patient, who may, peradventure, be more correctly denominated the impatient, with a smiling visage, and a ready joke. In vain does the sufferer tell a dismal tale of symptoms—of distressing flatulencies—of a toe burning with fires hotter than any which are to be found in purgatory—of sleepless nights, during the lingering hours of which each variation of posture has only produced a variation of pain. All these complaints are uttered to the winds. The unrelenting auditor still "smiles and smiles," and treats this calamity as matter of congratulation rather than of condolence.

Again we ask, how comes this to pass? How are we to account for this insensibility to human sufferings? Is it a sign of the degeneracy of the age in which we live?—We apprehend not; for we can trace jests upon the gout to a remote period of antiquity. In ridicule of this complaint, Lucian wrote his *Tragopodagra*, and his *Ocypus*, the latter of which closes with the following Job's comfort to the unfortunate Arthritic—

Πᾶς ἀνεχίσθω τῶν πασχόντων
Εμπαιζόμενος αι σκωπτόμενος,
Τοῖσι γὰρ ἔφυ τόδε πρᾶγμα.

Which is, being interpreted—

"So grin and abide,
Whilst the public deride;
Thus it was in times past,
Thus 'twill be to the last."

The apparently hard-hearted propensity which we are analysing, is not, then, peculiar to the present times, or to this best of all possible countries. It seems to arise from causes so universal, that it may be said to be founded in the nature of things; and without recurring to the saturnine maxim of Rochefoucault, that "men always find something comfortable to themselves in the woes of others," we think it may be accounted for more creditably to human nature upon the following principles—In the first place, whatever may be its ultimate effects, the gout is seldom or ever mortal in its first attacks, or in its very violent paroxysms; and therefore, in the case of those who are struggling with its fury, the acquaintance and friends of the parties are free from that apprehension and sympathy which arises from the idea of life being endangered. In point of fact, we frequently meet at the social board some corpulent, jovial, boon companion or other, in whose rubicund visage it requires a discriminating eye to distinguish the bilious tinge, who, descanting on his last fit, informs us that he is limited in his beverage to Particular Madeira. Now, when we tickle our palate with a glass of the aforesaid Particular, we really do not find any thing so very dreadful in this limitation in question, and think that we could ourselves submit to it with a good grace, especially as that oracle of all oracles, Dr. Scudamore ("*et sapit et mecum facit*") allows a modicum of claret to be thereto superadded.—Again, much sympathy is denied to the Arthritic, in consequence of a common notion, (and common notions generally have their foundation in fact,) that the gout keeps off all other disorders. And, indeed, when "the toe of libertine excess," as Cowper terms the *locus in quo* of this disorder, has been wrung to some purpose, and the patient, profiting by this severe process of discipline, takes warning, and, like Falstaff, begins to live cleanly, and to leave off sack, it is truly marvellous to behold what a change is effected in his looks, and what vigour is infused into his constitution. And this leads us to observe, that in a multitude of instances sympathy is refused to the gouty, from a persuasion that they have brought on the calamity, under which they labour, upon themselves. Mankind, in general, have a high sense of poetical justice. When the tyrant has blustered and bellowed, and committed robbery and murder for four acts and three quarters, how are the audience delighted with the catastrophe of his fate! What thunders of applause do they lavish on the hero or the heroine, who, when the measure of his crimes is full, plunges a sword or a dagger into his bosom! And this sense of poetical justice they carry into the affairs of common life; and regard the swollen and inflamed foot of an alderman, brightened, as it were, by the glossiness which vouches for the genuineness of his gout, as the patina

vouches for the genuineness of an ancient coin, as a retribution as due to his exploits at city feasts, as death by the trusty steel of Richmond is to the crimes of crook-backed Richard.—There is a greater approach to equality in the distribution of good and evil in this world than people are generally aware of. The teeth of many a *gourmand in velle* have watered at the sight of a haunch of venison, or of a tureen of turtle, of which the narrowness of his circumstances have forbidden him to partake. But should he, peradventure, see the dire diseases which lie in ambush in these tempting viands, like the crocodile in the waters of the Nile, he will bless that poverty which saves his frame from those numerous ills which result from that indulgence of the appetite which produces an overflowing of the bile; and, like the spectator described by Lucretius, as viewing, not without a secret pleasure, a vessel labouring under the fury of a tempest, he will behold with sentiments of self-satisfaction, which somewhat deaden the emotions of sympathy, the Arthritic tossing to and fro on his bed of pain. Our discontented radicals may, perhaps, be soothed by the reflection, that the sins of their arch enemy, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, are visited upon his great toe; and they may retaliate the numerous gibes which he is wont to pass upon them, by making his twinges a matter of jest. We are persuaded that the pains of the gout are the less object of compassion, because they are generally deemed the exclusive property of the privileged orders, the rich and the fashionable; so that the occurrence of this disorder to persons who occupy a sort of debateable ground in the ranks of society, seems to be *primâ facie* evidence that they ought to be enumerated among the *magnates*, the envied few. We do, indeed, remember an individual thus equivocally circumstanced, who endured the assault of his first fit (and a very rude one it was) with great magnanimity, and with an ill-disguised pride and satisfaction, till he, unfortunateiy, heard that a journeyman glazier, in his vicinage, was afflicted with that very complaint which he fondly regarded as a mark of gentility.

We have made these preliminary observations, by way of plea in apology for Philander Misaurus, who, in the tract now under our consideration, has made the gout "a subject for his mirth, yea, for his laughter," and also in excuse for ourselves, for reviving the public attention to his lucubrations. Who the individual was who thought it expedient to assume this *nom de guerre*, after many painful researches, we have been unable to discover. From a brief advertisement which is prefixed to it, we should be led to conclude that it was a posthumous publication; for the notice in question states, that "this piece was wrote, as appears from many passages in it,

towards the beginning of the reign of King William" (the third) and that "the author is since dead."

Philander not only speaks facetiously of the gout, but also deals very irreverently with that dangerous body, the members of the faculty of medicine. For, not having the fear of the Senate of Warwick-lane before his eyes, he thus dedicates his work:—

"To all the numerous offspring of Apollo, whether dogmatical sons of art, or empirical by-blows; to all pharmaceutic residentiaries in town or city: also to all strolling practitioners and impostors.

"Gentlemen,—If this letter shall happen in any measure to spoil your trade, heaven make me thankful, for I well know that your's is the very trade of two famous Princes*, that have, by one method or other, rid out of the way great numbers of men.

"A malefactor condemned to die ought to be free from all manner of insults as he goes to execution; I know it, and therefore do not dedicate this letter to you by way of insult, but friendly to mind you, that since your unrighteous trade is broke, or breaking, you would timely bethink yourselves what honest employment you may be fit for. If you will take my advice, you shall travel, for, to your sorrow, you have known an overgrown farrier from abroad make a great doctor in England. Why should not you make as good farriers abroad as they do doctors here?

"This is certain, like true farriers, you have prescribed to many a weak man a medicine fit for a horse.

"So, then, for the materia medica, 'tis the same. Nothing will be troublesome and uneasy to you in your new profession, but that you shall never get as much by practising on the spavin as the gout, but you must be content with less earnings. What! you can't in conscience expect as much for killing a horse as a man.

"To this change of your profession, not only the discovery of the frauds and dangers thereof, but also the name of your great patron, Hippocrates, invites. What are you more than he? Come, come, ονόμα καὶ τέχνην μεταμίψατε — Change your name and profession. Better a murrain among horses than a plague among men.

"Having thus obliged you, Gentlemen, in an epistle dedicatory, by minding you of the imminent decay of your practice upon human bodies, and teaching you how to make the best of a bad market, by trying experiments upon horseflesh, I hope you will make me that grateful return, as to prevent the obligation I confer on you from turning to any prejudice.

"Therefore, if any gouty person that may happen to malign you shall object against me, and say, I had better have made a forlorn regiment of you, and sent you to have been knocked on the head in Flanders, than given you a license to kill horses; remember to say this for yourselves and your benefactor, that when the devils were ejected out of human bodies, they were suffered to enter into swine."

* Qu. Lewis XIV. and King William III.?

This epistle dedicatory is followed by a copy of verses, *Upon the First Fit of the Gout*, which may be characterized as more pungent than poetical, more witty than melodious. Then the author, who professes to write during a paroxysm of the complaint, commences his Letter, by blaming his friend, because, "not having a right sense of things before his eyes, he had, to the disgrace of his virtue, given his tongue the liberty, in an open coffee-house, to speak ill of the gout." In allusion to the Nonjuring Jacobite clergy, who abounded in the time of king William, and to the political differences then subsisting, he thus remonstrates with the citizen, on this failure of due respect to this disease, which, for his part, he acknowledges as, upon the true Whig principles, his legitimate sovereign.

"Would you yourself, sir, patiently endure the honour of our great master, our rightful and lawful king, to be contemptuously reflected on, by e'er a recreant piece of conscientious priestcraft, that infests the town? Then why should I not be concerned for the honour of my great master, the gout, who claims not, 'tis true, the power he exercises over me by any hereditary pretence, but from an origin altogether as sacred and indisputable, namely, some voluntary acts and deeds of my own?"

In vehement rebuke of an allegation of his friend, that the gout is the offspring of the devil, Philander maintains, that if the devil ever created any thing, it was the doctor; "of whom," says he, "since you have made so much use, I know not but it may be rationally inferred, that you have dealt with the devil." The gout, he affirms, "was postnate to the creation, and younger, something, than the fall of man; who, having incurred the sentence of death, the friendly gout was sent in mercy down from heaven, to lengthen wasting life." He then, in further proof that his satanic majesty is not the father of the gout, very ingeniously contrives, according to the fashion of the day, to have a fling at the pope, winding up a lengthened argument, on this topic, by observing, "that as antichrist, or the pope, who, according to the ancients, are one and the same first-born of the devil, has never, as it appears from Platina, been favoured with the gout, it is plain that the devil did not create it."

Having despatched this preliminary matter, Philander now handles his subject in due form, and goes on to demonstrate the honour and blessing of the gout, by six cogent arguments. The first of these is, that "the gout gives a man pain without danger."

"Suppose," says he, "that a man, suffering under a painful, threatening distemper; what's his first question to the physician, but

this? 'Doctor, pray be plain with me, and let me truly know what I am to expect. Don't flatter a sick man, but tell me, am I like to recover or no?' That pain, you see, which he suffers, does not at all trouble him. He is only afraid he shall die. Secure him against that danger, and all is well with him. Cut, slash, burn—no pain is grievous if it promise to set us out of the danger of death.

"When the other doctor comes, the physician of the soul I mean, whose coming bodes no good to the body, he tells the decumbent a long story of the pains and miseries of life, in order to make his *nunc dimittis* go down the easier. But that method seldom takes; for not one of a hundred is so bad but he is content to live, and put the rest to the venture. The fear of death is generally more grievous than all the cruel pains of a wretched life. But since we must have pain while we live, give me the pain of the gout, which has no danger attending it."

We solicit the attention of our readers to the following passage, which affords a happy specimen of an objection fairly stated and readily obviated.

"Here some malevolent adversary may importunely object, 'did never any man die of the gout?' To this I answer (1.) I have not yet affirmed that the gout can make a man immortal; though I will boldly say thus much, it very often keeps a man alive till all his friends are weary of him.

"But (2.) should I venture to say that the gout has in itself the power to make a man immortal, it ought not to seem so very strange, all things being considered. If that be true which some authors write of the noble Paracelsus, he had the secret to make a man immortal; and I would not say he lied, though himself died about forty; for perhaps he did not like his company: but it must have been by way of his discovery to give any man the gout when he pleased. In that I am positive.

"Here the objector will scornfully put me in mind, that gouty persons scape death no more than other men, which is very true; but that is, because men are fools, and don't know when they are safe. They must be curing the gout, forsooth; and to that end they deal with the doctor, i. e. with the factor of death, the emissary of hell, the purveyor of the grave; damned alchymist, good at calcining nothing but living bodies into dust and ashes. Let every one bear his own burden. The gout has nothing to do with the carnage of the doctor."

Philander states as his next argument in favour of the gout, that it "is no constant companion, but allows its patients lucid, joyous intervals." In support of this argument, he launches out into a metaphysical dissertation on the aptitude of the human mind to be delighted with variety. Upon this principle the vicissitudes of nature are grateful to the human

feelings, and man contemplates the earth, the sea, and the firmament, with ever-new pleasure. Having despatched this preliminary disquisition, he applies his doctrine, (as the divines say,) in the following terms.

"That reverend Calvinist, Dr. Twiss, affirms that it is better to be damned than annihilated. I might, I suppose, with less offence affirm, that 'twas better to be dead than never to be sick of the gout. Nay, this I am sure of, that all the sober and experienced people will be so far from taking offence, that I shall have them on my side if I venture on that paradox. For how often have I heard a grave adviser, one that has tried health and sickness alternately for many years, tell some robust, young, riotous fellow, that he knew not the value of health. No! how should he, having never been sick? But why should his sober adviser press him to be careful of his health? That's the way never to understand the deliciousness of it. By that time he gets the gout, he'll thoroughly understand the matter, I'll warrant him. Set me two men together, one that never knew pain, and another newly recovered of the gout. Observe them both narrowly. In the former, perhaps, you may perceive an easy, even temper; but the latter is ravished with joys and satisfactions, which if his tongue does not declare, his hands and feet and gestures shall. Such are the lucid intervals between heart-breaking fits of the gout, worth all the ravings and roarings which the violent paroxysm forces from the tortured patient. And who would spoil the refined pleasure of his recovery, by wishing to have one angry throb, one heavy groan, abated him?"

After indulging for some time in this sort of *badinage*, our author advances to his third position, namely that "the gout presents us with a perpetual almanack." This useful implement, he observes, has one singular advantage, namely, that it is never out of the way, but it is always ready for use, being safely deposited in the *internodia* of the bones. In comparison with it he holds very cheap barometers, thermometers, and other inventions of men. These serve more for curiosity than use; their indications are fallible and uncertain. Lilly and Gadbury were frequently mistaken in their prognostics; but the "bone almanack" is sensible of all changes, and unerring in its predictions. After a renewed philippic against the physicians, he declares that people of good sense are content to let the gout take its course, and are, moreover, proud to publish the advantages which they derive from this visitation.

"For instance," says he, "as to the foreknowledge of the weather; the gout never twitches their nerves, but they will be telling others what changes are near at hand. Now," continues he, "what I propose is this, that people should not think it enough to know thus

much of the gout, but study to improve and encrease their knowledge. For, no doubt, more may be made of this blessing than ever yet was done by the happy man that has enjoyed it longest. I am persuaded that if the fortunate patient would be at the pains to observe all the motions of the gout, in his pinching, smarting, galling accesses; in his gnawing, stabbing, burning paroxysms; in his evacuating, tender, remitting recesses; he might quickly come to wind a storm so long before, that, in a short time, no owners would think their ship safe but with a gouty master; nor would any experienced seaman that wanted a ship offer himself to the merchants but upon crutches."

The mention of crutches reminds our author that it may possibly be objected to the honour of the gout, that it reduces the patient to the state of a cripple. We cannot enter at large into the argument by which he rebuts, or rather counterbalances, this objection. Suffice it to state, that by a reference to a certain queen of the Amazons for the fact, and to Montaigne for its physiological reasons, he demonstrates, to his own satisfaction, that cripples are, in certain important requisites, peculiarly well qualified to obtain the good graces of the fair sexes.

The fourth argument which Philander brings forward in favour of the gout is, that "gouty persons are most free from the head-ache." In proving this proposition, he displays a large store of physiological learning, and talks very knowingly of nerves, fibres, and membranes; of the two *meninges*, the *pericranium* and the *periostia*; of the muscles and the *panniculus carnosus*. In short, he evinces a familiarity of acquaintance with the structure of the head, which would not disgrace a Gall or a Spurzheim. He also treats of vicious humours being set on fire, wasted and evacuated, with all the gravity with which medical practitioners of the old school were so long wont to impose upon their patients, the public and themselves, whilst they disguised their ignorance by "heaping up words without knowledge." In the same satirical spirit, he describes the "inimicous contesting particles thrown off from boiling blood and turgid nervous juice," as falling down to the remote parts of the body. To this physical operation, he gravely attributes the clearness of the understanding and the activity of thought which he avers to be generated by the transfer of disease from the head to the lower extremities, which takes place in a regular fit of the gout.

This doctrine he follows up by asserting, on the alleged authority of Confucius, the celebrated Chinese philosopher, that, though a gouty person may possibly be a knave, no instance occurs of such an one being a fool; since the visitation, under the pain of which he is apt, in his ignorance and incon-

sidérateness, to complain, is "a perfect deletory of folly." As madness is nearly allied to folly, he speculates upon the idea, that the gout may be applied for the cure of this extreme of mental malady. "And then," he remarks, "for the recovery of those poor creatures to their wits again, it will not need much consideration, whether they ought not to be excused the hard blows which their barbarous keepers deal them; and the therapeutic method of purging, bleeding, cupping, fluxing, vomiting, clystering, juleps, apozems, powders, confections, epithems, and cataplasms, with which the more barbarous doctors torment them; and instead of all their learned tortures, indulged (for a time only) in a little intemperance, as to wine or women, or so; or the scholar's delight of feeding worthily, and sleeping heartily, that they might get the gout, and then their madness was cured."

It being thus evinced, that the gout is a specific for the prevention of the head-ache, the next step, in the vindication of its honour, is argument the fifth, viz., "that it preserves its patients from the great danger of fevers." Here we have, again, a keen ridicule of the jargon and slang of the schools of medicine.

"Every one knows," says Philander, "that a fever is a high, disorderly motion, or overboiling, of the blood, which seldom, or never, happens to gouty persons; because the malignant recrements of the blood, and nervous juice, which occasion fevers, are continually deposited in the joints of gouty persons, are there imprisoned, wasted, and consumed, by the purging, healing, cleansing, sanative fire of the burning gout. There is a natural motion and heat of the blood, partly on its natural *crasis* and constitution, (for, being composed of spirit, salt, and sulphur, principles vigorous and active, it spontaneously grows turgid and tumultuous, like generous wine, in narrow vessel pent,) and partly to the ferment implanted in the heart, which rarifies the liquor passing through its channels, and forces it to rise with a frothy effervescence."

Maintaining that the gout cools down this effervescence, our author professes to pity the young and healthy, whose blood flows temperately; not, indeed, for their present ease, but because of their imminent danger. From his illustration of this danger, we may gather, that his pamphlet was written soon after the sea-fight off La Hogue.

"For when a royal sun of France blazes and perishes in flames, painted by a brave Russel's masterly hand; when a vanquished admiral shifts off in boat inglorious; a king of equal valour, from a safe station, all the while beholding the *Monsieur's* prudent care, to preserve a great commander; when a haughty mareschal is beat out of the

strongest bulwark, that fenced his master's treacherous rapine; and to induce that master of his for once to keep the cartel, can, in spite of all his blustering, part with his sword; when rebel invaders are disappointed, and execrable assassins punished; at such tempting occasions as these, who can forfear a rightful, lawful, and brim-full glass? Yet, on so solemn a festival, if the healthy gives Nature but a fillip, it may, perchance, throw him into a fever, and that fever, perchance, cost him his life. Whereas, the man that's obnoxious to the gout, cheerfully ventures the duty of the day, well knowing, that when the worst comes to the worst, 'tis but roaring in purgatory some forty days, or so; and by that time the gout has wasted and cleansed off the tartareous recrements of undigested Falern, who knows but good news may come to make another holiday? Purgatory, which cleanses the souls of the departed from their filth, and renders them, like burnt tobacco-pipes, clean and pure, and fit for Paradise, is a true picture of the fire of the gout, which spreads the morbific matter, that might otherwise throw the body into a hellish fever."

The crown of all these recommendations of the gout, is to be found in Philander's sixth argument, namely, "that it cannot be cured," which *dictum*, with an imposing gravity, he represents as a rude and vulgar mode of asserting, that the blessings which he has antecedently shewn to be incident to this bodily affection, will endure to the termination of the life of him who is so fortunate as to be visited by them. He expresses his extreme surprise, that any one should wish to rid himself of a companion, in default of whose due attendance, he may become obnoxious to fever and head-ache, be blinded in his understanding, lose the relish of health, and the safety of his life. To secure the advantage to be derived from this companion, he once more admonishes his friend to beware of tampering with the doctor; and holds out to him, as a warning, the example of Asa, the king of Israël, who, being diseased in his feet, "sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians," and, consequently, slept with his fathers. This leads him to a renewed attack upon medical practitioners, whom he proposes, by a bill in parliament, which he styles, a "strong cathartic act," to purge out of his majesty's dominions. He then, briefly, recapitulates some of his principal pleas in favour of the gout; and hastily concludes, on the relaxation of a paroxysm, under the stimulus of which, he declares, he had been induced to write.

We have been somewhat copious in our extracts from this Letter, because it is a publication which our London friends cannot procure by a simple note, addressed to their bookseller in ordinary; and which our country readers cannot, as a matter of course, receive as per order, by return of waggon, van, coach, or canal-boat. It is only to be found by those pains-

taking wights, who look, with a scrutinizing eye, into catalogues of scarce and curious books, or who have the patience to search for literary documents amongst the trash of the stalls. Our excerpts will, we flatter ourselves, vindicate our opinion, that the author of *The Honour of the Gout* was gifted with a considerable share of dry humour. He was evidently, also, a man of learning, and had a keen sense of the ridiculousness of false philosophy. From the vividness of his description of the pains of gouty paroxysm, for the accuracy of which, we are, according to his doctrine, "happily" qualified to vouch, we have no doubt, that he was himself favoured by these visitations, which his natural buoyancy of spirits taught him to turn to the best possible account. Nor, as we firmly believe, has the satisfaction, which he no doubt experienced in penning this treatise, been confined to himself. As to ourselves, at least, we have, from time to time, spent an interesting hour in the perusal of it, when the acuteness and fury of the ethereal fire, which has pervaded our joints, has subsided into that gentle tingling, which stirs the faculties, and gives a man the pleasure to know and feel that he is alive. It is true wisdom which teaches us to bear, with good humour, the ills "which flesh is heir to;" and as an example of this genuine species of philosophy, we shall close this article, by a sonnet, which was composed by a poet, blind and poverty-stricken, on the approach of a fit of the gout.

"'Tis strange, that thou should'st leave the downy bed,
The Turkey carpet, and the soft settee;
Should'st leave the board with choicest dainties spread,
To fix thy odious residence with me.
'Tis strange! that thou, attach'd to plenteous ease,
Should'st leave those dwellings for a roof like mine,
Where plainest meals keen appetites appease,
And where thou wilt not find one drop of wine.
'Tis passing strange! Yet, should'st thou persevere,
And fill these bones with agonizing pangs,
Firm as a rock thy tortures I will bear,
And teach the affluent how to bear thy fangs.
Yes! should'st thou visit me, capricious gout!
Hard fare shall be thy lot—by Jove! I'll starve thee out.*

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* Poems, by Edward Rushton.

ART. III.—*The Workes of that famous Chirurgeon* Ambrose Parey. *Translated out of Latin and compared with the French, by Th. Johnson, Esq. London, printed by Th. Cotes and R. Young. Annô,* 1634.

The illustrious name of Ambrose Parè (or Parey) is familiar to the ear of every medical man in any degree conversant with the literature of his profession. Parey was one of those extraordinary persons upon whom nature appears to have bestowed a peculiar aptitude for the study of a particular science, and who, by the exertion of their superior genius, confer a lasting obligation on mankind. Like our own famous surgeon, John Hunter, he was not a man of profound learning; but he possessed that which is often more valuable than learning—originality of thought and capacity of invention.

Ambrose Parey was born at Laval, in the district of Maine, in the year 1509. From his earliest youth he studied the art of surgery, which he prosecuted both in the hospitals and in the army. So distinguished was the reputation which he enjoyed in his profession, that in the year 1552 he was appointed surgeon in ordinary to Henry II., and subsequently served the succeeding monarchs, Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III. in the same capacity, as we learn from the dedication of his works to the latter sovereign. Being, in faith, a Huguenot, and firmly attached to his religion, Parey would undoubtedly have perished on that awful night which witnessed the massacre of St. Bartholomew, had not Charles IX., who duly appreciated his professional services and talents, sent for him ere the work of destruction begun, and afforded him the sanctuary of the royal chamber. Could any thing increase the detestation with which the character of Charles IX. must be for ever regarded, it is this fact, that, where his own personal interests were concerned, he could subdue the madness of his fanaticism,—but that where the lives of his subjects were the only sacrifice, he did not hesitate to offer them upon the altar of his bigotry. In the course of his professional life, Parey was frequently called upon to accompany the French armies in various campaigns, and he has left us an account of these expeditions in a short tract, entitled "The Apology and Treatise, containing the Voyages made into divers Places, by Ambrose Parey, of Laval, in Maine, Councellor and Chief Chirurgeon to the King." It is to this portion of his works that we propose to confine our attention on the present occasion, which we are induced to do by the very interesting nature of these travels, which will be found to afford much amusement, independently of their value in a professional point of view. Having long been regarded as the head

of his profession, and highly esteemed for his private virtues. Parey died in 1590, at the age of 81.

" It was an enthusiastic desire of learning his profession, (says Mr. John Bell in his introduction to his excellent work on the Principles of Surgery,) that induced Parey to follow the French armies while yet very young; and we have a singular testimony of his early abilities from an old physician, who, after the taking of the city of Turin, always called for young Parey " when any great surgical work was in hand, because he was delighted with the bold and spirited manner in which he performed all the great operations." To the Seigneur le Mareschal Montjan, this old physician said, at parting, " My Lord, you have got a surgeon young in years, but old in experience and wisdom. Keep him carefully, for he will do you both service and honour." Parey himself tells this tale of his early days in the mere garrulity of old age, but along with this ebullition of vanity there is good sense and even modesty; for he adds, soon after, " But the good old man did not know that I had lived three years in the Hotel Dieu, attending the sick."

Parey begun his career in the Hotel Dieu. He perfected himself by practising in the camps and armies, and having lived in familiar society with the king and nobles of France, he finished a long, honourable, and busy life in the city of Paris. It is seen in the history of the French academy, that the princes and generals willingly took the field when they could prevail upon Parey to go out along with them; and at the time when all the noblesse of the kingdom were shut up in Mentz, which was besieged by Charles V. in person, at the head of 100,000 men, they sent a sort of embassy to the king, their master, beseeching him to send Parey to them. An Italian captain, for a great reward, introduced him into the city. They instantly sent at midnight to awaken the prince, who commanded the city, with the good news of his arrival. The governor begged of him that he would go, next day, and shew himself upon the breach: he was received with shouts of triumph. Mentz was then the bulwark of France; and it has always been ascribed to the presence of this single man, (so perfect was their confidence in him), that they kept the city till the gallant army which lay around it, perished beneath its walls. Charles lost upwards of thirty thousand men by disease and by the enemy.

The name of Parey is held in the highest veneration by his countrymen, as the following very absurd paragraph from *Larrey's Memoires de Chirurgie Militaire* will testify :—" A notre passage à Laval qui a vu naître Ambrose Paré, le père de la chirurgie Française, nous nous fimes indiquer la maison qu'il avait habitée. En y entrant, je fus saisi d'un sentiment de veneration tel

que, m'abandonnant à une douce illusion, je crus que j'allais voir paraître à nos yeux ce grand homme, lorsque, tout-à-coup, la presence des proprietaires de la maison, venus à notre rencontre pour nous montrer la chambre qu'il avait occupée, detruisit le prestige qui abusait mon imagination."

But let us hear Parey's own account of himself: he says, addressing himself to one of his adversaries, (for, like our own celebrated Hunter, he had to encounter the opposition of men now only known as the enemies of his genius ;)

" Moreover, you say that you will teach me my lesson in the operations of surgery, which I think you cannot do; because I have not only learned them in my study, and by the hearing of many years the lessons of doctors of physic: but, as I said before, in my epistle to the reader, I was resident the space of three years in the hospital of Paris, where I had the means to use and learn divers works of surgery upon divers diseases, together with the anatomy upon a great number of dead bodies; as oftentimes I have sufficiently made trial publicly in the physicians' school at Paris, and my good luck hath made me see much more. For being called to the service of the king of France (four of which I have served), I have been in company at battles, skirmishes, assaults, and besieging of cities and fortresses; as also, I have been shut up in cities with those that have been besieged, having charge to dress those that were hurt. Also I have dwelt many years in this great and famous city of Paris, where, (thanks be to God), I have lived in very good reputation amongst all men, and have not been esteemed the least in rank of men of my profession, seeing there was not any cure, were it ever so difficult and great, where my hand and my counsel have not been required, as I make it appear in this my work. Now, dare you, (these things being understood), say you will teach me to perform the works of surgery, since you never went further than your own study?

" The operations of chirurgery are learnt by the eye and by the touch. I will say that you much resemble a young lad of Low Brittany, *bien fessu et materiel*, who demanded leave of his father to come to Paris, to take France. Being arrived, the organist of our lady's church met with him at the palace-gate, who took him to blow the bellows for the organ, where he was remaining three years; he saw he could somewhat speak French, he returns to his father; and told him that he spake good French, and moreover he knew well to play on the organs: his father received him very joyfully, for that he was so wise and learned in a short time. He went to the organist of their great church and prayed him to permit his son to play on the organ, to the end he might know whether his son was become so skilful a master as he said he was; which the organist agreed to very willingly. Being entered to the organ, he cast himself with a full leap to the bellows; the master organist bid him play, and that he would blow. Then this good organist answers, *let him play himself on the organ, if he would; for him, he could do nothing but play on the*

bellows. I think also, my little master, that you know nothing else, but to prattle in a chair; but I will play upon the keys, and make the organ sound, (that is to say), I will do the operations of chirurgery, that which you cannot in any wise do, because you have not gone from your study or the schools, as I have said before.

"You see now (my little master), my answers to your calumniations, and I pray you, if you bear a good mind, to review and correct your book, as soon as you can, and not to hold young chirurgeons in this error by reading of the same, where you teach them to use hot irons, after the amputation of limbs, to stay a flux of blood; seeing there is another means and not so cruel, and more sure and easy. Moreover, if to-day, after an assault of a city, where divers soldiers have had arms and legs broken and shot off by cannon-bullets, cutlas and other instruments of war, to stay the flux of blood, if you should use hot irons, it would be needful to have a forge and much coals to heat them; and also the soldiers would hold you in such horror for this cruelty that they would kill you like a calf: even as in time past they did one of the chiefest chirurgeons of Rome, which may be found written in the third chapter of the first book."

Although Parey did not invent the method of tying divided arteries, to which he alludes in the above paragraph, yet he greatly promoted the practice. His plan was to draw the arteries out naked and to pass a ligature over them.

We shall now proceed to give some extracts from the Travels of this celebrated man.

The Voyage of Thurin, 1535. "Moreover, I will here shew to the readers the places where I have had means to learn the art of surgery; and first, in the year 1536, the king of France sent a great army to Thurin, to recover the city and castles which the Marquis of Guast, lieutenant-general of the emperor, had taken; where the High Constable of France was lieutenant-general of the army, and Monsieur de Montain colonel-general of the foot, of which I was then surgeon. A great part of the army arrived in the country of Suze: we found the enemy, which stopt the passage, and had made certain forts and trenches, insomuch that to hunt them out and make them leave the place, we were forced to fight, where there were divers hurt and slain, as well of the one side as the other; but the enemies were constrained to retire and get into the castle, which was caused partly by one captain Ratt, who climbed with divers soldiers of his company upon a little mountain there, where he shot directly upon the enemy: he received a shot upon the ancle of his right foot, wherewith presently he fell to the ground, and said then—now is the Ratt taken. I dressed him and God healed him; we entered the throng into the city, and passed over the dead bodies, and some which were not yet dead; we heard them cry under our horses' feet, which made my heart relent to hear them. And truly I repented to have forsaken Paris to see such a pitiful spectacle.

XUM

"Being in the city, I entered into a stable, thinking to lodge my own and my man's horse, where I found four dead soldiers, and three which were leaning against the wall, their faces wholly disfigured; and neither saw, nor heard, nor spake; and their clothes did yet flame with gunpowder, which had burnt them. Beholding them with pity, there happened to come an old soldier, who asked me, if there were any possible means to cure them? I told him, no: he presently approached to them, and cut their throats, without choler; [or, as Parey says, 'Il s'approcha d'eux et leur coupa la gorge doucement et sans colère.'] Seeing this great cruelty, I told him he was a wicked man: he answered me, that he prayed to God, that whensoever he should be in such a case, that he might find some one who would do as much for him, to the end, that he might not miserably languish.* To return to our former discourse, the enemy was summoned to surrender, which they soon did, and went out—their lives only saved, with a white staff in their hands; the greatest part whereof went, and got to the castle of Villane, where there were about two hundred Spaniards. Monsieur, the Constable, would not leave them behind, to the end that the way might be made free. This castle is seated upon a little mountain, which gave great assurance to them within, that one could not plant the ordnance to beat upon it, and they were summoned to render, or that they should be cut in pieces; which they flatly refused, making answer, *That they were as faithful servants to the emperor, as Monsieur, the Constable, could be to the king, his master.* This answer heard, they made, by force of arms, two great cannons to be mounted in the night with cords and ropes, by the Swissers and Lasquenets; when, as ill-luck would have it, the two cannons being seated, a gunner, by great negligence, set on fire a great bag of gunpowder, wherewith he was burned, together with ten or twelve soldiers; and, moreover, the flame of the powder was a cause of discovering the artillery, which made them in the castle do nothing but shoot all night long at that place, where they discovered the two

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* In one of the most interesting little books that has been published for some time, written by a private soldier, and entitled '*Recollections of an Eventful Life*,' the second volume of which has just appeared, there is a similar case.

"In particular places of the village, where a stand had been made, or the shot brought to bear, the slaughter had been immense, which was the case near the river, and at the small chapel on our side of the town. Among the rest, lay one poor fellow of the 88th light company, who had been severely wounded, and seemed to suffer excruciating agony, for he begged of those who passed him to put him out of torture. Although, from the nature of his wound, there was no possibility of his surviving, yet none felt inclined to comply with his request, until a German of the 60th rifle battalion, after hesitating a few moments, raised his rifle, and putting the muzzle of it to his head, fired the contents of it through it. Whether this deed deserved praise or blame, I leave others to determine." Vol. ii. p. 20.

pieces of ordnance; wherewith they killed and hurt a great number of people.

"The next day, early in the morning, a battery was made, which, in a few hours, made a breach; which being made, they demanded to parley with us; but it was too late for them, for, in the mean time, our French foot, seeing them amazed, mounted to the breach, and cut them all in pieces, except a fair young lusty maid of Piedmont, which a great lord would have kept, and preserved for himself, to keep him company in the night, for fear of the greedy wolf. The captain and ensign were taken alive, but soon after were hanged upon the gate of the city, to the end, that they might give example and fear to the imperial soldiers, not to be so rash and foolish, to be willing to hold such places, against so great an army. Now, all the soldiers of the castle, seeing our people coming with a most violent fury, did all their endeavours to defend themselves; they killed and hurt a great company of our soldiers, with pikes, muskets, and stones, when the surgeons had good store of work cut out. Now, at that time, I was a fresh-water soldier; I had not yet seen wounds made by gun-shot, at the first dressing. It is true, I had read, in John de Vigo, that wounds made by weapons of fire did participate of venenosity, by reason of the powder; and for their cure, he commands to cauterize them with oil of elder, scalding hot, in which should be mingled a little treacle. Before I applied the said oil, knowing that such a thing would bring to the patient great pain, I was willing to know first, before I applied it, how the other surgeons did for the first dressing, which was to apply the said oil, the hottest that was possible, into the wounds, with tents and setons; insomuch, that I took courage to do as they did. At last I wanted oil, and was constrained, instead thereof, to apply a digestive of yolks of eggs, oil of roses, and turpentine. In the night, I could not sleep in quiet, fearing some default in not cauterizing, and that I should find those to whom I had not used the burning oil, died impoisoned; which made me rise very early to visit them, where, beyond my expectation, I found those to whom I had applied my digestive medicine, to feel little pain, and their wounds without inflammation or tumour, having rested reasonably well that night. The others, to whom was used the burning oil, I found feverish, with great pain and tumour about the edges of their wounds. And then I resolved with myself, never so cruelly to burn poor men wounded with gun-shot. Being at Thurin, I found a surgeon, who had the fame, above all others, for the curing of the wounds of gun-shot; into whose favour I found means to insinuate myself, to have the receipt of his balm, as he called it, wherewith he dressed wounds of that kind, and he held me off the space of two years, before I could draw the receipt from him. In the end, by gifts and presents, he gave it me, which was this: to boil young whelps, new pupped, in oil of lilies, prepared earth-worms, with turpentine of Venice. Then was I joyful, and my heart made glad, that I had understood his remedy, which was like that which I had obtained by great chance. See, then, how I have learned to dress wounds made with gun-shot, not by books."

Parey proceeds to give an account of the high estimation in which he was held, and of the great number of wounded soldiers confided to his care.

The Voyage of Marolle and of Low Britany. (Basse Bretagne) 1543.

" I went to the camp of Marolle, with the deceased Monsieur De Rohan, where King Francis was in prison; and I was surgeon of the company of the said Monsieur De Rohan. Now the king was advertised by Monsieur D'Estampes, governor of Britany, that the English had hoist sail to land in Low Britany, and prayed him that he would send Monsieur De Rohan and Monsieur De Lowal for succour, because they were lords of that country; and, for their sakes, those of that country would beat back the enemy and keep them from landing. Having received this advertisement, his majesty despatched the said lords for the relief of their country; and to each was given as much power as to the governor, insomuch as they were all there the king's lieutenants: they took, willingly, this charge upon them, and speedily they went away in post, and led me with them to Landreneau: there where we found every one in arms, the alarm-bells sounding on every side; yea, five or six leagues about the harbours, that is to say, Brest, Conquet, Crozon, Le Fou Doulac, Laudanac, each of them well furnished with artillery, cannons, demi-cannons, culverins, sakers, serpentines, falcons, harquebusses, in brief, there was nothing in artillery or soldiers, as well Britans as French, to hinder that the English made no landing, as they had resolved at their parting from England. The enemy's army came unto the very mouth of the cannon; and when we perceived that they would land, they were saluted with cannonshot, and we discovered our men of war, together with our artillery; they flew to sea again: where I was glad to see their vessels hoist sail again, which was in great number, and in good order, and seemed like a forest which marched upon the sea. I saw a thing also at which I marvelled much, which was, that the bullets of great pieces made great rebounds, and grazed upon the water as upon the ground.

" Now, to make the matter short, the English did no harm, and returned whole and sound into England, and left us in peace. We staid in that country, in garrison, till we were assured that their army was dispersed. In the meantime, our horsemen exercised their feats of activity, as to run at the ring, fight in duel, and other things; so that there was still something to employ me withal. Monsieur D'Estampes, to make sport and pleasure to the said De Rohan and Lowal, and other gentlemen, caused divers country wenches to come to the feasts, to sing songs in Low Britain tongue, where their harmony was like the croaking of frogs, while they are in love. Otherwhiles, they caused the wrestlers of the cities and towns to come, where there was a prize for the best wrestler; and the sport was seldom ended, but that one or other had a leg or arm broken, or the shoulder or thigh displaced. There was a little man of Low Britany, of a square body and well set, who held a long time the credit of the field, and, by his skill and strength, threw five or six

to the ground; there came to him a great schoolmaster, who was said to be one of the best wrestlers of all Britany; he entered into the lists, having taken off his long jacket, in hose and doublet, and being near the little man, he seemed as if he had been tied to his girdle; notwithstanding, when each of them took hold of the collar, they were a long time without doing any thing, and they thought they would remain equal in force and skill: but the little man cast himself with an ambling leap under this great pedant, and took him on his shoulder, and cast him on his back, spread abroad like a frog, and then all the company laughed at the skill and strength of the little fellow. This great *Dativo* had a great spite for being cast by so little a man: he rose again in anger, and would have his revenge. They took hold again of each other's collars, and were again a good while at their hold without falling to the ground: in the end, this great man let himself fall upon the little fellow; and, in falling, put his elbow upon the little man's stomach and burst his heart, and killed him stark dead; and knowing that he had given him his death-blow, took again his long cassock, and went away with his tail between his legs, and hid himself, seeing that the little man came not again to himself, either for wine, vinegar, or any other thing that was presented unto him. I drew near to him, and felt his pulse, which did not beat at all, then I said he was dead. Then the Britans who assisted the wrestling, said aloud, in their jabbering, *That is not in the sport.* And some said that the said pedagogue was accustomed to do so; and that, but a year past, he had done the like in a wrestling. I would needs open the body, to know the cause of this sudden death, where I found much blood in the thorax, and in the inferior belly, and I strived to find out any apertion in the place from whence might issue so great a quantity of blood, which I could not do for all the diligence I could make. Now, I believe it was by the apertion of the mouths of the vessels, or by their porosities. The poor little wrestler was buried. I took leave of Messieurs De Rohan, De Lowal, and D'Estampes. Monsieur de Rohan gave me a present of fifty double ducats, and an ambling horse, and Monsieur De Lowal, another for my man; Monsieur D'Estampes, a diamond of the value of thirty crowns; and so I returned to my house at Paris."

The Voyage of Perpignan, 1543.

In this chapter, Parey relates a case of a soldier who had received a musket ball, which several of the most expert surgeons endeavoured to extract, but in vain. They were, therefore, obliged to send for Parey, to discover where it lay: "Having found it, I shewed them the place where it was, and it was taken out by Master Nicholas Lavernant; yet, notwithstanding, the honour remained to me for finding it." The following history is not uninteresting:—

"I saw one thing of great remark, which is this:—That a soldier in my presence gave to one of his fellows a stroke with an halbard upon his head, penetrating even to the left ventricle of the brain, without falling to the ground. He that struck him said, that he had heard

that he cheated at dice, and that he had drawn a great sum of money, and that it was his custom to cheat. I was called to dress him, which I did, as it were, for the last, knowing well that he would quickly die. Having dressed him, he returned all alone to his lodgings, which was at least two hundred paces distant. I bid one of his companions send for a priest to dispose of the affairs of his soul; he helped him to one, who staid with him to the last gasp. The next day the patient sent for me by his she-friend, in a boy's apparel, to come to dress him, which I would not do, fearing he would die under my hands; and to put it off, I said that I must not take off the dressing till the third day, by reason he would die, though he were never touched. The third day, he came staggering, and found me in my tent, and prayed me most affectionately to dress him, and shewed me a purse, wherein he had a hundred and six-score pieces of gold, and that he would content me to my desire; for all that, notwithstanding, I deferred taking off his dressing, fearing lest he should die at the same instant. Certain gentlemen desired me to go to dress him, which I did at their request; but, in dressing, he died under my hands in a convulsion. *Now this priest accompanied him until death, then seized upon the purse, lest another should take it, saying, he would say masses for his soul.* Moreover he furnished himself with his clothes, and with all the rest of his things. I have recited this history as a monstrous thing, that the soldier fell not to the ground when he had received this great stroke, and was in his senses even till death. Soon after, the camp was broken for divers causes; the one, because we were advertised, that four companies of Spaniards were entered into Perpignan; the other, that the plague begun much in our camp; and it was told us by the people of the country, that shortly there would be a great overflowing of the sea, which arose in such manner that there remained not one tent which was not broken and overthrown, for all the strength and diligence that could be given; and the kitchens being all uncovered, the wind raised so the dust and sand, which salted and powdered our meat in such a manner that we could not eat it, so that we were constrained to boil it in pots and other vessels well covered. Now we did not encamp ourselves in so good time, but that there were many carts and carters, mules and mule-drivers, drowned in the sea, with great loss of baggage. The camp broken, I returned to Paris."

The Voyage of Boulogne, 1545.

"A little while after we went to Boulogne, where the English, seeing our army, left the forts which they had, that is to say Moulambert, the little paradise, Monplaisir, the fort of Chatillon, the fort Dardelot. One day, going through the camp to dress my hurt people, the enemies who were in the Tower of Order, shot off a piece of ordnance, thinking to kill horsemen who staid to talk with one another. It happened, that the bullet passed very near one of them, which threw him to the ground, and it was thought the said bullet had touched him, which it did not at all, but only the wind of the said bullet in the midst of his coat, which went with such a force that all the outward part of the thigh became black and blue, and he had much ado to

stand. I dressed him. and made divers scarifications to evacuate the effused blood, which the wind of the said ball had made; and the rebounds that the ball made from the ground, killed four soldiers, which remained dead in the place. I was not far from this stroke, so that I felt, somewhat, the moved air, without doing me any more harm than a little fear, which made me stoop my head very low; but the bullet was already passed far beyond me. The soldiers marked me to be afraid of a bullet already gone. My little master, I think if you had been there, that I had not been afraid alone, and that you would have had your share of it."

In the above chapter, Parey's account of what is termed the wind of a cannon-ball is interesting. It is a singular fact, that a cannon-ball may produce most dreadful injury, and even death, without breaking the skin. The bones may be broken, and the texture of the muscles destroyed, and yet the skin remain without a wound. This injury was thought to arise from the violent motion of the air produced by the cannon-shot; an idea now exploded; for it has been well remarked, if this theory were correct, the effect in question would constantly happen whenever a ball passes near any part of the body. That this is not the case, however, we know from the fact that pieces of soldiers' and seamen's hats, of their feathers, clothes, and even hair, are often shot away without doing any injury. Professor Thomson, of Edinburgh, who visited the wounded after the battle of Waterloo, in his observations, made in the British Military Hospitals, has given the following information on this subject. "We saw, and were informed, of many instances in which cannon-balls had passed quite close to all parts of the body, and had removed portions of the clothes and accoutrements, without producing the slightest injury of any kind. In other instances, portions of the body itself were removed by cannon-balls, without the contiguous parts having been much injured. In one case, the point of the nose was carried off by a cannon-ball, without respiration being at all affected; and in another very remarkable case, the external part of the ear was shot away, without even the power of hearing being sensibly impaired."*

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* In the '*Eventful Life of a Soldier*,' vol. ii. p. 24, an instance of this kind occurs.

"A French officer, while leading on his men, having been killed in our front, a bugler of the 83rd regiment, starting out between the fire of both parties, seized his gold watch; but he had scarcely returned, when a cannon-shot from the enemy came whistling past him, and he fell lifeless on the spot. The blood started out of his nose and ears, but with the exception of this, there was neither wound nor bruise on his body."

While we are quoting from this curious work, which we recom-

"At the bombardment of the French fleet in the basin of Antwerp, in 1814," says Mr. Samuel Cooper, "a cannon-shot shattered the legs of two officers so badly that the limbs were amputated. These gentlemen were walking at the moment of the accident in the village of Merksam, taking hold of the arm of my friend, Surgeon Stobo, who was in the middle. Now the ball, which produced the injury, did not the slightest harm to the latter gentleman, although it must have passed as close as possible to his lower extremities, and, most probably, between them. The mischief," says this intelligent surgeon, "which is imputed to the air, is occasioned by the ball itself. Its producing a violent contusion, without tearing the skin and entering the limb, is to be ascribed to the oblique direction in which it strikes the part, or, in other instances, to the feebleness with which the ball strikes the surface of the body, in consequence of its having lost the greater part of its momentum, and acting principally by its weight, being, in short, what is called a spent ball. Daily observation evinces that balls, which strike a surface obliquely, do not penetrate that surface, but are reflected; though they may be impelled with the greatest force, and the body struck may be as soft and yielding as water."

We think the above facts and arguments are tolerably conclusive on this subject; and we must confess, we do not put much faith in what Parey tells us, of his feeling the wind. He is as remarkable for candour as for genius; but, in the above case, his imagination appears to have got the better of his judgment.

We shall not make any extracts from *The Voyage of Germany*, 1552, as it does not contain any thing very interesting. We now come to

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mend to all our readers for its vivid pictures of war, and its interesting narratives of individual exploits, as well as for the apparently amiable and worthy character of its author, who, though a private soldier, is an excellent writer; we will add from it another remarkable surgical phenomenon.

"A few of our lads, and some of the 79th, were standing together, where a poor fellow lay a few paces from them weltering in his blood. As he belonged to the 79th, they went over to see who he was: the ball had entered the centre of his forehead, and passed through his brain, and to all appearance he was completely dead; but when any of the flies which were buzzing about the wound, entered it, a convulsive tremour shook his whole body, and the muscles of his face became frightfully distorted; there could scarcely be imagined any thing more distressing or more appalling to the spectator."

The Voyage of Dauvilliers.

"At the return from the German camp, king Henry besieged Dauvilliers; those within would not render. They were well beaten, and our powder failed us; in the mean time, they shot much at our people. There was a shot passed the tent of Monsieur De Rohan, which hit a gentleman's leg, who was of his train, which I cut off without applying hot irons.

"The king sent for powder to Sedan; which being come, they began a greater battery than before, in such sort, that they made a breach. Messieurs De Guise and the High Constable, being in the chamber, told him, that they concluded the next day to make assault, and that they were assured they should enter into it, and that they should keep it secret, lest the enemy were advertised. And all of them promised not to speak of it to any one. Now, there was a groom of the king's chamber, who lay under the king's bed, in the camp, to sleep; he, understanding that they resolved the next day to give an assault, presently revealed it to a certain captain, and told him, that for certain, the day following, assault would be given, and that he had heard it of the king, and prayed the said captain, that he would not speak a word of it to any body, which he promised; but his promise was not kept. So, at the same instant, he went and declared it unto a captain, and this captain unto another captain, and from the captains to some of the soldiers, saying always, *say nothing*. It was so well hid, that the next day, early in the morning, there was seen the greatest part of the soldiers, with their round hose and their breeches cut at the knee, for the better mounting of the breach. The king was advertized of the rumour which ran through the camp, that the assault must be given, whereof he much marvelled; seeing there were but three of that advice, who had promised, one to another, not to tell it to any one.

"The king sent for Monsieur De Guise, to know if he had not talked of this assault: he swore and affirmed to him, that he had not told it to any body. And Monsieur the Constable said as much; who said to the king, he must expressly know who had declared this secret counsel, seeing there were but three. Inquiry was made from captain to captain,—in the end, the truth was found; for one said, it was such an one told me; another said as much, till, at length, they came to the first, who declared he had learnt it of a groom of the king's chamber, named Guyard, born at Blois, the son of the barber of the late King Francis. The king sent for him into his tent, in the presence of Monsieur De Guise, and of Monsieur, the Constable, to understand from him whence he had it, and who told him that this assault was to be given. The king told him, that if he did not tell the truth, that he would cause him to be hanged; and then he declared, he lay down under his bed, thinking to sleep, and so having heard it, he declared it to a captain, a friend of his, to the end, that he might prepare himself, with his soldiers, the first for the assault. After the king knew the truth, he told him, that he should never serve him again, and that he deserved to be hanged, and forbade

him ever to come to court again. My groom of the chamber went away with this sad news, and lay with one of the king's surgeons in ordinary, named Master Lewis; and in the night gave himself six wounds with a knife, and cut his throat; yet the said surgeon perceived nothing till morning—till he saw the bed bloody, and the dead body by him. He much marvelled at this spectacle, upon his waking, and was afraid lest they should say he was the cause of this murder; but he was soon freed, the cause being known to be from desperation, having lost the good amity which the king bore to him. The said Guyard was buried. And those of Dauvilliers, when they saw the breach large enough for them to enter in, and the soldiers prepared for the assault, yielded themselves to the mercy of the king. The chief of them were prisoners, and the soldiers sent away without arms.

"The camp being broken up, I returned to Paris, with my gentleman, whose leg I had cut off. I dresssd him, and God cured him. I sent him to his house merry, with his wooden leg, and was content, saying, that he had escaped cheaply, not to have been miserably burnt, as you write in your book, my little master."

We shall now proceed to give some extracts from Parey's account of the Siege of Metz, by the Emperor, Charles V.—Charles's army, according to Dr. Robertson, amounted to sixty thousand men, forming one of the most numerous and best appointed armies, which had been brought into the field, in that age, in any of the wars among Christian princes. "The Duke of Guise, Francis of Lorraine, was nominated to take the command of Metz, during the siege. Several princes of the blood, many nobleman of the highest rank, and all the young officers, who could obtain the king's permission, entered as volunteers."

The Voyage of Mets. 1552.

"The emperor having besieged Mets, and in the hardest time of winter, as each one knows of fresh memory, and that there was in the city five or six thousand men, and, amongst the rest, seven princes; that is to say, Monsieur the Duke of Guise, the king's lieutenant, Messieurs D'Anguien, De Conde, De Montpensier, De La Roch, upon Yon Monsieur De Nemours, and divers other gentlemen, with a number of old captains of war, who often made sallies forth upon the enemies, which was not without slaying many, as well on the one side as the other. For the most part, all our wounded people died; and it was thought, the medicaments, wherewith they were dressed, were poisoned; which caused Monsieur De Guise, and other princes, to send to the king for me; and that he would send me, with drugs, to them, for they believed theirs were poisoned, seeing that, of their people, few escaped. I do not believe there was any poison; but the great strokes of the cutlasses, musket-shot, and the extreme cold, were the cause. The king caused some one to write to Monsieur,

the marshal St. Andrew, who was his lieutenant at Verdun, that he might find some means to make me enter into Mets. The said lord marshal got an Italian captain, who promised him to make me enter in, which he did, and for which he had fifteen hundred crowns.

"The king having heard of the promise which the Italian captain had made, sent for me, and commanded me to take of his apothecary, named Daigue, such and as many drugs as I should think fit for the hurt who were besieged, which I did, as much as a post horse could carry. The king gave me charge to speak to Monsieur De Guise, and to the princes and captains who were at Mets. Being arrived at Verdun, a few days after Monsieur the marshal of St. Andrew caused horses to be given to me, and my man, and for the Italian, who spake very good high Dutch and Spanish.

"When we were within eight or ten leagues of Mets, we went not but in the night; and being near the camp, I saw, a league and a half off, bright fires about the city, which seemed as if all the earth had been on fire, and I thought we could never pass through those fires without being discovered, and, by consequent, be hanged and strangled, or cut in pieces, or pay a great ransom. To speak truth, I wished myself at Paris, for the imminent danger which I foresaw. God guided so well our affairs, that we entered the city at midnight, with a certain token which the captain had with another captain of the company of Monsieur De Guise; which lord I went to, and found him in bed, who received me with many thanks, being joyful at my coming. I did my message to him, of all that the king had commanded me to say to him: I told him I had a little letter to give to him, and that the next day I would not fail to deliver it to him. That done, he commanded me a good lodging, and that I should be well used; and bid me I should not fail to be the next day upon the breach, where I should meet with all the princes and divers captains, which I did; who received me with great joy, and did me the honour to embrace me, and tell me I was very welcome, adding, they did not think they should die if they should chance to be hurt. Monsieur de la Roch was the first that feasted me, and inquired of me what they said at the court concerning the city of Mets. I told him what I thought good. Then presently he desired me to go and see one of his gentlemen, named Monsieur De Magnane, lieutenant of his majesty's guard, who had his leg broken by a cannon-shot. I found him in his bed, his leg bended and crooked, and without any dressing upon it, because a gentleman had promised him a cure, having his name and his girdle with certain words. The poor gentleman wept and cried with the pain which he felt, not sleeping night nor day, for four days. Then I mocked at this imposture and false promise. Presently, I did so nimbly restore and dress his leg, that he was without pain, slept all night, and since (thanks be to God,) was cured, and is yet, at this present time, living, doing service to the king. The said lord sent me a tun of wine to my lodging, and bid tell me, when it was drunken, he would send me another. That done, Monsieur De Guise gave me a list of certain captains and lords, and commanded me to tell them what the king had given me in charge; which I did, which was to do

his commendations and a thanksgiving for the duty they had done and did in the keeping of the city of Mets, and that he would acknowledge it. I demanded, afterwards, of Monsieur De Guise, what pleased him I should do with the drugs which I had brought him; he bid me impart them to the surgeons and apothecaries, and, chiefly, to the poor hurt soldiers in the hospital, which were in great number; which I did, and can assure you, I could not do so much as go and see them, but they sent for me to go and dress and visit them. All the besieged lords prayed me carefully to solicit, above all others, Monsieur De Pienne, who was hurt at the breach by a stone, raised by a cannon shot, in the temple, with a fracture and depression of the bone. They told me, that presently when he received the stroke, he fell to the earth as dead, and cast blood out of his mouth, nose, and ears, with great vomitings, and was fourteen days without speaking one word, or having any reason; there happened to him also, startings somewhat like convulsions, and he had all his face swelled and livid. He was trepanned on the side of the temporal muscle upon the *os coronale*. I drest him, with other surgeons, and God cured him, and he is at this day living, God be thanked.

"The emperor caused a battery to be made, with forty double cannons, where they spared no powder night nor day. Presently, when Monsieur De Guise saw the artillery seated to make a breach, he made the nearest houses be pulled down to make ramparts, and the posts and beams were ranged end to end, and between two clods of earth, beds and packs of wool, and then other posts were put again upon them as before. Now much wood of the houses and of the suburbs, which had been put to the ground, for fear lest the enemy should be lodged close covered, and that they should not help themselves with any wood, served well to repair the breach. Every one was busied to carry earth to make the ramparts, night and day. Messieurs the princes, lords and captains, lieutenants, ensigns, did all carry the basket, to give example to the soldiers and the citizens to do the like, which they did: yea, both ladies and gentlewomen, and those which had not baskets, helped themselves with kettles, panniers, sacks, sheets, and with what else they could to carry earth. Insomuch that the enemy had no sooner beaten down the wall, but he found behind it a rampart more strong. The wall being fallen, our soldiers cried to those without, the Fox, the Fox, the Fox! and spake a thousand injuries to one another. Monsieur De Guise commanded upon pain of death, that no man should speak to them without, for fear lest there should be some traitor who would give them intelligence what was done in the city. The command made, they tied living cats at the end of their pikes, and put them upon the wall, and cried with the cats, *miau, miau*.

"Truly the Imperialists were very much vexed to have been so long making a breach, and at so great an expence, which was the breach of fourscore steps, to enter fifty men in front, where they found a rampart more strong than the wall. They fell upon the poor cats, and shot at them with their muskets as they do at birds. Our people did often make sallies by the command of Monsieur De

Guise. The day before, there was a great press to make themselves enrolled, who must make the salley, chiefly of the young nobility, led by well-experienced captains: insomuch, that it was a great favour to sally forth and run upon the enemy; and they sallied forth always the number of one hundred, or sixscore, armed men, with cutlasses, muskets, pistols, &c., who went even to their trenches to awaken them, where they presently made an alarm throughout all their camp, and their drums sounded *plan, plan, ta, ti, ta, ti, ta, tou, touf, touf;* likewise their trumpets sounded, *to the saddle, to the saddle, to the saddle; to horse, to horse, to horse; to the saddle; to horse;* and all their soldiers cried, *to arms, to arms, to arms; arm to arms, arm to arms.* like the cry after wolves, and all divers tongues, according to their nations: and they were seen to go out from their tents and little lodgings as thick as little bees when their hive is discovered, to succour their fellows, who had their throats cut like sheep. The horsemen, likewise, came from all parts a great gallop. *Patati, patata, patati, patata, ta, ta, patata, patata,* and tarried well that they might not be in the throng where strokes were imparted to give and receive; and when our men saw they were forced, they returned into the city, still firing; and those who run after were beaten back with the artillery, which they had charged with flint stones and pieces of iron; and our soldiers, who were upon the said wall, made a volley of shot, and showered down their bullets upon them, like hail, to send them back to their lodging. Divers remained in the place of the combat; and also our men did not all come off with whole skins; and there still remained some for the tithe who were joyful to die in the bed of honour. And when there was a horse hurt, he was flayed, and eaten by the soldiers instead of beef and bacon; and it was fit I must run and dress our hurt men. A few days after, other sallies were made, which did much anger the enemies, because they did not let them sleep but little in safety. Monsieur De Guise made a war-like stratagem, which was, he sent a peasant, who was none of the wisest, with two pair of letters toward the king, to whom he gave ten crowns, and promised that the king should give him an hundred, provided he gave him the letters. In the one, he sent word that the enemy made no sign of retiring himself, and by all force made a great breach, which he hoped to defend, yea to the losing of his life, and of all those that were within; and that the enemy had so well placed his artillery in a certain place, which he named, that with great difficulty was it kept; that they had not entered into it, seeing it was a place the most weak of all the city; but he hoped quickly to fill it up in such sort, that they could not be able to enter. One of these letters was sewed in the lining of his doublet, and he was bid to take heed that he told it not to any man. And there was also another given to him, wherein the said Monsieur De Guise sent word to the king, that he and all the besieged did hope well to keep the city, and other matters which I cease to speak of. They made the peasant go forth in the night; and, presently after, he was taken by one that stood centinel and carried to the Duke of Albe, to understand what was done in the city; and they asked him if he had any letters; he said, yes, and gave them one; and having seen it, he

was put to his oath whether he had any other, and he swore not; then they felt and searched him, and found that which was sewed in his doublet, and the poor messenger was hanged.

" The said letters were communicated to the emperor, who caused his council to he called there, when it was resolved, since they could do nothing at the first breach, that, presently, the artillery should be drawn to the place which they thought the most weak, where they made great attempts to make another breach, and digged and undermined the wall, and endeavoured to take the Tower of Hell; yet they durst not come to the assault. The Duke of Albe declared to the emperor that the soldiers died daily, more than the number of two hundred, and that there was but little hope to enter into the city, seeing the season, and the great quantity of soldiers that were there. The emperor demanded what people they were that died, and if they were gentlemen of remark or quality. Answer was made that they were all poor soldiers. Then, said he, it makes no matter if they die, comparing them to caterpillars and grasshoppers, which eat the buds of the earth; and if they were of any fashion, they would not be in the camp for twelve shillings the month, and therefore no great harm if they died. Moreover, he said, he would never part from before the city till he had taken it by force or famine, although he should lose all his army, by reason of the great number of princes which were therein, with the most part of the nobility of France, from whom he hoped to draw double his expence; and that he would go once again to Paris, to visit the Parisians, and make himself king of all the kingdom of France.

" Monsieur De Guise, with the princes, captains, and soldiers, and generally all the citizens of the city, having understood the intention of the emperor, which was to extirpate us all, they advised of all they had to do; and since it was not permitted to the soldiers nor citizens, no nor to the princes nor lords themselves, to eat either fresh fish or venison, as likewise partridges, woodcocks, larks, for fear lest they had gathered some pestilential air which might give us any contagion, but that they should content themselves with the ammunition fare, that is to say, with biscuit, beef, cows' lard, and gammons of bacon; likewise fish; also pease, beans, rice, oil, salt, pepper, ginger, nutmegs, &c. &c. to put into pies, chiefly to horse-flesh, which, without that, would have a very ill taste. Divers citizens, having gardens in the city, sowed therein great radishes, turnips, carrots, leeks, which they kept well, and full dear, against the extremity of hunger.

" Now, all these ammunition victuals were distributed by weight, measure, and justice, according to the quality of the person, because we knew not how long the siege would last; for having understood from the mouth of the emperor, that he would never part from before Mets till he had taken it by force or famine, the victuals were lessened; for that which was wont to be distributed among three, was now shared amongst four, and defence made they should not sell what remained after their dinner, but 'twas permitted to give it to the wenches that followed the camp. They rose always from table with an appetite, for fear they should be subject to take physic. And be-

fore we would yield ourselves to the mercy of our enemies, we had resolved to eat our asses, mules, horses, dogs, cats, and rats; yea, our boots and other skins which we could soften and fry. All the besieged did resolve to defend themselves with all sorts of instruments of war, that is to say, to rank and charge the artillery at the entry of the breach with bullets, stones, cast-nails, bars, and chains of iron; also all kinds and differences of artificial fire, as basiquadoes, granadoes, posts, lances, torches, squibs, burning-faggots; moreover, scalding-water, melted lead, powder of unquenched lime, to blind their eyes. Also, they were resolved to have made holes through and through their houses, there to lodge musqueteers, there to batter in the flank and hasten them to go, or else to make them lie altogether. Also, there was order given to the women to unpave the streets, and to cast out at their windows billets, tables, tressels, forms and stools, which would have troubled their brains. Moreover, there was, a little further, a strong court of guard filled with carts and pallisadoes, pipes and hogsheads, filled with earth, for barricadoes to serve to interlay with faulcons, faulconets, field-pieces, harquebusses, muskets, pistols and wild-fire, which would have broken legs and thighs, insomuch, that they had been beaten in head, in flank, and in tail: and when they had forced this court of guard, there were others at the crossings of the streets, each distant an hundred paces, who had been as bad companions as the first, and would not have been without making a great many widows and orphans; and if fortune would have been so much against us as to have broken our courts of guard, there were seven great battalions ordered in square and triangle to combat together, each one accompanied with a prince, to give them boldness and encourage them to fight, even till the last gasp, and to die altogether. Moreover, it was resolved, that each one should carry his treasure, rings, and jewels, and their household stuff, of the best, to burn them in the great place and to put them into ashes, rather than the enemy should prevail, and make trophies of their spoils. Likewise, there were people appointed to put fire to the munition and to beat out the heads of the wine casks; others, to put the fire into each house, to burn our enemies and us together. The citizens had accorded it thus, rather than to see the bloody knife upon their throat, and their wives and daughters violated, and be taken by force by the cruel and inhuman Spaniards.

"Now we had certain prisoners whom Monsieur De Guise sent away upon their faith, to whom was secretly imparted our last resolution, will, and desperate minds, who being arrived in their camp, do not defer the publishing, which bridled the great impetuosity and will of the soldiers to enter any more into the city to cut our throats, and to enrich themselves of our pillages. The emperor having understood this deliberation of the great warriors, the Duke of Guise put water in his wine,* and restrained his great choler and fury; saying, he could not enter into the city without making a great slaughter and butchery, and spill much blood, as well of the defendants as of the assailants, and that they should be dead together, and, in the end,

* A French proverb, signifying that he cooled his passion.

could have nothing else but a few ashes, and that, afterwards, it might be spoken of, as of *the* destruction of Jerusalem already made by Titus and Vespasian. The emperor then having understood our last resolution, and seeing that they prevailed little by their battery and undermining, and the great plague which was in his whole army, and the indisposition of the time, and the want of victuals and money, and that his soldiers forsook him, and went away in great companies, concluded, in the end, to retire, accompanied with the cavalry of the vanguard, with the greatest part of his artillery, and the battalia. The Marquess of Brandenburg was the last which decamped, maintained by certain bands of Spaniards, Bohemians, and his German companies, and remained a day and a half after, to the great grief of Monsieur De Guise, who caused four pieces of artillery to be brought out of the city, which he caused to be discharged at him on one side and the other, to hasten them to be gone, which he did full quickly, with all his troops. He being a quarter of a league from Mets, was taken with a fear lest our cavalry should fall upon him in the rear, which caused him to put fire to his munition powder, and leave certain pieces of artillery and luggage which he could not carry. Our horsemen would, by all means, have gone out of the city to have fallen upon their breech, but Monsieur De Guise would never permit them, but, on the contrary, would rather make plain their way, and let them go, being like a good shepherd who will not lose sight of his sheep.

"See now, how our well-beloved imperialists went away from before the city of Mets, which was the day after Christmas-day, to the great contentment of the besieged and honour of princes, captains, and soldiers, who had endured the travels of this siege the space of two months. Notwithstanding they did not all go; there wanted twenty thousand who were dead, as well by artillery as by the sword, as also by the plague, cold and hunger, and for spite that they could not enter the city to cut our throats and have the pillage; and also a great number of their horses died, of which they had eaten a great part instead of beef and bacon. They went where they had been encamped, where they found divers dead bodies not yet buried, and earth all digged like St. Innocents' church-yard in the time of the plague. They did likewise leave in their lodgings and tents divers sick people; also bullets, arms, carts, waggons, and other baggage, with a great many munition loaves, spoiled and rotten by the rain and snow, yet the soldiers had it but by weight and measure; and, likewise, they left great provision of wood, of the remainders of the houses of the villages which they had plucked down, two or three miles compass; likewise divers other houses of pleasure belonging to the citizens, accompanied with beautiful gardens filled with fruit trees, for, without that, they had been starved with cold, and had been constrained to have raised the siege sooner. The said Monsieur de Guise caused the dead to be buried, and dressed their sick people; likewise the enemies left, in the abbey of St. Arnoul, divers of their hurt soldiers which they could not lead with them; the said Monsieur de Guise sent them all victuals enough, and commanded me and other surgeons to go and dress them and give them medicines, which we willingly did, and

think they would not have done the like toward others, (because the Spaniard is most cruel, perfidious, and inhuman, and, therefore, enemy to all nations), which is proved by Lopez, a Spaniard, and Benzo of Milan, and others who have written the history of America and the West Indies, who have been constrained to confess, that the cruelty, avarice, blasphemy, and wickedness of the Spaniards, have altogether alienated the poor Indians from the religion which the said Spaniards are said to hold. And all write that they are less worth than the idolatrous Indians, by the cruel usage done to the said Indians.

"After the camp was wholly broken, I distributed my patients into the hands of the surgeons of the city, to finish their cure; then I took leave of Monsieur De Guise, came back towards the king, who received me with a loving countenance, and demanded of me, how I did enter into the city of Mets. I recounted to him all that I had done: he caused two hundred crowns to be given me, and one hundred I had at my going out; and he told me, he would not leave me poor: then I thanked him, most humbly, for the good and the honour which he pleased to do me."

At the siege of Hedin, which follows next, Parey appears to have passed his time very uncomfortably. "For," says he, "council was held, where I was called to know, if I would sign, as divers captains, gentlemen, and others, had done, that the place should be rendered up. I made answer, that it was not possible to be held, and that I would sign it; for the little hope that I had, that we could resist the enemies, and also, for the great desire which I had to be out of this torment and hell; for I slept not, either by night or day, by reason of the great number of hurt people, which were about two hundred. When I entered into one lodging, soldiers attended me at the door, to go and dress others at another lodging; when I went forth, there was striving who should have me; and they carried me, like a holy body, not touching the ground with my foot, in spite one of another. Nor could I satisfy so great a number of hurt people." Such was the general estimation in which this celebrated man was held.

We shall conclude our extracts from this work with the following instance of Parey's love of his country. After relating the manner in which he was taken prisoner, he thus proceeds:

"The emperor's surgeon took me apart, and told me, if I would remain with him, that he would use me very well. I thanked him very kindly for the honour he did me; and told him, that I had no desire to do any service to the enemies of my country. Then he told me, I was a fool, and if he were prisoner as I, he would serve the devil to get his liberty. I told him flatly that I would not dwell at all with him."

The works of Ambrose Parey were collected and translated into Latin by an unknown hand, and published at Paris, in the year 1582, by his pupil, Jacques Guillemeau, surgeon to the King of France. They were afterwards translated into most of the European languages; and, in the year 1634, an English version of them, by Thomas Johnson, a surgeon of some eminence, appeared, dedicated to Lord Herbert, of Cherbury. The Travels, not being contained in the Latin edition, were translated from the French, by George Barker.

ART. IV.—*A Relation of Ghosts and Apparitions, which commonly appear in the Principality of Wales. By the Rev.* Edmund Jones, *Preacher of the Gospel at Monmouth. Bristol,* 1767.

While the customs, manners, and traditions of Scotland and Ireland have been displayed and depicted in every form and manner, those of Wales have been most culpably neglected. Her ancient literature and poetry, indeed, have met with a better fate; but even these have been confined in their diffusion, and limited in their utility by the injudicious mode adopted for their dissemination. The two or three works which have been devoted to their preservation are so decidedly and particularly national, that their object has been entirely defeated by their exclusive addiction to subjects merely antiquarian, or to those which possess only a limited and partial interest. Had the contents of these works been varied by lively descriptions of scenery and manners, they would have proved infinitely more acceptable to the general reader, and would have answered more abundantly the purpose of their projectors, by conveying to the public at large an adequate idea of the interest and importance of our ancient British literature.

The "reading public," taken in the aggregate, is not willing to bestow much time or attention upon the perusal of old historical records. The antiquarian scholar, indeed, will gloat over the contents of a worm-eaten chronicle, and feast rapturously on the illegibility of an ancient manuscript. But the antiquary is generally too much wrapt up in the profundity of his harmless recreations, to assist in conveying instruction to others, by converting his studies into a source of public utility. The Welsh antiquary, even when he *is* inclined to give

publicity to his lucubrations, has rarely adopted the most judicious method of doing so. A laudable desire, and one which every Cambro-Briton must heartily admire—of preserving uncontaminated the language of his ancestors, has induced more than one learned individual to publish his works in the Welsh tongue; and we need not say how much is lost to the English reader by such a plan. We may instance, as one example of this fashion, that noble work, the ARCHAIOLOGY OF WALES, the contents of which are as a "book sealed" to the great majority of those persons who would profit by them. We do not mean to censure the learned and excellent editor of that splendid monument of Cambrian lore for printing the original MSS. in their original language: highly would he have been to blame had he *not* done so. Surely, a translation would not have been supererogatory.

Yet, after all, the great cause of this limited knowledge of the literary treasures of the Principality originates in the obstinate apathy of the natives themselves. In matters of literature the Welsh have hitherto been most lamentably negligent. Nobody can admire more than we do the general character of the Cambro-British. It is replete with loyalty, generosity, frank and open-hearted hospitality; but the exercise of these good qualities does not extend either to the fostering of living talent, or the rescuing from oblivion the genius of past ages. The Welsh country gentleman, alas! cares little for the Homers, who have been, or might have been, born to sing the wars of the Cimrians.

Was it not, in fact, this discouraging apathy which nipped in the bud the expanding genius of a Goronwy Owen —which chilled the glowing spirit of an Evan Evans---and which permitted that noble monument of Cymric literature, the ARCHAIOLOGY OF WALES, to be collected, printed, and published, at the sole expense of Owen Jones, "the Thames Street furrier?"

In addition to other causes, the influence of sectarianism has been particularly effective in the promotion of that indifference which the natives of the Principality have manifested towards the interests of literature. Nay, we have been sometimes inclined to believe, that the apathy in question has even had its root in those peculiar religious propensities to which Wales has, for a long series of years, been proverbially subject, and which have established their exclusive dominion over the mind. Hence, as a natural consequence, a taste for the *literæ humaniores*—for the more polished learning of the world—has been too often obscured by the gloom of fanaticism, or lost in the baneful vortex of theological controversy. We do not state

this, however, as an universal position; but that it is the *general* case, every candid mind must admit. Even with those of the most liberal attainments, whatever knowledge they possess of the Welsh tongue, is, in most cases, devoted rather to the objects we have briefly alluded to, than to the more classical purpose of illustrating those valuable treasures which antiquity has to reveal. Whatever be the grounds upon which this peculiarity in the character of the Welsh is to be defended, it is no less true that it is the main cause of their general disrelish for those literary pursuits, in which other nations are known to excel.

But, while Welshmen in general are thus inattentive to the interests and encouragement of literature, there are a few liberal-minded and spirited individuals, whose utmost efforts have been exercised to counteract the effects of this reproachful indifference; and these are the patriotic members of the different societies, which have been established by Welshmen for the purpose of rescuing their country from the disgraceful gloom in which it has hitherto been shrouded. Of these societies, the principal are the *Gwyneddigion*, or North-Wales men; and the *Cymmrodorion*, or Fellow-Countrymen; each being particularly devoted to the purpose above-mentioned. The first of these institutions was founded in the year 1771, by Owen Jones, the collector of the Archaiology, whose life was dedicated to the preservation of the literary treasures of his country. This excellent man, with a perseverance as ardent as it was inflexible, employed his time and his purse in the collection of all the ancient manuscripts relating to the history, the poetry, and the antiquities of Wales; and in addition to those of which the Archaiology consists, he succeeded in obtaining nearly one hundred quarto volumes of Welsh poetry, which have been lately published by the Cymmrodorion Society.

There is one event relating to the beneficence of this generous Welshman, which cannot be too highly estimated. A few years after the establishment of the Gwyneddigion society, the author of a celebrated Welsh essay, to which one of the society's prizes had been awarded, attracted, in consequence, the notice of its liberal founder. A correspondence between them was the result, in the course of which this Cambrian Mecænas urged his new friend to give his talents the benefit of an academical education, using, in his letter on this occasion, these characteristic words. "I will bear your expenses; draw upon me for any sum of money you may be in need of whilst at College. And the condition of the obligation is this; that if, by any reverse of fortune, I should become poor, and you in a state of affluence, then you must maintain me." No stronger

proof of his generosity can be required. It is proper to add, that the person here alluded to was only once under the necessity of trespassing upon his patron's munificence, and he then found him true to his promise: yet it detracts nothing from the merit of his intention that it was not more fully executed. It must, also, be remembered, that by his discernment in this instance, and by his encouraging instigation, he was the means of bringing into public notice an individual, moving in the lowest paths of life, who has since proved himself a distinguished ornament to the national literature of his country, and filled a station in the church with great credit to himself, and extensive utility to his flock.

The *Cymmrodorian* Society, of which we are happy to observe Sir Walter Scott and Dr. Southey are members, has been established little more than three years.* It was founded by some of the leading members of the Gwyneddigion, and is more likely to prove beneficial to the literary interests of the Principality, than any other society with which we are acquainted. Its avowed object is "to preserve and illustrate the remains of ancient British literature, and to promote its future cultivation by every means in its power." If the members will be active and vigilant, much good will undoubtedly accrue from their proceedings; and we rejoice to find that the preparations for their second volume of Transactions evince such good and tangible proofs of their exertions. But they must not relax in their efforts; the utmost activity and perseverance must be exercised, if they wish to achieve those ends which their society is so well calculated to accomplish; and if they *will* exert themselves, we shall not be without hope, that

> "Learning once more shall round high Snowdon rise,
> Beam o'er his head, and blossom to the skies;
> On Truth's bright wings to Fame eternal soar,
> Till time shall fail, and record be no more."

But the existence of this and of other institutions does not by any means invalidate the strength of our assertion, respecting the indolence and inattention of the Welsh. On the contrary, it renders our position the more obvious; for, although

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* Properly speaking, this institution was originally formed in the year 1751; but during the late long-protracted war it sunk into inaction, and, in fact, ceased to exist. Its present revival, under the sanction and patronage of his present majesty, may be considered, in every respect, as an original formation.

XUM

this society has been established somewhat more than three years, yet we regret to say, that a very small proportion only of the gentlemen of Wales have condescended to afford it support by becoming members; for, out of the whole population of the Principality, there are not two hundred individuals belonging to the Cymmrodorion! This apathy is, indeed, a sad reproach to a people so ancient and generous as the Welsh; and happy should we be, if the censure, which we have thus ventured to apply, should have the effect of awakening in their bosoms some sparks of that patriotic fire, which is so congenial to the manners of an honourable nation. But this we confess, and we confess it with sorrow, is nearly hopeless; and we have prefaced our article with these remarks, more for the purpose of offering some apology for the apparent idleness of the Welsh scholar, than with the hope of stimulating the Welsh in general to exertion. And having, to the best of our power, accomplished our purpose in this respect, we will now proceed to the more immediate object of our paper; namely, a brief consideration of the popular superstitions of the Welsh.

The Welsh peasantry are highly superstitious; living, as they do, in so rude and secluded a country, and amidst scenery so wild and imposing, their very being is incorporated with divers strange phantasies, handed down from father to son, and influencing their imagination, more or less, according to the intensity of the impression produced upon their minds. The inhabitants, indeed, of all pastoral and mountainous countries are more generally affected with superstition, than those who dwell in plains, and well-cultivated regions. That the scenery of a country has a considerable influence upon the habits of the natives, is indisputable; hence the dispositions and general character of mountaineers are more hardy, robust, hospitable, and impetuous than those of lowlanders; and their imaginations

> " ——— Darken'd by their native scenes,
> Create wild images and phantoms dire,
> Strange as their hills, and gloomy as their storms."

This is particularly exemplified in the mountain inhabitants of our own island; and more especially in the Scottish highlander and the Welsh mountaineer, to both of whom certain superstitious customs and opinions are peculiar, although resembling each other very considerably in their general outline.

In the retired and pastoral counties of Caernarvon and Merioneth, there is scarcely a glen, a wood, or a mountain, that hath not its due quota of fairies and spirits; and every district in North Wales, which has been but little accessible to

the innovating approaches of civilization, can boast of no scanty number of supernatural inhabitants. It would be an amusing and instructive employment, that is, if such an employment were practicable, to trace all the various superstitious notions to their origin, in that department of history, which regards more especially the origin of nations. Such an inquiry, when devoted to popular customs and traditions, is infinitely of more importance than would, upon a mere cursory glance, appear probable; for it is very observable, that whatsoever be the variation in the manners and customs of any nation, which possesses a tolerably distinct existence, certain traditions, superstitions, forms, and pastimes will be maintained hereditarily from one generation to another, without even a knowledge of, or a respect to, their origin, but merely as a matter of custom or convenience. For such a pertinacious and general adherence to many of these it would not be very easy to account, unless we imagine that they were first impressed upon the minds of the people, when they became organized into a regular society, with an established form of religion and government. Others must be referred to later periods, and some, undoubtedly, to the imperfect relics of a confused and mysterious mythology. In those, which are of the greatest antiquity, there is much that, when lucidly developed, may help to ascertain, what were the very principles of religion and policy, which constituted the character of the nation, and what was the actual state of the nation itself at different periods;—both important points, although, at first sight, they may appear trivial and unworthy of notice in the annals of the historian.

This is more especially the case with regard to the superstitious forms and customs of the Welsh; and many an interesting historical hypothesis might be satisfactorily elucidated by a diligent and careful investigation of the ancient traditions of the Cymry. Something, it is true, has been done to this effect; but the result has shewn how very necessary it is to be cautious, candid, and vigilant in the pursuit; and when we see that such a man as Peter Roberts, to whom Cymric literature stands so greatly indebted, has permitted his judgment to be led astray by the most fanciful and extravagant opinions, we naturally feel discouraged from the attempt. But the object of the present article is not so much to trace to their origin the superstitious phantasies of the Cambro-British, as to take a summary view of their general characters; and to this latter point it is our intention mainly to confine ourselves.

Of all the popular superstitions prevalent among the Welsh, their idea of fairies is, perhaps, the most poetical; at all events, it is the most ancient. In Wales there appear to have been two distinct species of fairies; the one sort, of gentle

manners, and well disposed toward the whole human race; the other, maliciously inclined, and full of mischievous sportiveness. The former is denominated *Tylwyth Têg;* or, the Fair Family; the latter, *Ellyllon,* Elves, or Goblins. The *Tylwyth Têg* are a mild and diminutive race, leading a life completely pastoral, and befriending fond and youthful lovers, pretty dairymaids, and hospitable and industrious housewives. They are the inspirers of pleasing dreams, and the assiduous encouragers of virtue and benevolence; and never fail to reward the faithful servant, or the affectionate child. But the most prominent attributes and pastimes of this gentle race are sweetly set forth in the following stanzas—the production of a gentleman, whose muse has frequently been rendered subservient to the best interests of the Principality:—

Can y Tylwyth Têg; or, The Fairies' Song.

" From grassy blades, and ferny shades,
My happy comrades hie;
Now day declines, bright Hesper shines,
And night invades the sky.
From noon-day pranks, and thymy banks,
To Dolydd's dome repair,
For ours the joy, that cannot cloy,
And mortals cannot share.

The light-latch'd door, the well-swept floor,
The hearth so trim and neat,
The blaze so clear, the water near,
The pleasant circling seat.
With proper care, your needs prepare;
Your tuneful labours bring;
And day shall haste to tinge the east,
Ere we shall cease to sing.

But first I'll creep where mortals sleep,
And form the blissful dream;
I'll hover near the maiden dear,
That keeps this hearth so clean:
I'll shew her when that best of men,
So rich in manly charms,
Her Einion true, in best of blue,
Shall bless her longing arms.—

Your little sheaves, or primrose leaves,
Your acorns, berries—spread;

Let kernels sweet increase the treat,
And flowers their fragrance shed ;
And when 'tis o'er, we'll crowd the floor,
In jocund pairs advance:
No voice be mute, and each shrill flute
Shall cheer the mazy dance.

When morning breaks, and man awakes
From sleep's restoring hours,
The flocks, the field, his house we yield,
To his more active powers.
While clad in green, unheard, unseen,
On sunny banks we'll play,
And give to man his little span—
His empire of the day."

Who does not admire the beautiful instruction, which is so pleasingly conveyed in this credulity? In a country so completely pastoral as Wales, something more than the sage precepts of mere experience and wisdom was necessary to inculcate in the minds of the people the more homely virtues adapted to their condition; and hence even superstition was rendered subservient to the purpose, in a manner at once mild, persuasive, and impressive. Thus, it is a common opinion, in many parts of the Principality, that if, on retiring to rest, the cottage hearth is made clean, the floor swept, and the pails left full of water, the fairies will come at midnight to a spot thus prepared for their reception, continue their harmless revels till day-break, sing the well-known strain of *Toriad y Dydd*, or the Dawn of Day—leave a piece of money upon the hearth, and disappear. The suggestions of intellect and the salutary precautions of prudence are easily discernible under this fiction: a safety from fire in the neatness of the hearth,—a provision for its extinction in the replenished pails,—and a motive to perseverance and industry in the expected boon. Like the popular superstitions of Germany, there is always more or less of MORAL in the *Fairy Tales* of the Welsh; and the following curious narrative, related by Giraldus Cambrensis, was probably held forth as a warning against stealing. It affords also a good idea of the popular opinion of the "manners and customs" of the Tylwyth Teg of the twelfth century.

A short time before our days, a circumstance worthy of note occurred in those parts, (*Neath, in Glamorganshire,*) which Elidorus, a priest, most strenuously affirmed, had befallen himself. When a youth about twelve years of age, in order to avoid the severity of his preceptor, he ran away, and concealed

himself under the hollow bank of a river; and after fasting, in that situation, for two days, two little men, of pigmy stature, ("homunculi duo staturæ quasi pigmeæ," as the monk calls it,) appeared to him, and said—"If you will go with us, we will lead you into a country full of delights and sports." Assenting, and rising up, he followed his guides, at first, through a path, subterraneous and dark, into a most beautiful country, murky, however, and not illuminated with the full light of the sun. All the days were cloudy, and the nights extremely dark. The boy was brought before the king, and introduced to him in the presence of his court, when, having examined him for a long time, to the great admiration of the courtiers, he delivered him to his son, who was then a boy. These people were of the smallest stature; but very well proportioned; fair complexioned, with long hair, particularly the females, who wore it flowing over their shoulders. They had horses and hounds adapted to their size. They neither ate fish, nor flesh; but lived, for the most part, on milk and saffron. As often as they returned from our hemisphere, they reprobated our ambition, infidelities, and inconstancies; and although they had no form of public worship, they were, it seems, strict lovers and reverers of truth—for no one was so utterly detested by them as a liar.

The boy frequently returned to our world, sometimes by the way he had gone, sometimes by others; at first, in company, and afterwards alone, making himself known only to his mother, to whom he described what he had seen. Being desired by her to bring her a present of gold, with which that country abounds, he stole, while at play with the king's son, a golden ball, with which he used to divert himself, and brought it in haste to his mother: but not unpursued; for, as he entered the house, he stumbled at the threshold, let his ball drop, which two pigmies seized, and departed, shewing the boy every mark of contempt and derision. Notwithstanding every attempt for the space of a whole year, he never again could discover the track to the subterraneous passage; but after suffering many misfortunes, he did, at length, succeed in securing his intimacy with this mysterious race. He had, however, previously made himself acquainted with their language, which, observes Giraldus, was very conformable to the Greek idiom. When they asked for water, *udor udorum*, (ὑδωρ ὑδατος,) and when they wanted salt, *Halgein udorum*, (ἅλς vero Græcè *Sal* dicitur, et *Haleu* Britannicè.*)

We must now proceed to a brief description of the *Ellyllon*, or mischievous sprites. As the *Tylwyth Teg* usually fixed

* Girald. Cambrensis Itiner. Cambr. lib. i. cap. 8.

their abodes in "grassy glades," and on sunny knolls, so the Ellyllon frequented the rock and the mountain; and woe betide the luckless wight who encountered those merry and mischievous sprites *in a mist!* for they had a very inconvenient practice of seizing an unwary pilgrim, and of hurrying him through the air;—first, giving him the option, however, of travelling above wind, under wind, or below wind. If he chose the former, he was borne to the region, with which Mr. Graham has recently become familiar in his balloon; if the latter, he had the full benefit of all the brakes, briars, and bogs in his way — his reiterated contact with which, seldom failed to terminate in his discomfiture. Experienced travellers, therefore, always kept in mind the prudent advice of Apollo to Phaëton, (*in medio tutissimus,*) and selected the middle course, which ensured them a pleasant voyage at a moderate elevation, equally free from the brambles and the clouds—Dafydd ab Gwilym, (the British Ovid,) who was contemporary with Chaucer, in a humourous description which he gives of his own abduction in one of these unlucky mists, says—

> "Yr ydoedd ym mhob gobant,
> Ellyllon mingeimion gant.
>
> There were in every hollow—
> A hundred wry-mouthed elves;"

and then proceeds to detail the mishaps which befell him, and which were all, no doubt, referable to the mischievous freaks of the Ellyllon. In addition to these propensities, they were gifted with all the attributes—whatever they may be—of other elves, and never failed to exercise their malicious powers whenever an opportunity occurred.*

We have already intimated, that it is not our intention, on the present occasion, to enter very fully into the origin and rise of any of the superstitions we may notice; but the universal influence of a belief in Fairies in all European countries, has tempted us to offer a few observations on the supposed foundation of the superstition in our own country.

Our simple ancestors had reduced all their whimsical notions respecting these fabulous beings to a system as consistent and regular as many parts of the Heathen mythology; a sufficient proof of the extensive influence and great antiquity of the superstition. Mankind, indeed, and more especially the

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* Cambro Briton, vol. i. p. 348.

common people, could not have been so unanimously agreed concerning these arbitrary notions, had they not prevailed among them for many ages. So ancient, indeed, is the superstition, that so far as regards its origin among the Saxons, we can only discover, that long before this people left their German forests, they believed in a kind of diminutive demons or spirits, which they denominated *Duergar*, or Dwarfs, and to which they attributed many wonderful performances, far above all human art and capability. These attributes did not degenerate as they floated down the stream of time, and for a long time they were implicitly believed by the simple and untutored peasantry. In a fine old song, attributed by Peck to Ben Jonson, although not to be found among that author's collected works, we have a tolerably succinct account, and at all events a very amusing one, of the credited capacities of the Fairy tribe. We quote a few of the verses: Robin Goodfellow loquitur:—

" More swift than lightning can I fly
About this aëry welkin soone,
And in a minute's space descry
Each thing that's done below the moone.
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry—' Ware goblin!' where I go;
But Robin I
Their feates will spye
And send them home with ho! ho! ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meete,
As from their night-sportes they trudge home;
With counterfeiting voice I greete
And call them on with me to roame
Through woodes, through lakes,
Through bogges, through brakes;
Or else, unseene, with them I go,
All in the nicke,
To play some tricke,
And frolicke it with ho! ho! ho!

Sometimes I meete them like a man;
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound;
And to a horse I turne me can,
To trip and trot about them round:
But if to ride
By backe to stride,

More swift than winde away I go,
O'er hedge and lands,
Through pools and ponds,
I whirry, laughing ho! ho! ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and rich juncates fine,
Unseene of all the companie
I eat their cakes, and sip their wine.
And to make sport
I puff and snort,
And out the candle I do blow;
The maids I kiss;
They shrieke—who's this!
I answer nought but ho! ho! ho!

Yet, now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wool;
And while they sleepe, and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still,
I dress their hempe, and spin their tow;
If any walke,
And would me talke,
I wend me, laughing ho! ho! ho!

When men do traps and engines set
In loopholes where the vermines creepe;
Who from their fieldes and houses get
Their ducks, and geese, and lambs, and sheepe;
I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seeme a vermine taken so:
But when they theare
Approach me neare,
I leap out laughing, ho! ho! ho!"

In the earlier ages, fairies were undoubtedly subservient to no earthly power; but as men became more enlightened, the influence of the sorcerers extended, in some measure, to them, as well as to the more vulgar and debased sorts of spirits. In the Ashmolean MSS. there is a recipe for the conjuration of fairies, which will probably remind our readers of the incanta-

tions applied to witches. It is used by an Alchemist (we cannot tell with what success) who wanted the fairy to assist him in the grand scheme of transmuting metals.

"*An excellent waie to gett a Fayrie:*

"First, gett a broad square christall, or Venice glasse, in length and breadth three inches. Then lay that glasse or christall in the bloude of a white henne, three Wednesdayes or three Fridayes. Then take it out, and wash it with holie aq.: and fumigate it. Then take three hazel stickes, or wandes, of a yeare groth: pill them faire and white; and make (*them*) so longe, as you write the spiritt's or fairie's name, which you call three times, on every sticke, being made flat on one side. Then burye them under some hill, whereas you suppose fairies haunt, the Wednesdaye before you call her. And the Fridaye following take them uppe, and call her at eight, or ten, or three of the clocke, which be good planetts and houres for that turne; but when you call, *be cleane in life, and turne thy face towards the East;* and when you have her (sc. *the fairy*) bind her to that stone or glasse."

We have already observed, that the origin of fairies among the Saxons is involved in obscurity. Bourne, however, supposes the superstition to have been handed down by tradition from the Lamiæ of antiquity, who were esteemed so mischievous and cruel as to steal young children and devour them: these, he says, together with the fauns, seem to have formed the notion of fairies. Others reduce them from the Lares and Larvæ of the Romans; and others, again, conjecture that these diminutive aërial people were imported into Europe by the Crusaders from the East, as in some respects they resemble the Oriental Genii. The Arabs and Persians, indeed, whose religion and history abound with relations concerning them, have assigned to them a peculiar country, and called it fairy-land.* But these hypotheses are unsupported by any conclusive evidence, and are merely, as all such speculations necessarily must be,—the vague conjectures of a fanciful imagination.

But although we cannot, with any degree of accuracy, trace the origin of fairies, among the Saxons, to any precise period, we may be more fortunate with regard to the Britons, among whom they were certainly indigenous, and of a very ancient standing. Their existence is alluded to by the oldest of the British Bards; and Taliessin and Merddin make frequent mention of the two species we have noticed; the one fixing their

* Brand's Popular Antiquities, vol. ii. p. 327. Fourth Edition.

abodes in glades and green meadows; the other frequenting mountains and deep woods. That their origin can be deduced from the Druids is, we conceive, more than probable. The fairy customs are so systematic and general, that they evidently indicate the operations of a body of people, existing in the kingdom, distinct from its own inhabitants, acting in concert, and compelled to live mysteriously.* All their actions are those of a consistent and regular policy, instituted to prevent discovery, as well as to inspire fear of their power, and a high opinion of their beneficence. Accordingly, tradition notes, that to attempt to discover them, was to incur certain destruction. "They are fairies," says the gallant Falstaff; "he that works on them shall die." They were not to be impeded in ingress or egress; a bowl of milk was to be placed for them at night on the hearth; and, in return, they left a small present in money, if the house was kept clean; if not, they inflicted some punishment on the negligent, which, as it was death to look upon them, the offenders were obliged to endure, and no doubt many mischievous tricks were played upon these occasions. Their general dress was green, that they might be the better concealed; and as their children might have betrayed their haunts, they were permitted to go out only in the night time, and to entertain themselves by dancing in the moon-light. These dances, like those about the May-pole, were performed round a tree, and on an elevated spot, beneath which was probably their habitation, or its entrance. The older persons mixed as much as they dared with the world; and if they happened to be at any time recognised, the certainty of their vengeance was their preservation.

A particular spot on the summit of the celebrated Merionethshire mountain, Cader Idris, is believed to have been, in times of yore, the scene of many a fairy revel. It is marked by an irregular inclosure of stone, the remains, as it would seem, of some ancient tumulus, or *carnedd;* and tradition has fondly bestowed upon it the appellation of Bedd Idris, or the grave of Idris. Since the death of the princely guardian of this rocky fortress, this lonely spot has become doubly hal-

* Dr. Owen Pughe, whose extensive knowledge of the ancient literature of Wales entitles his opinion to particular notice, observes, that this imaginary race were anciently supposed to be the *manes* of those Druids, who were neither of sufficient purity for a celestial abode, nor of sufficient depravity for the society of infernals, on which account they remained on earth until the day of final retribution, when they were to be transferred to a superior state of existence. *Cambro Briton, vol.* i. *p.* 348. *Note.*

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lowed in the estimation of the neighbouring rustics, by being frequented by the Tylwyth Têg, whose nocturnal gambols have been witnessed by more than one individual, and were formerly believed to have been far more common than they are now. There is, certainly, something exceedingly impressive in this rude and desolate inclosure, situated, as it is, on the lofty summit of this magnificent mountain; and it has a virtue attached to it, the efficacy of which, we have ere now tried, although we cannot say with what success. It is said, and well believed, that whoever reposes within its hallowed circle, will awake either bereft of his reason, or gifted with all the sublimities of poesy ;—aut insanit homo, aut versus facit.

" And some, who staid the night out on the hill,
Have said they heard,—unless it was their dream,
Or the mere murmur of the babbling rill,—
Just as the morn-star shot its first slant beam,
A sound of music, such as they might deem
The song of spirits,—that would sometimes sail
Close to their ear, a deep, delicious stream;
Then sweep away, and die with a low wail;
Then come again, and thus, till Lucifer was pale."

We have, in vain, endeavoured to discover the origin of this strange credulity; a credulity, by the way, which exists in a similar way, with regard to Snowdon: but such is the fact; and there are few natives who have not tried the charm, to the manifest refutation, however, of the alleged efficacy of the virtue; for we will take upon ourselves to say, that the only madman in the neighbourhood of Cader Idris has never made a trial of the spell; and, as to its alternative, there is but one poet within fifty miles, and his effusions, beautiful as they are, have been entirely confined to his native language. So much for a question, which we have heard argued with all the violence of political controversy, and which remains to this day undecided.

With regard to the rites of the fairies,—particularly that of dancing round a tree, as well as their character for truth, probity, and above all, virtue,—they may be referred to a Druidic origin; and as the Druidical was one of the most ancient religions, so it must have been one of the first that was persecuted; and we can readily conceive how necessary it must have been for its disciples to ensure their safety, by adopting a secure, as well as an extraordinary, mode of concealment. These suggestions, which we have borrowed, in

great measure, from the *Popular Antiquities of Wales*, we submit to the consideration of our readers, being perfectly satisfied ourselves with their probability. All speculative deductions must be necessarily imperfect; but as far as analogical reasoning can go, the origin of fairies in Britain can be fairly deduced from the subversion of that religion, which preserved such a mingled character of barbarous bigotry on the one hand, and of elevated morality on the other.

Nearly allied to the fairies, is another species of aërial beings, called KNOCKERS. These, the Welsh miners solemnly affirm, are heard under ground, in or near mines; and, by their *knocking*, generally point out to the workmen, a rich vein of ore. In the third volume of *Selections from the Gentleman's Magazine*, there are two letters on the subject of *knockers*, written by Mr. Lewis Morris, a gentleman esteemed no less for his learning and benevolence, than for his good sense and integrity. "People," he says, "who know very little of arts or sciences, or the powers of nature, will laugh at us Cardiganshire miners, who maintain the existence of *knockers*, in mines; a kind of good-natured impalpable people, not to be seen but heard, and who seem to us to work in the mines; that is to say, they are the types, or forerunners, of working in mines, as dreams are of some accidents which happen to us. Before the discovery of Esgair y Mwyn mine, these little people worked hard there, day and night; and there are abundance of honest, sober people, who have heard them: but after the discovery of the great mine, they were heard no more. When I began to work at Llwyn Llwyd, they worked so fresh there for a considerable time, that they frightened away some young workmen. This was when we were driving levels, and before we had got any ore; but when we came to the ore, they then gave over, and I heard no more of them. These are odd assertions, but they are certainly facts, although we cannot, and do not, pretend to account for them. We have now (October, 1754) very good ore at Llwyn Llwyd, where the knockers were heard to work; but they have now yielded up the place, and are heard no more. Let who will laugh; we have the greatest reason to rejoice, and thank the *knockers*, or rather God, who sends us these notices."

The most remarkable, but not the most peculiar, superstition, which we have next to notice, is that concerning what were called holy wells. Of these, Wales could boast several; four of which, namely, St Winefred's, St. Tegla's, St. Elian's, and St. Dwynwen's, had attained a decided pre-eminence over the others; and of these four, that of St. Winefred's, at Holywell, in Flintshire, was by far the most estimable.

Winefreda, a devout and beautiful virgin, of noble descent, was beloved by a profligate prince, named Caradoc; who, finding her inexorable to the more gentle pleadings of a lover, added force to his entreaties. But the fair Winefreda fled from him towards a neighbouring church, whither the other members of her family had retired to pray. Before she reached the sanctuary, Caradoc overtook her, and struck off her head. This, like an elastic ball, bounced into the church,* and proceeded up one of the aisles, to the altar, where her wondering friends were assembled at their devotions. St. Bouno, who was fortunately in the church, and who was, as the legend expresses it, an especial favourite of the Almighty, snatched up the head, and joining it to the body, it became, to the utmost surprise and delight of all present, instantly re-united, the place of its separation being only marked by a milk white line encircling the virgin's neck. Caradoc dropped down lifeless on the spot where he had perpetrated the atrocious deed; and, says the legend, it was not rightly known, whether the earth opened to receive his impious carcase; or whether his master, the devil, carried it off. Away, however, it went, and was seen no more. Winefreda survived her decapitation about fifteen years; and having, towards the latter end of that time, received the veil from St. Elerius, at Gwytherin, in Denbighshire, she died abbess of that monastery, bequeathing to posterity a well, which sprang up on the very spot where her head fell, and which still exhibits, through the beautiful transparency of its pellucid waters, the pure blood of the sinless virgin, in dark spots, on the stony floor of the fountain.†

After the death of Winefred, the waters of the well became celebrated for their miraculous virtues: they were almost

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* A bell, belonging to this church, was christened, with the usual formality, in honour of Winefreda. "I cannot learn the name of the good gossips," says Mr. Pennant, "who, as usual, were doubtless rich persons. On the ceremony, they all laid hold of the rope,—bestowed a name on the bell,—and the priests, sprinkling it with holy water, baptized it in the name of the Father, &c. &c. He then clothed it with a fine garment; after which, the gossips gave a grand feast, and made great presents, which the priest received, in behalf of the bell. Thus blessed, it was endowed with great powers;—allayed (on being rung) all storms, diverted the thunder-bolt, and drove away the devil!"

† The following monkish memorial of this event has been preserved by Gale:—

Ad Basingwerk fons oritur
Qui satis vulgo dicitur,

as sanative as those of the pool of Bethesda, and extended their salutary influence to both man and beast. "Omnes languores," observes an old writer, "tam in hominibus quam in pecoribus (ut legendæ verba habent) sanare." Drayton affirms, that no dog could be drowned in it; and the votive crutches, barrows, and other uncouth offerings, which are still to be seen pendent about the well, remain as incontrovertible proofs of the cures which the waters have performed. Pope Martin the Fifth, in the reign of Henry the Fifth, furnished the neighbouring abbey of Basingwerk with pardons and indulgencies, to be sold to the devotees. These were renewed again in the reign of Queen Mary, by the interest of Thomas Goldwell, bishop of St. Asaph, who fled into Italy, on the accession of Elizabeth. Multitudes of offerings flowed in; and the monks received tangible marks of gratitude from such as had received benefit, by their intercession with the Virgin.

The resort of pilgrims, of late years, to these fountains has considerably decreased, observes Mr. Pennant. The greatest number is now from Lancashire. In the summer, a few are seen, up to their chins in water, deep in devotion, or performing a variety of evolutions round. This excess of piety has cost many persons their lives; and people of rank have, long since, ceased to honour the fountain with their presence.

Et tantis bullis scaturit
Quod mox, injecta, rejicit.
Tam magnum flumen procreat
Ut Cambria sufficiat.
Ægri qui dant rogamina
Reportant medicamina.
Rubro guttatos lapides
In scatebris reperies,
In signum sacri sanguinis
Quem VENEFREDÆ virginis
Guttur truncatum fuderat.
Qui scelus hoc patraverat,
Ac nati ac nepotuli
Latrant ut canum catuli,
Donec sanctæ suffragium
Poscunt ad hunc fonticulum.
Vel ad urbem *Salopiæ*
Ubi quiescit hodie.

Gale's Scriptor. Vol. ii. p. 190.

In the last age, however, a crowned head dignified the place with a visit. The poor infatuated prince, who lost three kingdoms for a mass, paid his respects to St. Winefred on the 29th of August, 1686, and received, as the reward of his piety, a present of the very *chemise* in which his great grand-mother, Mary Stewart, lost her head. He gave, in his progress through the country, as marks of favour and esteem, golden rings, with his hair plaited beneath a crystal. The majority of devotees, at the present day, consist of the fair sex, who are attracted thither to commemorate the threatened martyrdom of St. Winefreda, as those of the East did the death of the Cyprian favourite,

> Whose annual wound, in Lebanon, allured
> The Syrian damsels to deplore his fate
> In woeful ditties, all the summer's day:
> While smooth Adonis, from his native rock,
> Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
> Of Thammuz yearly wounded.

We know of no medicinal virtues which can be attributed to the waters of St. Winefred's well beyond those appertaining to any other cold bath; and now that sense and reason are becoming daily more extensively diffused throughout the kingdom, all the silly credulity engendered by a greedy and bigoted priesthood will skulk and disappear under their benign influence: and the minds and actions of the vulgar will be no longer swayed by the fantastical and illusive fables of former ages.

The other wells, in addition to the customary virtues of such places, possess others more exclusively peculiar to them. Thus, that of St. Tegla is famed for the cure of epilepsy, by the performance of the following ceremony. Patients in epilepsy, washed in the wells, and having made an offering of a few pence, are to walk thrice round the well, and thrice repeat the Lord's prayer. The ceremony never begins till after sunset. If the patient be a male, he offers a cock; if a female, a hen. This fowl is to be carried in a basket, first round the well, and then into the church-yard, where the ceremony of saying the Lord's prayer is to be repeated. The patient must then enter the church, and get under the communion table, where, putting a bible under his head, and being covered with a carpet or a cloak, he is to rest till break of day; and then, having made a further offering of sixpence, and leaving the fowl in the church, he may depart. If the fowl dies, the disorder is supposed to be transferred to the bird, and the cure effected.

But as this well is celebrated for producing a salutary effect,

that of St. Elian, near Beltios Abergeley, in Denbighshire, is equally notorious for possessing an opposite influence. It is not only an opinion, but a firmly rooted belief, among the peasantry, that if any one be *put into the well*, as they call it, he will be afflicted with any malady or misfortune, which his enemy may desire. " I will put you into St. Elian's well, and have revenge of you!" said a choleric mountaineer to Mr. Pennant, in return for some trifling offence; and it was only so lately as April, 1820, that a person of the name of John Edwards, of the parish of Northop, in Flintshire, was tried at the Great Sessions, for defrauding one Edward Pierce, of Llandyrnog, in Denbighshire, of the sum of fifteen shillings, under the pretence, (to borrow the classical language of the indictment) " that the said Edward Pierce *was put into Fynnon Elian*, (Elian's Well) and that some great evil and misfortune would, in consequence, befal the said Edward Pierce; and that he, the said John Edwards, could avert the said evil and misfortune, by taking him, the said Edward Pierce, out of the said well, if he, the said Edward Pierce, would pay unto the said John Edwards, the sum of fifteen shillings."

This " the said Edward Pearce" was silly enough to do, as well as to accompany the arch-enchanter to the well, where several mystic ceremonies were performed, to the no small satisfaction of both parties; and the ignorant dupe returned home with a full persuasion that his affairs, which had been long " going cross," would thenceforth be in a more prosperous state than ever. Deceived in this, however, he brought the offender to justice, and the " said John Edwards" was rewarded for his ingenuity by an imprisonment for twelve months.*

The mode which was usually adopted to secure the good or evil influence of St. Elian's Well, was, in truth, sufficiently formal and elaborate to inspire the credulous with a perfect belief in its efficacy. Near the well resided some worthless and infamous woman, who officiated as priestess. To her, the person who wished to inflict the curse, applied, and, for a trifling sum, she registered in a book, kept for the purpose, the name of the individual upon whose hapless head the malediction was to fall. A pin was then dropped into the well, in the name of the victim, and the report that such a one had been thus put into the well soon reached the ears of the devoted person. If the individual were cursed with a credulous disposition, the idea, like that of the West Indian Obi, soon preyed upon his spirits, and at length terminated in his destruction: for the poor

* Cambro Briton, vol. iii. p. 203.

unhappy object pined himself to death, unless a timely reconciliation should take place between the parties, in which case, the priestess, for a suitable fee, erased the name from her book, and took the poor wretch out of the well!

St. Dwynwen's Well was in the very zenith of its attraction about the middle of the fourteenth century. "Here," says an eminent Welsh antiquary, "were constantly wax lights kept at the tomb of this Virgin Saint, *where all persons in love applied for a remedy*, and which brought vast profit to the monks." Dwynwen, indeed, was as famous among the Britons in affairs of this nature, as Venus ever was among the Greeks and Romans; and we can easily imagine what a number of votaries flocked to her shrine. At the same time, we must be permitted to doubt the efficacy of her power, as far as regarded the satisfying of all her supplicants. The palsy it may cure, and the leprosy, and the gout, and the rheumatism, and the epilepsy, nay, even hydrophobia might yield to its power; but as for *love*—Oh, impossible!

Hitherto we have treated of superstitions not absolutely peculiar to Wales: indeed, it is a difficult matter to limit the extension of credulity, particularly when the nation, among which it was originally engendered, mixes freely with a neighbouring people. Hence, fairies and holy wells were as abundant in England as they were in Wales, however various may be their particular attributes or general character. But we question whether the delusion, which we are about to mention, has yet found its way beyond the Marches: we allude to the melancholy apparition of the *Canwyllau Cyrph*, or Corpse Candles. In many parts of Wales, more particularly at St. David's, in Pembrokeshire, the death of an individual is supposed to be announced by the appearance of a light, somewhat like that of a candle, which moves about from place to place, in the vicinity of the house in which the doomed person is residing. Sometimes, it proceeds in the direction of the churchyard, and, frequently, it appears in the hand of the spectre of the person whose fate it foretells.

Some of the apparitions, which are commonly supposed to forbode death, may, perhaps, be accounted for upon principles purely philosophical. The Jack-a-lantern, or Will-o'-the-wisp, is known to arise from a peculiar gas, or a mixture of gases, which proceed from the earth, mostly where coal abounds, and are phosphoretic, and kindled by atmospheric air, or the breath. In the latter case, the Will-o'-the-wisp appears to precede the person, being sustained by his breath. The Corpse Candle appears to be kindled and directed in its course precisely in the same way, and, probably, arises from a body already in a state

of incipient putrescence. It would, therefore, be worthy of philosophical observation, whether, when it does appear, it cannot always be traced to a body in such a state. In cases of cancer, a halo has, in more than one instance, been seen round the head of a patient at the point of death; and this may be justly attributed to such a cause: and, in like manner, other phenomena, peculiar to such a time, may be rationally accounted for; such as the birds of prey flapping their wings against the windows, and the howling of dogs, they being attracted by the peculiar effluvia: the ringing of bells, also, in the house, may be, probably, occasioned by the extrication of some electric principle after death, when putrescence commences.

There is another forerunner of death, which has sometimes appeared in South Wales, before the decease of some person of more than ordinary rank,—namely, a coffin and burial train, proceeding from the house, in the dead of the night, towards the church-yard. Sometimes a hearse and mourning coaches form the cavalcade, which moves in gloomy silence, and with the most methodical formality. Not a footstep is heard, as the procession moves along; and the terror of the persons who happen to see it, is soon communicated to all the neighbouring peasantry. Was Lear's idea of *shoeing a troop of horse with felt* suggested by a knowledge of this superstition?

> And is there care in Heaven? and is there love
> In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
> That may compassion of their evils move?
> There is: else much more wretched were the case
> Of men than beasts. But, oh! th' exceeding grace
> Of highest God! that loves his creatures so,
> And all his works with mercies doth embrace,
> That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
> To serve to wicked man—to serve this wicked foe.
>
> How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
> To come to succour us, that succour want!
> How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
> The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
> Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
> They for us fight, they watch, and daily ward,
> And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
> And all for love, and nothing for reward:
> Oh, why should heavenly God to men have such regard;
>
> *Faërie Queene.* Canto vii.

But we must bring this rambling article to a conclusion. Before we do so, however, we should mention, that the superstitious creed of the Welsh comprises a sturdy belief in the existence of all the more common kinds of supernatural beings; such as ghosts, goblins, witches, "black spirits and white, red spirits and grey, with all their trumpery." We should observe, also, that the constant communication which now exists between the English and the Welsh, is gradually weaning the mountaineer from many of his ancient customs and superstitions: and a period, perhaps, will arrive, when all his strange and extravagant ideas of the delusions, which we have adverted to, will cease to exist; and when the mere traditionary remembrance of such fantasies will alone remain, to amuse the inmates of the peasant's cottage, during the long and dreary nights of winter.

ART. V.—*The Magnificent Entertainment given to King James, Queen Anne, his wife, and Henry Frederick, the Prince, upon the day of his Maiesties Triumphant Passage (from the Tower) through his Honourable Citie (and Chamber) of London, being the* 15 *of March,* 1603, *as well by the English as by the Strangers: With the Speeches and Songes delivered in the severall Pageants.* Thomas Dekker.—*Imprinted at London, by* T. C. *for* Tho. Man, *the yonger.* 1604.

As it is our intention to speak hereafter of Dekker, in his quality of a dramatist, we shall not at present trouble the reader with any enumeration of his merits or defects. He was one of the best of the dramatic writers of the celebrated age of Elizabeth; and composed, besides divers plays, certain "Masques," or "Triumphs," some of which have now become exceedingly scarce. From one of them, we shall venture to make a few extracts, for the benefit of the reader; partly because it is not to be obtained, (although only a small quarto pamphlet, of about thirty-six leaves,) under a considerable sum of money, and partly because there are some passages in it, which are sufficiently good to justify our laying them before the public.

The Masque or Triumph, so much in fashion with our forefathers, was, generally speaking, some little allegorical, or mythological, device; consisting partly of dialogue, serious or

comic, and partly of lyrical verses, adapted to music. It was used on great festivals, such as a coronation, or the birth of an heir to a noble family, or on the occasion of the visit of great persons, whose welcomes were pronounced by gods and goddesses, by satyrs and nymphs, and shepherdesses, and all the rest of those poetical people, who, if we trust the figments of ancient times, haunted the blue heights of Olympus, or the laurel-covered hills of Thessaly.

Doctor Johnson, we believe, defines a Masque to be "a dramatic performance, written in a *tragic style*, without attention to rules or probability." What the rules were, which belong to the Masque, or by whom they have been disregarded, he does not specify. In support of its "tragic style," the reader may take the following passage, which forms the commencement of one of the Masques of Ben Jonson:

"Room! Room! make room for the bouncing belly,
First father of sauce, and deviser of jelly,
Prime master of arts, and the giver of wit,
That found out the excellent engine, the spit,
The plough and the flail, the mill and the hopper,
The hutch and the halter, the furnace and copper,
The oven and baven, the mawkin and peel,
The hearth and the range, the dog and the wheel;
He—he first invented the hogshead and tun,
The gimblet and vice, too, and taught 'em to run," &c.
[*Pleasure reconciled to Virtue, a Masque.*]

Nor is this comic vein peculiar to this production alone, for it pervades most of Ben Jonson's Masques; and there is a lighter comic character discernible, indeed, in most of the Masques extant. "Our great lexicographer," as he is called, is, therefore, in the wrong,—for once.

The principal writers of this species of poetry are, in the first place, Milton, who, in his grand poem of "Comus," has gone beyond all competitors; and, secondly, Beaumont and Fletcher, Middleton, Dekker, and Carew. In the "Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn," (which is attributed to Beaumont alone,) there are some delightful passages. The reader will, we are sure, forgive us for quoting part of a speech addressed by Mercury to Iris:—

"—— Thou shalt stand
Still as a rock, while I, to bless this feast,
Will summon up, with my all-charming rod,
The nymphs of fountains; from whose watery locks,

XUM

(Hung with the dew of blessing and increase,)
The greedy rivers take their nourishment.
Ye nymphs, who, bathing in your loved springs,
Beheld these rivers in their infancy,
And joyed to see them, when their circled heads
Refresh'd the air, and spread the ground with flowers;
Rise from your wells, and, with your nimble feet,
Perform that office to this happy pair,
Which, in these plains, you to Alpheus did,
When, passing hence, through many seas unmix'd,
He gained the favour of his Arethuse."

To this we will venture to add a stanza or two, from the "Priest's song," (in the same Masque,) addressed to the knights and ladies. The words in italics are particularly imposing.

"On, blessed youths!—*for Jove doth pause,*
Laying aside his graver laws,
For this device:
And at the wedding such a pair,
Each dance is taken for a prayer,
Each song a sacrifice."

The knights then dance their "second measure," and the song continues, the only thing in which that can be excepted against being the moral or doctrine at the end. Jupiter, it must be confessed, was an indifferent authority, (though he has passed into a proverb,) in matters of this sort.

"More pleasing were these sweet delights,
If ladies danced as well as knights;
Run every one of you and catch
A nymph, in honour of this match;
And whisper boldly in her ear,
Jove will but laugh if you forswear."

The termination of this poem, like

"The setting sun, and music at its close,"

is exceedingly graceful and pleasant. It is a fit ending for a bridal hymn.

"Peace and silence be the guide
To the man and to the bride!

If there be a joy yet new
In marriage, let it fall on you,
That all the world may wonder!
If we should stay, we should do worse,
And turn our blessing to a curse,
By keeping you asunder."

We are very much disposed to extend our offence against order, by quoting to the reader a few passages from Ben Jonson's *Gipsey Masque;* but we believe, we must refrain from meddling much with it at present.—What can be more delightful, in its way, than the following 'strain?' The Egyptians dealt in blessings of old, and this is one of them:

"The fairy beam upon you,
The stars to glister on you;
A moon of light,
In the noon of night,
Till the Fire-drake hath o'ergone you,
The wheel of fortune guide you,
The boy with the bow beside you.
Run, aye, in the way,
Till the bird of day,
And the luckier lot betide you!"

The next, in which the Lady Elizabeth Hatton's fortune 'is offered at by the five gipsies,' is in a different vein.

"Mistress of a fairer table
Hath not history or fable;
Others' fortunes may be shewn,
You are builder of your own.
And whatever heaven hath giv'n you,
You preserve the state still in you;
That which time would have depart,
Youth, without the help of art,
You do keep still, and the glory
Of your sex is but your story."

The song (beginning 'The sports are done,') sung by "the Jackman," is also worthy of quotation; and that which commences with

"*Good princes soar above their fame,*
And in their worth

Come greater forth,
Than in their name"—

is profounder than usual. We are afraid that King James the first (to whom it was addressed) could not have heard this part of the masque distinctly. And this reminds us of Mr. Dekker, whose "Magnificent Entertainment" we have for a while neglected.

The 'Device' of Dekker opens in the following alarming manner:—

"The sorrow and amazement, that, like an earthquake, began to shake the distempered body of this Island, (by reason of our late sovereign's departure,) being wisely and miraculously prevented, and the feared wounds of a civil sword, (as Alexander's fury was with music,) being stopt from bursting forth, by the sound of trumpets that proclaimed King James. All men's eyes were presently turned to the north, standing even stone still in their circles, like the points of so many geometrical needles, through a fixed and adamantine desire to behold this forty-five years' wonder now brought forth by time; their tongues neglecting all language else, save that which spake jealous prayers, and unceasable wishes, for his most speedy and longed-for arrival."

This is but the prologue, however, to the great farce which his Majesty King James the first, of blessed memory, played for the benefit of his liege subjects of England and Scotland, during a certain term of years, not easily to be forgotten. He appears, in this instance, to have been heralded by '*Expectation*' and '*Rumour*,' (allegorical knights, who were born for the purpose of trumpeting the virtues of kings, and duly disappointing their subjects)—and by '*St. George*,' and '*St. Andrew*,' (linked hand in hand, like the two Kings of Brentford,) whose "newly begotten amity," it seems, calls up the "Genius of the City." Of this last named person's eloquence, the following is a pleasant specimen.

Genius.

I clap my hands for joy, and seat you both
Next to my heart; in leaves of purest gold,
This most auspicious love shall be enroll'd,
Be join'd to us, and as to earth we bow,
So, to those regal feet, bend your steel'd brow.
In name of all these senators, (on whom
Virtue builds more, then those of antique Rome,)
Shouting a cheerful welcome. Since no clime,
Nor age that has gone o'er the head of time,

Did e'er cast up such joys, nor the like sum
(But here) shall stand in the world, years to come,
Dread king, our hearts make good what words do want,
To bid thee boldly enter Troynouant.

Several pages, which follow the last extract, are consumed in the arrangement of the procession, and an account of the erections and dilapidations to be occasioned by the ceremony. After this follows a detail of the pageant. Here, "*Divine Wisdom,*" and the "*Genius of the City,*" become companions, for the first time.—The "*River Thames,*" and "*Loving Affection,*"—"*Promptitude*" and "*Unanimity,*" and other sociable abstractions, make their appearance. Then comes the "Italians' pageant," with Latin speeches and inscriptions.—Then the pageant of the "Dutchmen," who offer to his majesty equally good Latin, upon large azure tables, lined with characters of gold.—Then comes the "*Device at Soper Lane End,*" which place is converted into Arabia the happy, and produces an anomalous lady, called "*Arabia Britannica,*" attired in white, with "*Fame*" by her side, (a "Woman in a Watchet Robe,") and the five Senses properly apparelled. At some distance from these,—But we must here yield up to the author the advantage of his own words, as it will give the reader a better idea than we could otherwise afford him of the character of Mr. Dekker's production.

"Some pretty distance from them, (and, as it were, in the midst before them), an artificial laver or fount was erected, called the Fount of Arate (Virtue), sundry pipes, (like veins), branching from the body of it; the water receiving liberty but from one place, and that very slowly.

"At the foot of this fount, two personages (in greater shapes than the rest), lay sleeping; upon their breasts stuck their names, *Detractio, Oblivio;* the one holds an open cup, about whose brim a wreath of curled snakes were winding, intimating that whatsoever his lips touched was poisoned, the other held a black cup covered, in token of an envious desire to drown the worth and memory of noble persons.

"Upon an ascent on the right hand of these, stood the three Charities or Graces, hand-in-hand, attired like three sisters.

Aglaia,	figuring	Brightness, or Majesty.
Thalia,		Youthfulness, or Flourishing.
Euphrosine,		Cheerfulness, or Gladness.

They were all three virgins, their countenances labouring to smother an innate sweetness and cheerfulness that apparelled their cheeks; yet hardly to be hid. Their garments were long robes of sundry colours, hanging loose: the one had a chaplet of

sundry flowers on her head, clustered here and there with the fruits of the earth. The second, a garland of ears of corn. The third, a wreath of vine branches, mixt with grapes and olives.

Their hair hung down over their shoulders loose and of a bright colour, for that epithet is properly bestowed upon them by Homer, in his hymn to Apollo.

PULCHRICOMÆ CHARITES.

The Bright-haired Graces.

They held in their hands pensil'd shields; upon the first was drawn a rose; on the second three dice; on the third a branch of myrtle.

Figuring { Pleasantness. Accord. Flourishing.

In a direct line against them stood the three flowers, to whom in this place we give the names of Love, Justice, and Peace; they were attired in loose robes of light colours, painted with flowers, for so Ovid apparels them.

Conveniunt pictis incinctæ vestibus Horæ.

Wings at their feet, expressing their swiftness, because they are Lackies to the sun: Jungere equos Tytan velocibus imperat Horis.
Ovid.

Each of them held two goblets, the one full of flowers (as ensign of the spring), the other full of ripened figs, the cognizance of summer.

Upon the approach of his majesty, sad and solemn musick having beaten the air all the time of his absence, and now ceasing, Fame speaks.

Fama.

Turn into ice mine eye-balls, whilst the sound
Flying through this brazen trump, may back rebound
To stop Fame's hundred tongues, leaving them mute,
As in an untoucht bell, or stringless lute;
For Virtue's fount, which late ran deep and clear,
Dry, and melts all her body to a tear.
You Graces, and you hours that each day run
On the quick errands of the golden sun,
O say, to Virtue's fount what has befel,
That thus her veins shrink up?

Charity's Horæ.

We cannot tell.

Euphrosine.

Behold the five-fold guard of sense which keeps
The sacred stream, sit drooping; near them sleep
Two horrid monsters: Fame, summon each sense,
To tell the cause of this strange accidence.

Hereupon Fame sounding her trumpet; Arabia Brittannica looks cheerfully up, the senses are startled, Detraction and Oblivion throw off their iron slumber, busily bestowing all their powers to fill their cups at the fount with their old malicious intention to suck it dry; but a strange and heavenly music suddenly striking through their ears, which causing a wildness and quick motion in their looks, drew them to light upon the glorious presence of the king, they were suddenly thereby daunted and sunk down."

Our next quotation shall consist of a lyric, (sung by choristers), which is worthy of any masque whatever. The openings of the two first stanzas are beautiful.

CANT.

1.

Troynouant is now no more a city:
O great pity! is't not pity?
And yet her towers on tiptoe stand,
Like pageants built on fairy land;
And her marble arms,
Like to magic charms,
Bind thousands fast unto her,
That for her wealth and beauty daily woo her;
Yet, for all this, is't not pity,
Troynouant is now no more a city?

2.

Troynouant is now a summer arbour,
Or the nest wherein doth harbour
The eagle, of all birds that fly
The sovereign, for his piercing eye;
If you wisely mark,
'Tis beside a park,
With the fierce lion, the fair unicorn,
Or else it is a wedding hall,
Where four great kingdoms hold a festival.

3.

Troynouant is now a bridal chamber,
Whose roof is gold, floor is of amber;

By virtue of that holy light,
That burns in Hymen's hand, more bright
Than the silver moon
Or the torch of noon;
Hark what the echoes say!
Britain till now ne'er kept a holiday,
For Jove dwels here: and 'tis no pity
If Troynouant be now no more a city."

After this, we are favoured by the author with a somewhat tedious explanation of the foregoing verses. We then arrive at the aldermen, town clerk, and counsel of 'the Citie.' The recorder makes a speech to the King (which we will spare the reader); after which, three cups of gold are presented to his Majesty, in requital for the patience which it is presumed he must display upon this occasion. His Majesty next encounters "*Sylvanus,*" dressed up in green ivy, with four of his followers similarly accoutred.

"Upon sight of his Majesty, they make a stand, Sylvanus breaking forth into this abrupt passion of joy:

Sylvanus.

Stay, Sylvanus, and let the loudest voice of music proclaim it, (even as high as heaven), that he is come.

Alter Apollo redit, Nouus En, iam regnat Apollo.

Which acclammation of his was borne up into the air, and there mingled with the breath of their musical instruments; whose sound being vanished to nothing, thus goes our speaker on:

Sylvanus.

Most happy Prince, pardon me, that being mean in habit, and wild in appearance, (for my richest livery is but leaves, and my stateliest dwelling in the woods), thus rudely, with piping Sylvans, I presume to intercept your Royal passage. These are my walks; yet stand I here, not to cut off your way, but to give it a full and a bounteous welcome, being a messenger sent from the Lady Eirene, my mistress, to deliver an errand to the best of all these worthies, your royal self. Many kingdoms hath the lady sought out to abide in, but from them all, hath she been most churlishly banished: not that her beauty did deserve such unkindness, but that (like the eye of heaven) her's were too bright, and there were no eagles breeding in those nests, that could truly behold them.

At last here she arrived, destiny subscribing to this warrant, that none but this land should be her inheritance."

We must now pass by '*Peace*' and *Plenty*, '*Gold*' and '*Silver*,' '*Pomona*' and '*Ceres*,' and come at once upon the following pastoral description of '*Vertumnus*.'

"Instead of a hat, his brows were bound about with flowers, out of those thick heaps, here and there, peeped a queer apple, a cherry, or a peach, this boon-grace he made of purpose to keep his face from heat, (because he desired to look lovely) yet the sun found him out, and by casting a continual eye at him, whilst the old man was dressing his arbours, his cheeks grew tawnie, which colour, for the better grace, he himself interpreted blushing. A white head he had, and sun burnt hands; in the one he held a weeding hook, in the other a grafting knife; and this was the tenor of his speech: That he was bound to give thanks to heaven, in that the arbour and trees, which glowing in that fruitful Cynthian garden, began to droop and hang down their green heads, and to uncurl their crisped forlocks, as fearing, and in some sort, feeling the sharpness of autumnian malice, are now on the sudden, by the divine influence, apparelled with a fresh and more lively verdure than ever they were before."

Music is now commanded to carry all the prayers of the persons present for his Majesty's happy reign as "hie as Heaven," which she does in the following agreeable manner:—

Canto.

Shine, Titan, shine,
Let thy sharp rays be hurl'd
Not on this under world,
For now tis none of thine.

These first four lines were sung by one alone, the single lines following, by a chorus in full voices.

Chor. No, no tis none of thine.

2

But in that sphere,
Where what thine arms infold
Turns all to burnish'd gold,
Spend thy gilt arrows there.

Chor. Do, do, shoot only there.

3

Earth needs thee not:
Her child-bed days are done,
And she another son,
Fair as thyself, has got.

Chor. A new new son is got.

4

O! this is had!
Whose new beams make our spring,
Men glad and birds to sing,
Hymns of praise, joy and glee.

Chor. Sing, sing, O this is he!

5

That in the North
First rising, shone (so far)
Bright as the morning star,
At his gay coming forth.
Chor. See, see, he now comes forth.

6

How soon joys vary?
Here staid had still! O then
Happy both peace and men,
But here had list, not tarry.
Chor. O grief; had list not tarry.

7

No, no, his beams
Must equally divide
Their heat to orbes; beside,
Like nourishing silver streams,
Chor. Joys slide away like streams.

8

Yet, in this lies
Sweet hope; how far soever
He bides, no clouds can sever
His glory from our eyes.
Chor. Dry, dry, your weeping eyes.

9

And make heaven ring
His welcome, shouted loudly;
For heaven itself looks proudly,
That earth has such a king.
Chor. Earth has not such a king.

And we must put a close to our extracts. We, however, refer the "curious reader" (if any of our readers should be curious) to the Latin oration, delivered by one of the scholars of St. Paul's school, to his Majesty, as well as to "Tower of Pleasure," erected in Fleet Street, "fourscore and ten feet in heighth, and fifty in breadth," where sat "Justice," lately descended from Heaven," and "Virtue, with Fortune by her side." Here, also, was "Envy, unhandsomely attired in black," cast-

ing her eyes, sometimes on the four Cardinal Virtues, and sometimes on his Majesty's four kingdoms of England, Scotland, France!!! and Ireland. We have then the four Elements, in their "proper shapes," and "Zeal," who lays before his Majesty two pages of rhyme, the proper offspring of Thomas Middleton. But these, and indeed all other things, we must pass over, and conclude with the following song, which "went forth," as it is said, to the sound of hautboys and other loud instruments.

Canto.

Where are all the honours owing?
Why are seas of people flowing?
Tell me, tell me, rumour!
Though it be thy humour,
More often to be lying,
Than from thy breath to have truth flying.
Yet, alter now that fashion,
And, without the stream of passion,
Let the voice swim smooth and clear,
When words want gilding, then they are most dear.

Behold! where Jove, and all the states
Of Heav'n, through Heav'n's seven silver gates,
All in glory riding,
(Backs of clouds bestriding)
The milky way do cover;
Which starry path be measured over,
The Deities convent,
In Jove's high Court of Parliament,
Rumour, thou doest lose thine aims;
This is not Jove, but one as great—*King James!*

This last line is worthy of an especial note of admiration. King James never heard, in public, we believe, these songs sung to "loud instruments;" but there was a vast deal of silent incense offered up to him (as well as to the bull *Apis*), in the shape of poems and compliments, and, we confess, that we are at times a little ashamed of the prostration of poets before the "golden calves" of past years, when the most preposterous praise and contemptible servility distinguished but too many of the irritable tribe. There are a few, indeed, upon record, such as Milton and Marvel, who did not lie prone that fools might tread upon them; or who, like Shakspeare, avoided, as well as could be done, that laughable deference to "the great,"

which we, of the present time, so unfeignedly despise. But the majority, we fear, were times-servers, and parasites of power: and, unfortunately, Thomas Dekker, a noble dramatist and a gifted poet, had not resolution enough to condemn the reigning fashion. He has, in the present instance, thoroughly bepraised our magnanimous king, James the First, and he has done it by *anticipation*, which was unwise. As for the monarch himself, he was not very nice as to the mental provender on which he fed. He was a good-tempered man, and a little foolish (albeit a latinist), and when he came here to England to marry his national flower to our red and white roses, and to give evidence that he could digest any compliments, and exist upon any soil, to the utter forgetfulness of the one which he had left, he proved nothing, but that the ass can feed on other things beside thistles, and that a Scotsman is every where at home.

ART. VI.—*The Historie of the West Indies; containing the Actes and Aduentures of the Spaniards, which haue conquered and peopled those Countries, inriched with varietie of pleasant relation of the Manners, Ceremonies, Lawes, Gouernments, and Warres of the Indians. Published in Latin by Mr.* Hakluyt, *and translated into English by* M. Lok, *Gent. London: Published for* Andrew Hebb, *and are to be solde at the signe of the Bell in Paul's Church-yard.*

Whether the inhabitants of the American Continent are to be considered as aborigines of the soil, or as emigrants from the old world, is a question which, at this day, it is impossible to settle. Neither, if the latter supposition be true, is it of much consequence to determine from which division of the old quarter of the globe the new one was peopled. The Egyptians were, most probably, the first who launched their keels upon the trackless waters; but, as the construction of their single sail was only adapted to a free or fair wind, it is by no means unlikely, that, when blown from the coast, by strong gales, they continued to drive across the Atlantic till they arrived at those delightful shores, where nature is spontaneously bountiful, and from which they could have had (after the fatigues and hunger they must have endured) but few motives to induce them to recede. Indeed, supposing attempts to return were made, they must have been soon abandoned, from the great difficulties attendant on the enterprise—the utter ignorance of navigation, and the want of that necessary instrument, the mariner's compass, to direct their way.

Several hundred years before the Christian Era, the Egyptians and Phenicians made frequent voyages to various parts of the Mediterranean, and along the western shores of Africa; nor were their successors, the Carthaginians, less enterprising in their naval adventures. Ancient writers assert, and we see no reason to doubt the truth of their relation, that the Phenicians discovered the Azores (a great advance towards the Western World), and even proceeded as far to the northward as our own island, which they visited; perhaps, catching the trade-winds near the Western Islands. We read in Scripture, of the fleets of Solomon navigating the Red Sea, under the guidance of Phenician mariners, and thence to the western shores of Hindostan, where we feel convinced vast fields for scientific discovery yet remain unexplored. In a voyage undertaken about this time (upwards of two thousand years before De Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope), and which occupied a period of more than two years, Herodotus writes, that the King of Egypt, having abandoned his project of uniting the Nile to the Arabian Gulph, supplied the Phenicians with ships, "commanding them to enter the Northern Sea by the Pillars of Hercules, and sail back by that route to Egypt." The Phenicians, sailing from the Red Sea, afterwards entered the Southern ocean, and "returned to Egypt, passing by the Pillars of Hercules," that is, through the Straits of Gibraltar; and they affirmed, "that sailing round Libya, they had the sun on the right." This certainly is conclusive evidence of their having crossed the Equator, and, most probably, when the sun had a southern declination; but as their voyage continued so long, if they actually did pass round the Cape, the sun would naturally appear to the northward, when on the Meridian. To those who have been accustomed to, or have ever witnessed, a north-wester off the southern promontory of Africa, even in a stout ship, well rigged and ably manned, when, for days together, the only canvas spread, or that could possibly be spread, has been a main stay-sail, the above account must appear rather improbable; particularly, as they saw the sun to the right, or to the north, it must then have been crossing, or near, the Equator, or, perhaps, to the northward of it, when gales of wind are most frequent.* Still we do not consider it as wholly

* The *Memorial Universel, tom. xiii. p.* 288, announces that a vessel of cedar has been discovered in the earth in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope. It bears the appearance of being the remains of a Phenician vessel, which, if it is true, looks like a confirmation of the story of Herodotus.

XUM

impossible; for ships sometimes sail round that once-dreaded point with a fair breeze, and without encountering a single peril; yet it is remarkable, that such a command should be given, and such a voyage undertaken, when the existence of the southern promontory was actually unknown. If, however, it was achieved, and we see no absolute cause totally to discredit the worthy old Grecian, it certainly displays a very great knowledge of seamanship, more, indeed, than the pride of our modern tars would give them credit for, and may readily account for peopling a considerable portion of the new hemisphere, from the old.

Columbus, in his second voyage, discovered part of a vessel, on the shore, at Guadaloupe, which affords some presumption that the new world had been visited before, though it supplies no evidence that any individual had ever returned to announce the discovery. Another almost undeniable proof is, that at a place called Quarequa, in the Gulph of Darien, Vasco Nunez met with a colony of negroes! Plato, in his dialogue, entitled Timæus, wherein he speaks of the universal nature and frame of the world, relates the history of an ancient island to the west, named Atalantis, imagined to have existed before the flood, and to be much larger than Africa and Asia, combined. The inhabitants are represented as a bold and warlike people, capable of great exertion, and famed for heroic exploits. By this island was a passage to numerous other islands, and from those islands to the Continent "which was right over against it, near unto the sea." This fabulous island is said to have been engulphed in the ocean, and all its warlike inhabitants to have perished. Plato states that he derived his information from an Egyptian priest, who delivered the tradition to Solon, and the latter communicated it to the uncle of *Critias*, the individual whom the philosopher introduces as rehearsing it. That this fable operated powerfully on the understandings of after-ages, is highly probable, for, as science began to emerge from the depths of monastic solitude, and man shook off the trammels of superstition and ignorance, so the moral or sequel to the tale was made apparent.

Seneca, in his *Medea*, utters, almost in the spirit of prophecy, his belief, that new worlds would be discovered. Whether any attempts were made to search for this promised land before the Genoese flourished in their maritime commerce, and were esteemed the first navigators of the day, we have no positive information. The earliest accounts of such an undertaking proceed from the unsuccessful project of two skilful natives of Genoa, in the thirteenth century, Tedisia Doria and Ugolino Vivaldi, who sailed with the express intention of discovering new countries, and of circumnavigating the globe by a western

course; but, unfortunately, they either perished at sea, or were driven to parts from whence they never returned. When the great discoverer of the West Indies first revealed his designs, he was regarded as a madman, or ridiculed as a fool; but when he had actually accomplished what he proposed, envy and malice, with their thousand tongues, were eager to lessen his reputation, and rob him of that fame which was so eminently his due. Thus, the volume before us commences with an ambiguous account of a certain pilot (who he was, or where he came from, being wholly unknown) who, having been driven out of his destined course by a terrible storm, found shelter on the shores of the new world. This man, on his return, resided in the same house with Columbus; the exertions, anxieties, and fatigues, he had undergone, reduced him to the brink of the grave; but, previous to his death, he communicated the important discovery to that intrepid navigator. We shall not attempt to refute these falsehoods; for, in the present day, the claims of the justly celebrated Columbus, as the first who ever *returned* from the western world, are universally allowed. Strong and general must have been the interest excited by his departure, for even his enemies could not have refrained from admiring the steady perseverance and heroic fortitude of the daring seaman, who, despising danger, difficulty, or distress, boldly turned from the shores of his home to wrestle with the tempest, and to brave the billows, in search of unknown lands. What were his own feelings on the occasion we can but faintly enter into, nor the delight, the joy, which must have almost overpowered his mind, when, according to his predictions, *land* first appeared to the toil-worn, fainting, cheerless mariners. Nor was it a bleak and inhospitable coast; but, from our own experience, it must have appeared to them a terrestrial paradise. The beautiful clearness of the sky, the brilliancy of the two celestial hemispheres glowing with light, and the constant verdure of the earth, must have filled them with astonishment and admiration; nor is it surprising, that, on their return to Spain, the narrative of such a voyage should be highly exaggerated; yet, on the whole, the celebrated Peter Martyr may be considered as having given a faithful relation, derived from living sources—the discoverers themselves.

We have already, in a previous number, briefly sketched the first voyage to the finding of that devoted island, Hispaniola, where the largest vessel ran upon a sunken rock and bilged; the crew, however, were brought off without injury.

"Here, coming first a-land, they saw certain men of the Island, who, perceiving an unknown nation coming towards them, flocked together, and ran all into the thick woods, as it had been hares coursed with greyhounds. Our men pursuing them, took only one woman,

whom they brought to the ships; where, filling her with meat and wine, and appareling her, they let her depart to her company. Shortly after, a great multitude of them came running to the shore, to behold this new nation, whom they thought to have descended from Heaven."

The natives swam off to the ships, taking *gold* with them, which they exchanged for mere trifles, among the seamen. This latter circumstance is very remarkable, for it is evident, that the Indians placed no value upon this precious metal themselves, and why they should have conveyed it to the Spaniards, instead of provisions, appears inexplicable. Columbus, seeing the rich treasures which were poured into his lap, affirmed that he had found the island of Ophir, whither Solomon's ships sailed for gold!

"At the even tide, about the falling of the sun, when our men went to prayer, and kneeled on their knees, after the manner of the Christians, they did the like also. And after what manner soever they saw them pray to the cross, they followed them in all points as well as they could. They shewed much humanity towards our men, and helped them with their lighters, or small boats, (which they call canoes,) to unlade their broken ship, and that with such celerity and cheerfulness, that no friend for friend, no kinsman for kinsman, in such case, moved with pity, could do more."

"The wild and mischievous people called *Canibals*, or *Caribes*, which were accustomed to eat men's flesh, (and called, of the old writers, Anthropophagi,) molest them exceedingly, invading their country, taking them captive, killing and eating them. Such children as they take, they geld, to make them fat, as we do cock chickens, and young hogs, and eat them when they are well fed; of such as they eat, they first eat the entrails and extreme parts, as hands, feet, arms, neck, and head. For other most fleshy parts, they powder for store, as we do pestles of pork, and gammons of bacon; yet do they abstain from eating of women, and count it vile."

What effect this information had upon the nerves of the Spaniards we are not told; but it appears, in their second voyage, that they became convinced of the truth, for, landing on one of the *Caribbee* isles,

"Our men found in their houses all kinds of earthen vessels, not much unlike unto ours. They found also, in their kitchens, men's flesh, duck's flesh, and goose flesh, all in one pot, and other on the spits, ready to be laid to the fire. Entering into their inner lodgings, they found faggots of the bones of men's arms and legs, which they reserve to make heads for their arrows, because they lack iron, the other bones they cast away, when they have eaten the flesh. They found, likewise, the head of a young man, fastened to a post, and yet bleeding, also about thirty children, captives, which were reserved to be eaten, but our men took them away to use them for interpreters."

Many different opinions have been formed with respect to the first inhabitants of the West India islands; it appears, however, most reasonable to suppose that the mild and peaceable natives, found by Columbus in Hispaniola and the adjacent islands, were the original founders, and that the more warlike and destructive Caribes, (or Caribbees, as it is now spelt,) emigrating from the southern continent, and finding that delightful spot of never-ceasing verdure, attacked the other Indians, and carried them away as slaves. The contrast between the two people is very striking and remarkable. The first (the Caribbees) were bold, daring, and undaunted, preferred death to the loss of liberty, and looked upon martial enterprise as the principal concern of life. They viewed all the rest of mankind as their lawful prey, yet, among themselves, were friendly, affectionate, and faithful. The latter (the Indians) were, generally, found to be submissive, kind, and patient—submissive to their subjugators—kind to their enemies, and patient under the cruel hands of their remorseless oppressors. But very few descendants of either party now exist, and these are so mingled as to afford only a faint representation of the habits and manners of their forefathers.

In his first voyage, Columbus had left several of the crew at Hispaniola, but, on his return, not one remained alive; they had been murdered by the natives, for their rapacity and cruelty. The first *settlement* of the Spaniards was at Hispaniola, but the admiral visited other large islands, Jamaica, Cuba, &c., and expressed himself delighted with their beauty, but, in Jamaica, they discovered no gold to induce them to remain there. The natives, finding the Spaniards about to continue their residence among them, and smarting under the yoke which was imposed upon them, took up arms, but European science overcame the superiority of numbers, and, finally, prevailed. The brother of Columbus, who was left as governor, exacted tribute from the different kings, of whatever their territory afforded. In one excursion they fell in with a powerful chief, whose palace was situated to the west of the island, and the description of the entertainment the Spaniards received, is curious and remarkable.

"When the king had espied our men, laying apart his weapons, and giving signs of peace, he spake gently to them, (uncertain whether it were of humanity or fear,) and demanded of them what they would have. The lieutenant answered, that he should pay tribute to the admiral, his brother, in the name of the Christian king of Spain. To whom he said, how can you require that of me, whereas never a region under my dominion bringeth forth gold? For he had heard, that there was a strange nation entered into the island which made great search for gold; but, he supposed, they desired some other thing. The

lieutenant answered again, God forbid that we should enjoin any man to pay such tribute as he might not easily forbear, or such as were not engendered or growing in the region, but we understand that your regions bring forth great plenty of Gossampine cotton, and hemp, with such other, whereof we desire you to give us part."

This modest request was cheerfully complied with; indeed, the Spaniards appear to have been well skilled in the art of taxation. The lieutenant was induced to visit the palace at *Xaragua*.

"Before they entered into the palace, a great multitude of the king's servants and subjects resorted to the court, honourably (after their manner) to receive their king, *Beuchius Anacauchoa*, with the strangers, which he brought with him, to see the magnificence of his court. But now shall you hear how they were entertained; among other triumphs and sights, two are especially to be noted: first, there met them a company of thirty women, being all the king's wives and concubines, bearing, in their hands, branches of date trees, singing and dancing; they were all naked, saving that their privy parts were covered with breeches of Gossampine cotton; but the virgins, having their hair hanging down about their shoulders, tied about the foreheads with a fillet, were utterly naked. They affirm that their faces, breasts, paps, hands, and other parts of their bodies, were exceedingly smooth, and well proportioned, but somewhat inclining to a lovely brown. They supposed that they had seen those most beautiful *Dryades*, or the native nymphs, or fairies of the mountains, whereof the antiques spake so much. The branches of date trees, which they bore in their right hands when they danced, they delivered to the lieutenant, with lowly curtesy, and smiling countenance. Thus, entering into the king's house, they found a delicate supper prepared for them, after their manner. When they were refreshed with meat, the night drawing on, they were brought by the king's officers, every man to his lodging, according to his degree, in certain of their houses about the palace, where they rested them in hanging beds, after the manner of the country."

They were likewise entertained with the representation of a battle, in which four of the natives were killed, and many wounded. After receiving the most kind and hospitable treatment, the lieutenant returned to his fort. In the mean time, one of the Spaniards, who had been a considerable favourite with Columbus, and, latterly, advanced by him, headed a strong party, and committed the grossest outrages on the unoffending natives, which compelled them, at last, to seek refuge in the mountains, and, at every opportunity, to retaliate upon their persecutors. Columbus had returned to Spain, but, fearful that his growing colony would need assistance, he despatched two vessels, laden with provisions, for the use of the settlers, and, shortly afterward, followed them himself, with six more, purposing, however, first, to sail in a southerly direction. These

provision vessels, unfortunately for the lieutenant, touched at a part of the island in possession of the mutineers, who immediately seized upon their cargoes, and seduced the men from their obedience. The poor Indians, who, at first, conceived their visitors to be a people descended from heaven, were soon undeceived, for no demons could be more sanguinary in their quarrels among themselves or more delight in the torture of their enemies; and they now retired from them, expecting that so cruel a nation must, before long, destroy one another. Columbus, meanwhile, was prosecuting his discoveries to the southward, near to the equinoctial line, and first noticed the equatorial current setting to the west, which is described as an "outragious fal of water, running with such a violence from the east to the west, that it was nothing inferior to a mighty stream falling from high mountains."

He landed on the continent, near the entrance of the Oronoco, and another treasure presented itself, in the abundance of pearls, collected by the natives, "having, for the most part, chains about their necks, garlands on their heads, and bracelets on their arms, of pearl of India, and that so commonly, that our women, in plays and triumphs, have not greater plenty of stones, of glasses and crystals in their garlands, crowns, girdles, and such other tirements." They likewise obtained intelligence where these pearls could be procured in such plenty, that they were held in no estimation by the natives. This pearl fishery, in a few years afterward, became a source of vast emolument to the Spaniards.

"They entertained our men genteelly, and came flocking to them by heaps, as it had been to behold some strange monsters. First, there came to meet our men, two men of gravity, whom the multitude followed. One of these was well in age, and the other but young. They think it was the father, with his son which should succeed him. When the one had saluted and embraced the other, they brought our men into a certain round house, near unto the which was a great court. Hither were brought many chairs and stools, made of a certain black wood, and very cunningly wrought. After that our men and their princes were set, their waiting men came in laden, some with sundry delicate dishes, and some with wine. But their meat was only fruits, and those of divers kinds, and utterly unknown to us. Their wine was both white and red, not made of grapes, but of the liquor of divers fruits, and very pleasant in drinking. After this banquet, made in the old man's house, the young man brought them to his tabernacle, or mansion place, where was a great company, both of men and women, but they stood dissevered the one from the other. They are white, even as our men are, saving such as are much conversant in the sun. They are also very genteel, and full of humanity towards strangers. There was few, or none, that had

not either a collar, a chain, or a bracelet of gold and pearls, and many had all."

The great difference in the colour of the inhabitants, under the same parallel of latitude, is worthy of remark, particularly in the torrid zone: for those who reside in Africa, and Asia, are black, while the people of the newly discovered continent approached, nearly, to white. The short curly wool of the African's head is contrasted with the long glossy hair of the Asiatic and American; for only in one province, as we noticed before, were negroes found, who retained their original appearance. The Hottentots, at the Cape of Good Hope, are black; while, at the same distance, north of the equator, and under the same meridian, the people are white. Again, at the Sandwich Islands, within the torrid zone, to the north, the complexion of the natives is considerably lighter than at the Society Islands to the south, the latter bearing a strong resemblance to the Malays, in countenance and manners. But the more we contemplate the subject, the more it excites curiosity as to the question whence the numerous islands, in the Pacific Ocean, were first peopled. We find groupes, at no great distance from each other, where the manners, habits, and customs of the natives are totally different, as well as their language and religion. The natives of Hispaniola (whither Columbus now directed his course) paid homage to certain little idols, called Zemes, a superstition which continues to this day in some parts of the West Indies. The account given of these is remarkably curious.

"These images the inhabitants call Zemes; whereof the cast made to the likeness of young Deuilles, they bind to their foreheads, when they go to the wars against their enemies: and, for that purpose, they have strings hanging at them. Of these they believe to obtain rain, if rain be lacking, likewise fair weather; for they think that these Zemes are the mediators and messengers of the great God, whom they acknowledge to be only one, eternal, without end, omnipotent, and invisible. Thus every king hath his particular Zemes, which he honoureth."

Again, their account of the origin of man is equally curious.

"There is in the land, a region called Caunana, where they fain that mankind came first out of two caves of a mountain; and that the biggest sort of men came forth of the mouth of the biggest cave, and the least sort out of the least cave. The rock, in which these caves are, they call Cauta. They say, that before it was lawful for men to come forth of the cave, the mouth of the cave was kept and watched nightly by a man whose name was Machochael."

They were forbidden the light of the sun; but some of them, having wandered too far, were overtaken by his beams, and turned into stones and trees. One, a great favourite with his master, was transformed into a nightingale, and bewailed his sad lot with a mournful song, during the hours of darkness. "And this they think to be the cause why that bird singeth in the night season." They give a somewhat similar origin to the sun and moon, and were accustomed to go on pilgrimage to the cave from whence those luminaries are supposed to have issued. Their superstitions and secret incantations bear a close analogy to those of the Egyptians: indeed, it is no difficult matter, to trace in their ceremonies a strong resemblance to the ancient customs and manners of that people.

But to return to Columbus. On his arrival at Hispaniola, he found the settlers in a state of insurrection; and the man whom he had raised from a low station inciting them to acts of rebellion against his authority. This turbulent fellow also sent letters to the King of Spain, against the admiral, describing him as tyrannical, and desirous of seizing upon the sovereignty of the island. In reply to these charges, Columbus asserted his innocence, and declared that his accusers were vile wretches, who, though experienced as criminals, and brought thither for miners, labourers, and scullions, they would not now go one furlong from their houses, except they were borne on the shoulders of the Indians.

"For, to this office they put the miserable island-men, whom they handled most cruelly. For, lest their hands should discontinue from shedding of blood, and the better to try their strength and manhood, they used, now and then, for their pastime, to strive among themselves, and prove who could most cleanly, with his sword, at one stroke, strike off the head of an innocent; so that he which could, with most agility, make the head of one of these poor wretches to flee quite and clean from the body to the ground, at one stroke, he was the best man, and counted most honourable."

But this representation did not avail Columbus, for the court of Spain appointed a new governor, and himself, with his brother, bound in chains, were conveyed across the Atlantic as prisoners. On their arrival at Cadiz, the king and queen, as if ashamed of such proceeding, ordered their release, and appeared to commiserate their misfortunes; but the intrepid navigator preserved as memorials of their ingratitude—his fetters; which, we believe, are still in possession of the citizens of Genoa. At the death of Columbus, adventurers sprang forth from all the maritime powers of Europe; yet the great discoverer went to his grave without the satisfaction of knowing that America was a distinct continent. He firmly believed it to be

the eastern boundary of Asia; and from hence arose the title of India. It was reserved for Vasco Nunez to cross the land, and first obtain a view of the great Southern Ocean. The islands, however, had been pretty well explored, and settlements made where there was any probability of obtaining the precious metal. Jamaica, though it did not produce gold, was, nevertheless, highly prized by Columbus, who preferred it to all the other parts, on account of the fertility of its soil and the beauty of its appearance. The sole property was afterward vested in him; Don Diego, his son, becoming the first governor, under the title of Duke de la Vega. The riches which the new world poured into the bosom of the old, excited a spirit of enterprise, and numbers flocked to the standards of those who promised to lead them where, with but little difficulty, they could obtain incalculable treasure. Every privation was endured, for the desire of acquiring gold overcame all difficulties and distress. Some pieces had been found of "three hundred pounde weight," and one of "three thousand three hundred and tenne pounde weight," which was sent whole to the king: but, unfortunately, the vessel sank with her valuable cargo, and all hands perished. The shores of the continent were not long unoccupied by the Spaniards; and though they occasionally encountered severe checks from the natives, yet they strenuously persevered in their progressive advances toward colonization. The son of one of the kings in the province of Darien was esteemed a man of understanding, far beyond what might have been expected from the nature of his education among untutored Indians. Willing to please the Spaniards, he presented them with "four thousand ounces of gold, artificially wrought, and also fifty slaves, which he had taken in the wars, for such either they sell for exchange of their things, or otherwise use them as them listeth, for they have not the use of money." This, with other gold amounting to as much more, they prepared to divide into shares; but disagreeing in the distribution, great contention arose, which coming under the observation of the young chief, he advanced, with an angry countenance, toward the arbitrator, struck the balances from his hand, and scattered the gold about the ground, and then addressed them in terms of rebuke:

"What is the matter, you Christian men, that you so greatly esteem so little portion of gold more than your own quietness; which, nevertheless, you intend to deface from these fair ounces, and to melt the same in a rude mass. If your hunger of gold be so insatiable that, only for the desire you have thereto, you disquiet so many nations, and you, yourselves, also sustain so many calamities and incommodities, lying, like banished men, out of your own country, 'I will shew you a region flowing with gold, where you may satisfy your ra-

vening appetites: but you must attempt the thing with a greater power, for it standeth you in hand by force of arms to overcome kings of great puissance, and rigorous defenders of their dominions. For, beside other, the great king Tumanama will come forth against you, whose kingdom is most rich with gold, and distant from hence only six suns, that is, six days; for they number the days by the sun."

He, likewise, informed them that a nation of "canibals, a fierce kind of men, devourers of man's flesh, living without laws, wandering, and without empire," would oppose their progress, for they also were desirous of gold, and had subdued the original inhabitants in the vicinity of the mines, whom they had also compelled to labour in digging and working the metal into plates, and various images. These articles the cannibals exchanged with the surrounding nations for their various manufactures, and for "prisoners taken in warre, which they buie to eat," as the barrenness of their mountains supplied them with but very little food.

"This journey, therefore, continued the prince, must be made open by force of men; and when you are passing over those mountains (pointing with his finger toward the south mountains), you shall see another sea, where they sail with ships, as big as yours (meaning the Caranels) using both sails and oars, as you do, although the men be naked, as we are. All the way the water runneth from the mountains, and all that side lying toward the south bringeth forth gold abundantly."

The Spaniards listened attentively to this relation, and the young prince offered to become their conductor, on condition that a thousand Christian men should unite with the warriors of his nation to rid them of their enemies. Thus were the valuable mines of Mexico first introduced to the notice of the Spaniards; and thus they gained intelligence of the existence of the Southern Ocean. The smallness of their number prevented them from commencing their march immediately; but Vasco Nunez placing reliance on his own skill, and the eagerness of his followers to gather the promised harvest of wealth, collected an army of one hundred and ninety men, with which, and his dogs (for the Spaniards constantly employed bloodhounds in their pursuit of the natives), he hoped to conquer all who opposed him. This, certainly, appears to have been not only a bold, but a desperate undertaking; yet, when it is considered that he placed great confidence in the constant wars between the different nations, and the readiness with which any one state would join the Spaniards against their immediate neighbours, together with the terror inspired by the fire-arms of the Europeans, it considerably lessens the dangers attendant on the

enterprise. Nevertheless, the scheme shewed great ability and courage in the leader who planned and executed it; for, after extreme toil, and enduring almost every species of distress, Vasco arrived at the summit of the mountains, and beheld the South Sea (it was in this voyage he discovered the colony of negroes). The view of the Southern Ocean was not gained, however, without several battles and the slaughter of many hundred Indians, for the poor creatures, as soon as they heard the noise of the 'hargabusies,' believed that the Spaniards carried thunder and lightning, which they were empowered to hurl at their foes, and instantly fled. In one battle, it is related

"Our men, following them in the chase, hewed them in pieces, as the butchers do flesh in the shambles; from one, an arm; from another, a leg; from him, a buttock; from another, a shoulder; and from some, the neck from the body, at one stroke. Thus, six hundred of them, with their king, were slain like brute beasts."

Vasco appears to have been politic, notwithstanding, for he gained the friendship of most of the powerful chiefs, and they rendered him very great service in collecting gold and pearls. The immense treasure gathered on this occasion, and by so small a number of hands, is certainly surprising. The kings, with whose regions he did not interfere, contributed according to their power, sending dishes of pure gold, besides vast quantities, unwrought, accompanied with messages of thanks for having subdued the other kingdoms, and restored tranquillity to the land. Wherever they bent their footsteps, still gold poured in upon them; and though, at times, destitute of food, and nearly perishing with hunger, yet they patiently endured every hardship, many of them even to death. Vasco returned to Darien after exhorting the Indians to persevere in their fidelity to the Christian monarch. His success procured him the notice and patronage of the court of Spain; he had hitherto usurped his authority, but now it was officially conferred upon him, and he certainly appears to have been indefatigable in prosecuting discoveries and conquests, and had the talent of enforcing the most unlimited obedience. The cruelties practised on these occasions, for the purpose of striking terror into the inhabitants, were barbarous in the extreme; nor did they fail in their effects, for the simple natives viewed the leader as a being expressly endowed with supernatural power to scourge the earth. Some were burned to death; others torn to pieces by the dogs. It is said, that the dogs ran

"Upon the inhabitants, armed after their manner, with no less fierceness than if they were harts or wild boars, if the Spaniards do but only point toward them with their fingers; insomuch,

that, oftentimes, they have had no need to drive their enemies to flight with swords or arrows, but have done the same only with dogs, placed in the fore-part of their battle, and letting them slip with their watch-word and privy token; whereupon, the barbarians, stricken with fear, by reason of the cruel countenances of their mastiffs, with their desperate boldness, and unaccustomed howling and barking, have disparckled at the first onset, and brake their array."

A breed of these animals is still preserved in the Spanish islands; and during the Maroon war, in the island of Jamaica 1795), many of them were procured from Cuba for the purpose of hunting down the negroes. Vasco, after subjugating the province of Darien and extending the authority of the Spaniards on all sides around him, was executed as a traitor to his prince, through the jealousy and villainy of an ambitious rival. The governors and leaders, who had tasted the sweets of the new world, frequently disputed the legality of the commission which was to deprive them of their authority; and as each of them, during their sway, had formed a party for himself, by permitting peculation, and by conniving at the enormities committed against the Indians, a sharp contest generally took place, which terminated in the death of one or other of the chiefs, either in open war, or by means of private intrigue.

But to return to the adventures of the conqueror of Mexico:—Cortes had established a colony upon the coast, and he

"Determined, in person, to understand what was reported of so great a king, as he had heard Montezuma was, and what rumour went of so huge and vast a city. Cortes' thoughts and purpose being understood, the inhabitants of Zempoall, bordering upon Montezuma, who, by violence, yielded him subjection, yet being deadly enemies unto him, consulting together, went unto Cortes, as the Hædui and Sequani, after the Helvetians were vanquished, came humbling themselves unto the emperor, for the insolent and outragious tyranny of Ariduistius, king of the Germans; so did the Zempoalenses complain of Montezuma, and much more grievously, in that, besides the heavy tributes of other provincial revenues, which they yearly give, they were compelled to give unto Montezuma slaves; and, for want of them, to give him some of their own children instead of tribute, to be sacrificed to their gods."

The Zempoalenses promised to give Cortes pledges of their fidelity, and to furnish him with auxiliary forces, consisting of the most valiant and courageous warriors, to subdue their oppressor and restore liberty to the provinces over which he exercised unlimited rule. Nor did they entertain a single doubt of the victory, because they thought that "Cortes and his consorts were sent from heaven," particu-

larly, as they had, in a previous war with a neighbouring prince, given battle to and defeated forty thousand men. when their own numbers were not more than five hundred, In these engagements, the cavalry were of infinite use, for, as they advanced to the attack, the natives imagined the horse and his rider to be but one animal, and fled with terror from so dreadful a monster. Cortes departed from his colony of Vera Cruz with three hundred footmen, fifteen horsemen, and four hundred auxiliary Zempoalenses; but, previously to setting out, he commanded all his ships to be destroyed, under pretence that they were rotten, but, in reality, to prevent any hopes of safety from retreat. After a march of several days, through the territories of tributary chiefs, where they were well entertained, he entered the dominions of the Tascaltecanes, a warlike people, and deadly enemies to Montezuma as well as staunch defenders of their liberty. Cortes, with proper caution, sent two horsemen before the rest, who discovered an ambush of four thousand men, who were soon defeated without any loss on the part of the Spaniards, except two horses. On the following day, they were again drawn into ambush, and were attacked by about one hundred thousand men. The auxiliary troops behaved with great valour, and they fought with doubtful success, from an hour before noon until the evening; but the thunder of the artillery, and the destruction it caused, as well as the appearance of the horsemen, compelled the enemy to retreat. For this treachery Cortes swept the surrounding plains, dealing destruction wherever he came, burning the villages and slaughtering the inhabitants. But, at the first twilight, before morning, the Tascaltecans attacked the camp to the number of one hundred and fifty thousand men, and, after an encounter of four hours, were forced to take flight and return to their homes.

"The enemy being put to flight, Cortes, like a tyger great with young, marcheth forth against these traitors, who, here and there, were now returned to their houses. So, wasting, destroying, taking or killing all he met, he came unto a town of 3,000 houses, (as they report), and above, all which he destroyed with fire and sword."

His terrible vengeance filled them with dread, and they sued for peace; but, shortly after it was granted, fifty of the chief nobility came unarmed to the camp, under colour of friendship, to act as spies. The penetrating eye of Cortes, however, soon imagined the imposition, and sent them back to their prince, each with his right hand dismembered. Another attack was made by the Indians, which also failed; and Cortes, availing himself of the unprotected state of the city of Tascalteca,

took possession of it in the night, and received the submission of the inhabitants. After defeating the machinations of his enemies, Cortes advanced upon Mexico: the emperor offered tribute or any thing the Spaniards might require, if they would not approach the imperial city. But Cortes was not to be diverted from his purpose; he boldly went forward, his army increasing as he marched. When the Spaniards first landed on the continent, they found the nations bordering on the coast rude and barbarous: their astonishment must, therefore, have been great, to behold the cities they now passed through having houses built of stone, and defended by walls and towers! The city of Amaquemaca contained twenty thousand houses; and the king of that place, who was subject to Montezuma, feasted them daintily and plentifully, and "gave his guests 3,000 castellanes of gold and jewels, and 40 slaves." Every step they took presented new wonders to their admiring sight. The city of Irtapalapa was situated partly in a salt lake and partly on the land, access being had by means of a stone causeway "two spears' length in breadth," and about two leagues in length, yet perfectly straight.

"Two cities, founded partly in the water, join to one side of that bridge. On the other side standeth one, whereof the first they meet with, who go that way, is called Mesiqualcingo; the second is Coluacana, and the third is called Vuichilabasco. They say the first consisteth of more than 3,000 houses, the second of 6,000, and the third of 4,000, all of them furnished with turreted and sumptuous idol temples."

The city of Tenusutau, the capital of Montezuma, contained sixty thousand houses, placed in the centre of a salt lake, and, every way, about two leagues from the main land.

"The lake, day and night, is plyed with boats going and returning. For they go by stone bridges made by hand, four leagues, as from the four sides, for the most part joined together and solid, yet, for a long space, open and divided, with beams laid over those parts, underpropped by posts, whereby the flowing and ebbing waters may have a passage, and whereby they may easily be drawn up if any danger appear."

By this causeway, a thousand men came from the city to meet Cortes, and saluted him, touching the earth with the right hand, and then kissing that part which had touched the earth, in token of reverence. Here may immediately be traced the salaam of the Asiatic.

"All these were noblemen of the court; behind them the king himself, so much desired, cometh now at length. The king went in

the middle of the bridge, and the rest of the people on the sides, orderly following in equal distances one from another, and all barefooted. Two princes, whereof the one was his brother, the other, one of the peers, lord of Irtapalapa, taking the king, Montezuma, drew him by the arms, not that he needed such help, but it is their manner so to reverence their kings, that they may seem to be upheld and supported by the strength of the nobility."

Cortes dismounted from his horse to embrace the king, but was prevented by the princes, as they considered it "an heinous matter to touch the king." The whole retinue gave the Spaniards the accustomed salutation, and then again fell into their ranks.

"Cortes turning to the king, took a chain from his own neck, (which he wore), of small value, and put it about the king's neck. For they were counterfeits of glass, of divers colours, partly diamonds, partly pearl, and partly carbuncles and all of glass, yet the present liked Montezuma well. Montezuma requited him with two other chains of gold and precious stones, with shells of gold, and golden crevises, hanging at them."

The ceremony of meeting finished, the whole party, accompanied by the Spaniards, returned to the city and passed by the towers of sacrifice where human victims were offered to the idols. At length, they came to the palace "finely decked with princely ornaments." There, Cortes was placed on a throne of gold by the king, who commanded that his followers should be fed with every delicacy and comfortably lodged. Soon after, Montezuma sent, as a present, six thousand garments intermixed with gold and most lively colours of Gossampine cotton, and a considerable quantity of gold and silver. Here, again, we find a similitude to the customs of the Asiatics, in giving "changes of raiment." Montezuma resigned his kingdom and its dependencies into the hands of the victorious Spaniard; but Cortes, fearing the multitude that surrounded him, contrived to get the king into his power and bound him with fetters. The indignity offered to the person of the monarch bowed his spirit, and though he was shortly relieved from his chains yet he conceived himself unworthy of again resuming the sovereignty of the people, and, therefore, took up his abode with the haughty Spaniard. The descriptions of the power and state of Montezuma, together with the commercial habits of the people, their immense wealth, idolatrous worship, and great progress in the arts and sciences, would excite doubts whether they were not the exaggerations of the Spaniards to enhance the value of their conquest, had they not been attested by many impartial witnesses; and proofs, even to this day, are not want-

ing to the accuracy of their statements. Some of their buildings were of so great an extent, and erected with such perfect regularity, that no palace in Spain could be compared to the meanest of seventy stone or marble houses, built by the curious art of Mexican architects, with variegated pavements, and pillars of jasper-stone, or white transparent marble. The chief temple is described as large as a town of 500 houses, fortified with high stone walls and compassed about with many towers, built after the manner of a strong castle. Every district or parish had its temple appropriated to the service of a particular idol, in the same manner as churches in Catholic countries are dedicated to one of the saints; and these idols were propitiated by yearly offerings of human flesh, according to the ability or wealth of the sacrificer. At the coronation of Montezuma, it is said that thirty thousand victims were immolated before the great marble idol.

"These sacrifices are not slain by cutting of the throat, but by thrusting a knife through the short ribs near unto the heart, so that their heart is pulled out to be sacrificed while they be yet living, and behold their own miserable condition; with the blood which is next unto the heart they anoint their god's lips, but burn the heart itself, who thereby suppose the displeasure of their gods to be appeased, and this prodigious act the priests persuade the people to be acceptable service to their idols. But many will demand, and that rightly, what they do with the flesh and members of those miserable sacrifices? Oh wicked, yawning, and gaping, oh loathsome provocation to vomit; as the Jews sometimes eat the lambs which were sacrificed by the old law, so do they eat man's flesh, casting only away the hands, feet, and bowels."

The sacrificial stone is still in being, as well as the most celebrated of the Mexican deities, before whom thousands of victims had been sacrificed in their horrid and sanguinary worship. This idol was recently dug up for the inspection of an English traveller: upwards of three hundred years had passed since its burial, during which time the Spanish clergy have been constantly endeavouring to impress upon the minds of the natives an abhorrence of their former rites, yet, on this occasion, chaplets of flowers were placed on the disgusting figure by Indians, who had stolen thither unperceived in the darkness of the evening. Cortes commanded that the images should be thrown down and destroyed, and, in the course of a few years, scarcely any traces of them remained; nor was the demolition confined to the idols alone, for almost every statue and painting met with a similar fate. The foundation of the first Christian church which was erected in Mexico was composed entirely of idols and statues, and so eager were the Spaniards to remove

idolatry from the view of the natives, that they made no distinction between the objects of worship and the innocent records of Mexican history; a bigotry highly to be deplored, as it demolished, at one stroke, all the existing documents which alone could lead to any knowledge of the origin of this wonderful empire. There is still, however, sufficient to strike the traveller with astonishment; and we do hope, that this interesting part of the world will not long remain unexplored by the eye of judicious and scientific men.

The destruction of their idols, with the usurpation of the Spaniards, raised the Mexicans to open rebellion, even to the killing of their king, and the Spaniards were driven from the city; not, however, without a severe struggle for the mastery, during which, many of them were dragged to the sacrificial stone, and offered up as atonements to the idol. By the aid of other nations, and fresh assistance from Vera Cruz, Cortes once more gained possession of Mexico, and several hundred thousands of the natives perished in the contests which ensued, who were, it is said, chiefly buried in the stomachs of the auxiliary forces. The work of devastation commenced; many of the cities that would not bend to the Spanish yoke were rased to the ground, and the inhabitants destroyed by fire and sword. Mexico, in the present day, is but a faint shadow of its former grandeur. The great treasures it once possessed have long been dissipated, and the magnificent palaces afford a striking contrast to the meanness of their internal decorations. This city was at the greatest height of its opulence and splendour about fifty years after its last conquest by the Spaniards. Every luxury that wealth could purchase was most abundant. The lives of the inhabitants were one perpetual struggle to surpass each other in pompous display. The riches of the churches were immense, and the value of their massive ornaments of gold, silver, and jewels would almost exceed belief. But these times have passed away. The altars, candelabras, and other valuables have long since been melted down and circulated through the world. The parent state is now more impoverished than her late colonies. Unearned wealth brought luxury, and luxury indolence. Even the mines themselves, once the boast of Spain, are now becoming, in part, British property; while an attempt is, likewise, about to be made, at the expense of British merchants, to renew the pearl fishery.

But, to return to our volume: while Cortes was extending his power and authority over the neighbouring nations, the other parts of America, from north to south, were visited by adventurers from Europe. Magellan had succeeded in his voyage round the southern promontory of the continent, and

thus entered the South Sea. The numerous islands in the West Indies were also carefully examined, and colonies planted wherever the situation was any way inviting. The original inhabitants of Hispaniola, or, as it is now more generally called, San Domingo, were nearly exterminated by the cruelty of the Spaniards. The populous and fertile island of Cuba was equally ravaged; and, in both together, upwards of two millions of human beings were destroyed, either through the demoniac spirit of the conquerors, who slew them for pastime, or from the incessant toil and fatigue in the mines. Many resorted to caves in the mountains, where they perished of hunger; and, in late years, several of these have been discovered, literally spread with human skeletons. In one instance, where the miners were miserably oppressed,

"The king conceived such displeasure and anger, that, calling those miners into an house, to the number of ninety-five, he thus debateth with them: My worthy companions and friends, why desire we to live any longer, under so cruel servitude? Let us now go unto the perpetual seat of our ancestors; for we shall there have rest from these intolerable cares and grievances, which we endure, under the subjection of the unthankful. Go ye before; I will presently follow you. Having spoken this, he held whole handfuls of those leaves which deprive life, prepared for the purpose, and giveth every one part thereof, being kindled, to suck up the flame; who obeyed his command. The king, and a chief kinsman of his, a wise and prudent man, reserved the last place for themselves to take up the fume. The whole pavement of the hall was now covered with dead carcases, so that an eager conflict arose between those two that were living, whether of them should kill himself first."

The king set the example; but his relative refused to follow it, and reported what had occurred to the Spaniards. In another page, we read, that a Spanish captain, having cohabited with the daughter of one of the tributary kings of Cuba, and becoming suspicious of her fidelity, although she was in a state of pregnancy,

"Fastened her to two wooden spits; not to kill her, but to terrify her, and set her to the fire, and commanded her to be turned by the officers; the maiden, stricken with fear, through the cruelty thereof, and strange kind of torment, gave up the ghost."

The king, her father, understanding what had taken place, selected thirty of his men, and hastened to the house of the captain, who was absent,

"And slew his wife, whom he had married after that wicked act committed, and the women who were companions of the wife, and her

servants, every one; then, shutting the door of the house, and putting fire under it, he burnt himself, and all his companions that assisted him, together with the captain's dead family and goods."

Many other such circumstances could be enumerated, but we forbear to mention them. The Spaniards, finding the work of devastation thus rapid in its effects, and that the working of the mines, with other laborious occupations, must fall upon themselves, searched both the islands and the main, to capture all they could possibly find, and thus relieve themselves from the burthen. Nearly one hundred thousand were collected in this manner, but they, like their predecessors, soon sank under the barbarity of their masters. Great numbers of them, in the anguish of despair, obstinately refused all manner of sustenance, and, hiding themselves in the unfrequented vallies, desert woods, and dark rocks, silently perished. Others repaired to the sea coast, on the northern side of Hispaniola, and anxiously looking in the direction in which they imagined their own islands to be situated, would eagerly inhale the sea-breeze as it rose, fondly believing that it had lately visited their own happy vallies, and now came, fraught with the breath of those they loved. Here continuing, with outstretched arms, as if to take a last embrace of their country, they fainted through hunger, and fell down dead. Nor were the barbarities of the Spaniards confined to the Indians alone, for they arrogated to themselves, not only a right to the territories discovered by them, but claimed also the sole and exclusive privilege of navigating the American seas. All ships, belonging to any other power of Europe, found within a certain limit, were treated as enemies, and their crews murdered. Sir Walter Raleigh asserts as a well-known fact, that the Spaniards had killed twenty-six Englishmen, by tying them back to back, and cutting their throats, even after they had been upon terms of commercial intercourse for a whole month, and when the English had landed in full confidence, without so much as a single weapon of defence among them. The English had founded several settlements at Virginia, Bermuda, St. Christopher's, and Barbadoes, some of them by no means connected with the territories claimed by Spain; yet, the Spaniards perfidiously landed on the island of St. Christopher's, in 1629, and after demolishing the plantations, selected six hundred of the most able-bodied men from the English settlers, and condemned them to the mines; the rest, men, women, and children, were ordered to quit the island, under pain of death.

In 1638, they attacked a small English Colony, at Tortuga, and put every individual to death. The Dutch, shortly afterward, attempted to settle in the same place, and met with a

similar fate. In 1680, they landed at New Providence, one of the Bahama isles, and, after completing their work of destruction, they carried the governor to Cuba, and there put him to death by torture. The Buccaniers revenged these perfidious acts; while armaments were fitted out in all the maritime states of Europe, to attack the Spanish settlements, for such unprovoked aggression. Thus they brought the evils upon themselves, which they have since endured. The island of Jamaica was wrested from them in 1655; and out of the vast possessions formerly claimed by Spain, scarcely any of importance is now under their control. The island of Cuba is a nest of pirates, who are shamefully tolerated by the existing authorities. Here, many of the black deeds of former days are re-acted; and rapine, bloodshed, and cruelty, flourish in full vigour. Mexico, that beautiful and luxuriant province, has become a free and independent state, where slavery is abolished, and freedom bids fair to erect her throne on the foundation of just and equitable laws. Ignorance will no longer be fostered by superstition; the light of knowledge has broken in upon the colonies; and, we trust, that, in a few years, we shall see them flourishing under wise governments and judicious councils. Yet, while contemplating the atrocious and detestable acts of the Spaniards, in the new world, we feel a degree of remorse and shame, at being compelled to acknowledge, that they also may bring a black catalogue against our own countrymen, the English, for the inhumanity displayed in that execrable traffic, the slave trade. The very name of the West Indies is inseparably coupled with that of slavery; but the Spaniards themselves were the first who tore the African from his home, to toil for gold in the mines of Hispaniola.

The Portuguese, in their researches along the coast of Guinea, had established fortifications, for the purpose of carrying on a trade with the negroes, before the discovery of the new world; and when the poor degraded natives of the West Indies were nearly exterminated, the Spaniards hoped to supply their loss, by transporting negroes to the Colonies. Within ten years after the first settlement was made at Hispaniola, negroes were employed in the mines; and so dreadfully rapid was the decrease of the Indians, that, in 1517, Charles V. granted a patent for the exclusive supply of four thousand negroes annually, to the islands of Cuba, Hispaniola, Jamaica, and Puerto Rico. The merchants to whom this patent was granted were Genoese; and, from that time, the slave trade became established, as a regular branch of commerce. It is somewhat remarkable, that Las Casas, who so loudly condemned the cruelty of the Spaniards to the Indians, should be an advocate for this traffic in human flesh; yet, such was

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the case; and it can only be reconciled under the idea, that he considered the African was more capable of enduring fatigue, and had never properly known the sweets of freedom. The English commenced this traffic in 1562, under Hawkins, who was afterwards knighted by Elizabeth, and made Treasurer of the Navy. On his arrival on the coast of Africa, he got into his possession, partly by intrigue, and partly by the sword, three hundred negroes, whom he disposed of at Hispaniola. This speculation turning out to be exceedingly profitable, other adventurers sprang forth; and the unoffending natives were dragged from their villages to supply the waste of human life, in the West Indian islands. The trade met with occasional checks, yet it still continued to increase, till the number annually conveyed from Africa amounted to little short of one hundred thousand! It has been asserted by the enemies of emancipation, that as negroes are brought up from their earliest infancy, to servitude, so they cannot be sensible of the loss of liberty. Those who have been accustomed to witness the *free* negro in his cottage, surrounded with a small plantation of tropical fruits, and Indian wheat, must, at once, be convinced of the absurdity of such a statement. Every thing he does, every thing he says, even the very drawing of his breath, seems to express, "I am free." We have frequently listened with pleasure, and considerable amusement, to the conversation of this class; and can remember, when the free blacks were enrolled at Sierra Leone, as a company, to resist an expected attack from the French, in the late war, with what indignity they rejected the title of "militia," and claimed the privilege of being called "gentlemen volunteers." The names of English statesmen and individuals in power were constantly on their tongues, and they spoke as freely of "Brother George," as if the king were actually their relative. In an insurrection at Jamaica, in 1760, headed by a negro, (who had been a chief in Guinea, was made captive, and sold to slavery,) many enormities were committed; but, on its being quelled, three of the most guilty were selected for punishment; one was condemned to be burnt, and the other two to be hung up *alive*, in irons, and left to perish. The wretch, that was burnt, was chained to an iron stake, in a sitting posture, and the fire being applied to his feet, he saw his legs reduced to ashes, with the utmost firmness and composure, and without uttering a single groan. Of the two that were suspended alive, one expired on the eighth, the other on the ninth day; nor did they, during the time, utter the least complaint, except, during the night, of cold. It is related, that one captain, whose cargo was sickly, actually threw overboard one hundred and thirty-two slaves, the whole of whom were drowned, that his owners might be

enabled to recover their value from the underwriters, which could not have been claimed, had the victims died a natural death. An occurrence of a similar nature is still fresh in our recollection, which, though not so extensive a murder, was equally as barbarous. Only those who have witnessed such scenes can form even the smallest idea of their horrid brutality; and it is a remarkable fact, that seamen, who had been any time in the trade, became gradually hardened to all the softer feelings of humanity; not only to the negroes themselves, but also to their more intimate relatives and connexions, at home. Yet, how could it be otherwise? The men who are constantly in the habit of seeing their fellow-creatures shackled, and, in trivial cases, the torture applied, either to make them jump for exercise, or to wrench open their mouths, when they refused sustenance, must, by degrees, have fallen into a state of mental degradation themselves: but we dismiss this subject, earnestly hoping, that the condition of the slaves may be ameliorated, and the cruel practices, which it was once our lot to witness, may be entirely done away.

ART. VII.—*Edward the Fourth, Historical Play, in Two Parts, blk. Letter,* 4*to. no date.*

If you know not me you know Nobody, or the Troubles of Queen Elizabeth, Two Parts, 4*to.* 1635.

Fair Maid of the Exchange, 4*to.* 1607.

The Rape of Lucrece, a true Roman Story, with the Songs in their apt Places, by Valerius, the Merry Lord among the Roman Peers. The Copy revised, and sundry Songs before omitted, now inserted in their proper Places. Acted by her Majesty's Servants, at the Red Bull. The Fifth Impression. Written by Thomas Heywood. *London,* 1638.

A Woman Killed with Kindness, as it hath been oftentimes acted by the Queen's Majesty's Servants. Written by Thomas Heywood. *Third edition. London,* 1617.

The Four Prentices of London. With the Conquest of Jerusalem, as it hath been divers times acted, at the Red Bull, by the Queen's Majesty's Servants. Written by Thomas Heywood. 4*to. London,* 1615.

The Fair Maid of the West, or A Girl worth Gold. Written by Thomas Heywood. 4*to. Two Parts. London,* 1631.

The English Traveller, a Tragi-Comedy, by Thomas Heywood. 4*to. London,* 1635.

A Challenge for Beauty. 4*to. London,* 1638.

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A Pleasant Comedy of a Maidenhead well Lost. Written by Thomas Heywood. 4*to*. *London*, 1634.

The Royal King and Loyal Subject. 4*to*. *London*, 1637.

Wise Woman of Hogsden. *Com*. 4*to*. 1638.

Love's Mistress, or the Queen's Masque. As it was three times presented before both their Majesties, within the space of eight days. The Second Impression, corrected by the Author, Thomas Heywood. 4*to*. *London*, 1640.

Thomas Heywood, whose Plays will form the subject of the present paper, was a native of Lincolnshire; and, as appears from Cartwright's edition of his *Apology for Actors*, was a fellow of Peter House, Cambridge. We find, from the following entry in Henslowe's MS. book, that he had written for the stage, so early as 1596: viz. "October 14, 1596.—Lent unto them, (the Lord Admiral's servants,) for Heywood's book, xxx. s;"—and that, two years afterwards, he became a hireling, as the players, who were not sharers, were then called. The contract of hiring is curious, and is in these terms: "Memorandum, that this 25th of March, 1596, Thomas Heywood came and hired himself with me, as a covenanted servant, for two years, by the receiving of two single pence, according to the statute of Winchester, and to begin at the day above written, and not to play any where public about London, not while these two years be expired, but in my house. If he do, then he doth forfeit unto me, by the receiving of the two pence, forty pounds. And witness, Anthony Munday, &c."

Heywood wrote a greater number of pieces for the stage than any of his contemporaries; indeed, his power of production seems to have been unlimited, for, besides various other works, and attending to his business of an actor, he had, as he informs us, in the preface to *The English Traveller*, "an entire hand, or at least a main finger," in two hundred and twenty plays. Of this numerous offspring, however, only twenty-three remain; a circumstance for which the author accounts in different parts of his works. "My pen," says he, in the *Apology for Actors*, published in 1612, "hath seldom appeared in press till now. I have been ever too jealous of my own weakness, willingly to thrust into the press." "It hath been no custom in me," he remarks, "of all other men, to commit my plays to the press; the reason, though some may attribute to my own insufficiency, I had rather subscribe in that to their severe censure, than, by seeking to avoid the imputation of weakness, to incur greater suspicion of honesty; for though some have used a double sale of their labours, first to the stage, and after to the press, for my own part, I here proclaim myself ever faithful in

the first, and never guilty of the last." Further reasons for so small a number of his plays having been printed, are assigned in the preface to *The English Traveller*. "True it is," he says, "that my plays are not exposed unto the world in volumes, to bear the title of WORKS, as others; one reason is, that many of them, by shifting and change of companies, have been negligently lost; others of them are still retained in the hands of some actors, who think it against their peculiar profit to have them come in print; and a third, that it never was any great ambition in me, to be in this kind voluminously read."

To the above slender facts, relative to the biography of our author, we have nothing to add, but our regret, that we are unable to communicate more of the history of so modest, so honest, and so ingenious an individual. One cannot recollect without something like indignation, that such men as Heywood, and Rowley, and Massinger, the skilful fabricators of divine inventions, the authors of beautiful thoughts and touching colloquies; men, who, from their knowledge of the human heart, might have "conversed with the angels," and caught their power of unveiling, without ceasing to feel, the kind and the noble in their species,—that such men should be the hirelings of the stage, receive a paltry remuneration for their labours, hardly sufficient to keep body and soul together, and be frequently dependant on the precarious bounty of managers, even for a small advance, by way of mortgage, on the productiveness of their brains. The unknown contributor of half a sheet to a popular magazine, a mere *nullius filius*, is paid as much for a paper, on a topic of only temporary interest, as one of the genuine sons of the Muses for an immortal drama: and the author of a modern play, if he can contrive, by favour or affection, to get it acted, receives for it nearly as much as these men made during a long and laborious life.

At that period the admirers of the drama were but few, compared with the multitude who now take an interest either in the representation or perusal of dramatic productions. The cultivated few were, probably, not numerous enough to support all the "children of the sun," whilst the groundlings were as well pleased with King Cambises' vein, or the rude mockery and undigested humour of the clown, as with the most refined and delicate touches of dramatic genius; and, indeed, would after all, probably, prefer the exhibition of Bruin on the Bank-side, or the bipedal contests of the Cockpit, to the best piece that ever drew an audience to the Globe, the Fortune, or the Red Bull. But if the encouragement and remuneration had been greater, it is certain, that some of our old dramatists would not have been the richer; nay, if Melpomene herself had

wooed them in showers of gold, they would still have been beggars: they had the faculty of throwing about their wit and their money with the same facility; in reward for, and for the rich outpourings of genius, they would still have had nothing but poverty for their companion. They were a careless race, and whilst their vigour lasted, kept themselves in good heart, mightily aided, doubtless, with the nectar of the day, "good sack wine," and this they seldom lacked whilst there was money in the purse, or encouragement in the patron. But when the lamp of genius burnt dim, and the corruscations of wit ceased to sparkle, when the audience tired of the old plays, and managers no longer called for new ones, then the wit was forgotten at the patron's table, and the empty pockets, like the muffled drum, sounded the death of dramatic reputation. Such was the case with Green and Lilly, and Nash and Marlowe, and various others. Heywood, however, belonged, as far as we can ascertain or judge, to a steadier and more sedate order of writers.—Indeed, he appears to have had no time for dissipation, for, if we are to believe Kirkman, "he not only acted almost daily, but also obliged himself to write a sheet every day, for several years together;" it is true, however, that the same person adds, that—"many of his plays were composed loosely in taverns," which, if it is true, it seems, he frequented for a very untavern-like purpose.

The character of his dramas is very various—he is so dissimilar from himself, that we are tempted to doubt his identity. One can only reconcile the fact of his having written some of the plays ascribed to him, by supposing, with Kirkman, that he wrote them loosely in taverns, or that he was spurred on to their hasty production by necessity; or, lastly, that he did not originate, but only added to and altered many of them. How else can we account for the author of "A Woman killed with Kindness," and "The English Traveller," writing such plays as "Edward IV." "Fair Maid of the Exchange," &c.? We will slightly notice these inferior productions before we speak of those of a more elevated kind.—

The play of "Edward the 4th" is a long and tedious business. There are one or two touching parts in those scenes in which Jane Shore is introduced, but Heywood has not made any thing like what he might have done with such materials, nor, indeed, any thing at all approaching to what he has himself done in other pieces.—With the exception of those parts, the play is mere chronicle without poetry or dramatic situation. The character of Matthew Shore, however, is not bad, and there is, in the midst of the misery and disaster, with which the play abounds, a spirit of kindness and humanity which obtains our good will, notwithstanding we find so little

to excite our feelings. The author has made Richard III. a very vulgar villain. The first part of the play of "If you know not me, you know Nobody, or the Troubles of Queen Elizabeth," of the inaccurate printing of which the author very much com plains, possesses neither character, passion, nor poetry. The second part has a more poetical air about it, and possesses more of character than the first. Old Hobson, a blunt, honest and charitable citizen—John Gresham, a wild indomitable youth,—and Timothy, a puritanical hypocrite and knave, are well discriminated.—The only foundation for the strange title of this piece is the answer of old Hobson to an inquiry made by the queen, "Knowest thou not me? then thou knowest nobody."

"The Wise Woman of Hogsden" is characterised by some humorous situations, but possesses little interest and less poetry. Sir Boniface, one of the characters, is a humorous caricature of a pedant—he speaks almost as good doggrel Latin as Sir Aminadab, in that most humorous comedy of "How to chuse a Good Wife from a Bad."*

"The Fair Maid of the Exchange," (Heywood's title to which is exceedingly doubtful,) and "The Fair Maid of the West," are hardly worthy of notice. "The Four Prentices of London" is a rhyming, braggart production, which is ridiculed in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle." "A Maidenhead well Lost," is not worth finding, and the "Four Ages" are as poor as the author is said to have been by a writer of the day, who observes that

> "Well of the golden age he could entreat,
> But little of the metal he could get."

How different in style, in pathos, in the very tone of ordinary feeling, are these from the plays we are about to mention. Heywood's best comedies are distinguished by a peculiar air, a superior manner; his gentlemen are the most refined and finished of gentlemen, refined in their nice sense of the true and beautiful, their fine moral perception, and finished in the most scrupulous attention to polite manners, most exact in the observances of decorum, without appearing rigorously precise—ductile as fused gold to that which is good, and unmalleable to that which is evil; men, in short, "of most erected spirits." There is an inexpressible charm about those characters, a politeness founded on benevolence and the charities of life, a spirit of the good and kind which twines around our affections,

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* Lately reprinted in *The Old English Drama.*

which gives us an elevation above the infirmities which flesh is heir to, and identifies us with the nobleness of soul and strength of character which shed "a glory" round their heads.

Heywood, like many of our old dramatists, deals in the extreme of character, which frequently amounts to heroism. His heroes are of unshaken purpose, of irresistible patience; men who will stand beneath the sword suspended by a single hair; and, with the power of motion, still resolutely bide the consequence. The point of honour is discriminated with the most subtle nicety; a vow is considered as registered in heaven; it is the sentence of fate, and must be equally inexorable. The spirit, however, is frequently sacrificed to the letter, and the good and the true are disregarded, to preserve a consistency with a supposed virtue—a sort of character better calculated to supply, from the passionate and deep internal conflicts which it occasions, affecting subjects for the stage, than useful example or instruction for human happiness. To some, this character will appear unnatural; and so it would be, if man were left to his own natural tendencies; but, if we grant the existence of the artificial notions of honour and virtue, on which it is founded, then the characters are perfectly consistent and natural, although acting under a false impression of what is right and just. Fancy, for instance, a generous, honest, and valiant gentleman, induced by a noble duke to convey a letter to an unyielding lady, who is, as that gentleman conceives, unknown to him; and, by the duke's dictation, who suspects that he is more intimately connected with her than is agreeable to his grace's interest, to swear that he will not cast an amorous look on her, speak "no familiar syllable, touch, or come near her bosom," &c. Fancy him hastening to perform the duke's behests, and discovering, to his amazement, that he has undertaken to solicit his own wife for another. Imagine him tricked into a vow, in total ignorance of the circumstances, and resolving to bind himself to so unjust a stipulation, the effect of which is to make two persons miserable, and not to make the third happy; yet, Heywood makes Spencer, in "The Fair Maid of the West," rigidly perform this vow, and leave his mistress in a swoon, without attempting to render her any assistance. The consequence is, that the Fair Maid of the West, the lady in question, is under the necessity of tricking the duke into another vow, in order to get out of the difficulty.

These exaggerated situations, however, are mixed with others of the deepest feeling, the most glorious overflowings of the affections, the kindest sympathies, the tenderest sentiments. Heywood knew well the nature of human passions, but he threw them into extravagant positions. He was, says Lamb, "a sort of prose Shakspeare." He caught the mantle of Elijah, but

not before it touched the earth, and therefore was he peculiarly human in his delineations of passion. He did not deal skilfully with the invisible world, and yet he was not altogether unacquainted with "the winged spirits of the air;" he introduces them gracefully in "Love's Mistress," one of the most beautiful and purest of masques founded upon classical mythology.

In a rank, in many respects considerably above the plays we first mentioned, we must place the "Rape of Lucrece," one of the most wild, irregular, and unaccountable productions of his age. Amongst the most extravagant buffoonery, we find sparks of genius which would do honour to any dramatist; touches of feeling, to which no reader can be indifferent. The extracts we shall make from the scene in which the crime is perpetrated, and from that which immediately follows, are of this description. The dreadful consummation is preceded by an awful note of preparation: a solemn pause in the stride of guilt, which makes the boldest hold his breath, and is succeeded by a display of the most exquisitely touching grief.

Sextus. Night, be as secret as thou art close, as close
As thou art black and dark! thou ominous queen
Of tenebrous silence, make this fatal hour
As true to rape, as thou hast made it kind
To murder, and harsh mischief! Cynthia, mask thy cheek,
And all you sparkling elemental fires,
Choak up your beauties in prodigious fogs,
Or be extinct in some thick vaporous clouds,
Lest ye behold my practice! I am bound
Upon a black adventure, on a deed
That must wound virtue, and make beauty bleed.
Pause, Sextus, and before thou run'st thyself
Into this violent danger, weigh thy sin:
Thou art yet free, belov'd, grac'd in the camp;
Of great opinion and undoubted hope;
Rome's darling in the universal grace
Both of the field and senate, where these fortunes
Do make thee great in both: back! yet thy fame
Is free from hazard, and thy style from shame.
O fate! thou hast usurp'd such power o'er man,
That where thou plead'st thy will, no mortal can.
On then, black mischief, hurry me the way!
Myself I must destroy, her life betray.
The hate of king and subject, the displeasure
Of prince and people, the revenge of noble,

And contempt of base; the incurr'd vengeance
Of my wrong'd kinsman Collatine, the treason
Against divin'st Lucrece; all these total curses
Foreseen, not fear'd, upon one Sextus meet,
To make my days harsh, so this night be sweet.
No jar of clock, no ominous hateful howl
Of any starting hound, no horse-cough breath'd from the entrails
Of any drowsy groom, wakes this charm'd silence,
And starts this general slumber; forward still.
[*Lucrece discovered in her bed.*
To make thy lust live, all thy virtues kill.
Here, here, behold! beneath these curtains lies
That bright enchantress that hath daz'd my eyes.
Oh, who but Sextus could commit such waste
On one so fair, so kind, so truly chaste?
Or like a ravisher thus rudely stand,
To offend this face, this brow, this lip, this hand?
Or at such fatal hours these revels keep,
With thought once to defile thy innocent sleep?
Save in this breast such thoughts could find no place,
Or pay, with treason, her hospitable grace;
But I am lust-burnt all, bent on what's bad;
That, which should calm good thought, makes Tarquin mad.
Madam! Lucrece!

Luc. Whose that? oh me! beshrew you.

Sex. Sweet, 'tis I.

Luc. What I?

Sex. Make room.

Luc. My husband Collatine?

Sex. Thy husband's at the camp.

Luc. Here is no place for any man save him.

Sex. Grant me that grace.

Luc. What are you?

Sex. Tarquin and thy friend, and must enjoy thee.

Luc. Heaven such sins defend!

Sex. Why do you tremble, lady? cease this fear;
I am alone; there is no suspicious ear
That can betray this deed: nay, start not, sweet.

Luc. Dream I, or am I full awake? oh no!
I know I dream to see Prince Sextus so.
Sweet lord, awake me, rid me from this terror:
I know you for a prince, a gentleman,
Royal and honest, one that loves my lord,
And would not wrack a woman's chastity

For Rome's imperial diadem: oh then
Pardon this dream! for being awake, I know
Prince Sextus, Rome's great hope, would not for shame
Havock his own worth, or despoil my fame.
Sex. I'm bent on both; my thoughts are all on fire;
Choose thee, thou must embrace death, or desire.
Yet do I love thee, wilt thou accept it?
Luc. No.
Sex. If not thy love, thou must enjoy thy foe.
Where fair means cannot, force shall make my way:
By Jove, I must enjoy thee.
Luc. Sweet lord, stay.
Sex. I'm all impatience, violence, and rage,
And save thy bed, nought can this fire assuage:
Wilt love me?
Luc. No, I cannot.
Sex. Tell me why?
Luc. Hate me, and in that hate first let me die.
Sex. By Jove, I'll force thee.
Luc. By a god you swear
To do a devil's deed; sweet lord, forbear.
By the same Jove I swear, that made this soul,
Never to yield unto an act so foul.
Help! help!
Sex. These pillows first shall stop thy breath,
If thou but shriekest; hark; how I'll frame thy death.
Luc. For death I care not, so I keep unstain'd
The uncraz'd honour I have yet maintain'd.
Sex. Thou can'st keep neither, for if thou but squeak'st,
Or let'st the least harsh noise jar in my ear,
I'll broach thee on my steel; that done, straight murder
One of thy basest grooms, and lay you both
Grasp'd arm in arm on thy adulterate bed,
Then call in witness of that mechall sin:
So shalt thou die, thy death be scandalous,
Thy name be odious, thy suspected body
Deny'd all funeral rites, and loving Collatine
Shall hate thee even in death: then save all this,
And to thy fortunes add another friend,
Give thy fears comfort, and these torments end.
Luc. I'll die first; and yet hear me, as you're noble:
If all your goodness and best generous thoughts
Be not exil'd your heart, pity, oh pity
The virtues of a woman! mar not that

XUM

Cannot be made again: this once defil'd,
Not all the ocean waves can purify
Or wash my stain away; you seek to soil
That which the radiant splendor of the sun
Cannot make bright again; behold my tears,
Oh think them pearl'd drops, distilled from the heart
Of soul-chaste Lucrece; think them orators,
To plead the cause of absent Collatine, your friend and kinsman.
Sex. Tush, I am obdure.
Luc. Then make my name foul, keep my body pure.
Oh, prince of princes, do but weigh your sin;
Think how much I shall lose, how small you win.
I lose the honour of my name and blood,
Loss Rome's imperial crown cannot make good.
You win the world's shame and all good men's hate;
Oh! would you pleasure buy at such dear rate?
Nor can you term it pleasure, for what is sweet,
Where force and hate, jar and contention, meet?
Weigh but for what 'tis that you urge me still,
To gain a woman's love against her will?
You'll but repent such wrong done a chaste wife,
And think that labour's not worth all your strife;
Curse your hot lust, and say you've wrong'd your friends,
But all the world cannot make me amends.
I took you for a friend, wrong not my trust,
But let these chaste tears quench your fiery lust.
Sex. No, those moist tears contending with my fire,
Quench not my heat, but make it climb much higher;
I'll drag thee hence.
Luc. Oh!
Sex. If thou raise these cries, lodg'd in thy slaughter'd
Arms some base groom dies.
And Rome, that hath admir'd thy name so long,
Shall blot thy death with scandal from my tongue.
Luc. Jove guard my innocence!
Sex. Lucrece, thou art mine,
In spite of Jove and all the powers divine.

[*he bears her out.*

* * * * * * * *

"*Luc.* Mirable.
Maid. Madam.
Luc. Is not my father, old Lucretius, come yet?
Maid. Not yet.

Luc. Nor any from the camp?
Maid. Neither, madam.
Luc. Go, begone, and leave me to the truest grief of heart,
That ever enter'd any matron's breast; Oh!
Maid. Why weep you, lady? alas! why do you stain
Your modest cheeks with these offensive tears?
Luc. Nothing, nay, nothing; oh, you powerful gods,
That should have angel guardants on your throne,
To protect innocence and chastity! oh, why
Suffer you such inhuman massacre
Of harmless virtue? wherefore take you charge
Of sinless souls to see them wounded thus
With rape and violence? or give white innocence
Armour of proof 'gainst sin, or by oppression
Kill virtue quite, and guerdon base transgression.
Is it my fate above all other women?
Or is my sin more heinous than the rest,
That amongst thousands, millions, infinites,
I, only I, should to this shame be born,
To be a stain to women, nature's scorn? oh!
Maid. What ails you, madam? truth, you make me weep
To see you shed salt tears: what hath oppress'd you?
Why is your chamber hung with mourning black?
Your habit sable, and your eyes thus swoln
With ominous tears; alas! what troubles you?
Luc. I am not sad: thou didst deceive thyself;
I did not weep, there's nothing troubles me:
But wherefore dost thou blush?
Maid. Madam, not I.
Luc. Indeed, thou didst,
And in that blush my guilt thou didst betray;
How cam'st thou by the notice of my sin?
Maid. What sin?
Luc. My blot, my scandal, and my shame:
O Tarquin! thou my honour did'st betray;
Disgrace, no time, no age, can wipe away; oh!
Maid. Sweet lady, cheer yourself; I'll fetch my viol,
And see if I can sing you fast asleep:
A little rest would wear away this passion.
Luc. Do what thou wilt, I can command no more;
Being no more a woman, I am now
Devote to death and an inhabitant
Of th' other world: these eyes must ever weep
Till fate hath clos'd them with eternal sleep.

XUM

Not the least singular part of this play is the songs, which are freely introduced, and somewhat too freely expressed. Some of them are strange and fantastical productions, and one is written in a sort of Dutch jargon. Three of them, however, we consider worth a place here. Valerius is the great master of harmony "amongst the Roman peers."

The first is a wild, pretty thing, though not very pregnant with meaning.

"Now what is love? I will thee tell:
It is the fountain and the well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell:
It is perhaps the sansing bell,
That rings all into heaven or hell,
And this is love, and this is love, as I hear tell.

Now what is love I will you show:
A thing that creeps and cannot go,
A prize that passeth to and fro,
A thing for me, a thing for mo,
And he that proves shall find it so;
And this is love, and this is love, sweet friend, I trow."

The second is very beautiful of its kind, and extremely melodious.

"Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air blow soft, mount lark aloft,
To give my love good morrow.
Wings from the wind, to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow:
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
To give my love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin red-breast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each bill, let music shrill
Give my fair love good morrow.
Blackbird and thrush, in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

The next appears to have been a favourite with the author if we may judge from the circumstance of his having also introduced it in the "Challenge for Beauty." It is on national predilection, and is an odd and at the same time an amusing collection of contrasts.

"The Spaniard loves his ancient slop,
The Lombard his Venetian,
And some like breechless women go,
The Russ, Turk, Jew, and Grecian:
The thrifty Frenchman wears small waist,
The Dutch his belly boasteth,
The Englishman is for them all,
And for each fashion coasteth.

The Turk in linen wraps his head,
The Persian his in lawn too,
The Russ with sables furs his cap,
And change will not be drawn to:
The Spaniard's constant to his block,
The French inconstant ever,
But of all felts that can be felt,
Give me your English beaver.

The German loves his coney-wool,
The Irishman his shag too,
The Welsh his Monmouth loves to wear,
And of the same will brag too.
Some love the rough, and some the smooth,
Some great and others small things;
But, oh, your lecherous Englishman,
He loves to deal in all things.

The Russ drinks quass; Dutch, Lubeck beer,
And that is strong and mighty;
The Briton he metheglin quaffs,
The Irish aqua vitæ;
The French affects the Orleans grape,
The Spaniard tastes his sherry,
The English none of these can 'scape,
But he with all makes merry.

The Italian in her high chopine,
Scotch lass, and lovely Frow too,

The Spanish Donna, French Madam,
He will not fear to go to;
Nothing so full of hazard dread,
Nought lives above the centre,
No fashion, health, no wine, no wench,
On which he dare not venture."

In this play there is a strange mixture of the solemn and ludicrous. Heywood has assigned to most of the honest patricians of Rome an assumed gaiety, a reckless spirit of merriment, a love of "merry tunes, which have no mirth in them;" all to hide the discontent and sorrow which lurk beneath; but, instead of making them merry patricians, he has overstepped the modesty of nature, and converted them into vulgar buffoons, and invested them with the livery of fools.

The next play we shall notice, is "The English Traveller;" a production which abounds with good scenes, good writing, and excellent sentiment, and is distinguished by pure, gentle, and attractive characters—Heywood's characters. "His country gentlemen," says the writer before quoted, "are exactly what we see (but of the best kind we see) in life:" we should say, that they are what we might, rather than what we do, see in real life. They are perfectly natural, and yet appear to belong to a superior order to any which we see in ordinary life, not in reach of intellect, but in sweetness of disposition and perfection of moral character, the influence of which is diffused over the whole of the dialogues of his best plays. They are calculated, as we have before intimated, to make us wiser and better. We might instance, for example, Mr. Generous, in "The Lancashire Witches," a play in which Heywood was assisted by Brome; in two or three characters in "The Woman killed with Kindness;" and in Young Geraldine, in "The English Traveller." The chief and most interesting part of this play turns on the following circumstances:—Young Geraldine, on his return from travel, visits his father's friend, Wincot, a kind-hearted, honest old gentleman, who has married a young lady, formerly the traveller's playmate, and whom it had been reported, previously to his going abroad, he was to have married. Without children himself, Wincot has the utmost fondness for Young Geraldine, and when he is present can hardly bear to hear any other person speak; he desires him to command his house, servants, &c.;—in short, treats him like a son.

The following scene is as admirable for beauty and simplicity, and for noble innocence of feeling, as it is felicitous in diction. Such a colloquy might well have occurred in the golden age of the world. It is between Geraldine and Wincot's wife.

" *Y. Ger.* We now are left alone.
Wife. Why, say we be, who should be jealous of us?
This is not first of many hundred nights,
That we two have been in private, from the first
Of our acquaintance: when our tongues but clipp'd
Our mother's tongue, and could not speak it plain,
We knew each other: as in stature, so
Increas'd our sweet society: since your travel,
And my late marriage, through my husband's love,
Midnight hath been as midday, and my bed-chamber
As free to you, as your own father's house.
And you as welcome to't.
Y. Ger. I must confess,
It is in you, your noble courtesy;
In him, a more than common confidence,
And, in this age, can scarce find precedent.
Wife. Most true: it is withal an argument,
That both our virtues are so deep impress'd
In his good thoughts, he knows we cannot err.
Y. Ger. A villain were he to deceive such trust,
Or (were there one) a much worse character.
Wife. And she no less, whom either beauty, youth,
Time, place, or opportunity, could tempt,
To injure such a husband.
Y. Ger. You deserve,
Even for his sake, to be for ever young;
And he for yours, to have his youth renew'd;
So mutual is your true conjugal love.
Yet had the fates so pleas'd—
Wife. I know your meaning:
It was once voic'd, that we two should have match'd;
The world so thought, and many tongues so spake;
But heaven hath now dispos'd us otherwise;
And being as it is, (a thing in me,
Which I protest was never wish'd nor sought),
Now done, I not repent it.
Y. Ger. In those times,
Of all the treasures of my hopes, and love,
You were th' exchequer, they were stor'd in you;
And had not my unfortunate travel cross'd them,
They had been here reserved still.
Wife. Troth they had,
I should have been your trusty treasurer.
Y. Ger. However, let us love still, I entreat;

That, neighbourhood and breeding will allow;
So much the laws divine and human both,
'Twixt brother and a sister, will approve:
Heaven then forbid, that they should limit us
Wish well to one another.

Wife. If they should not,
We might proclaim they were not charitable,
Which were a deadly sin but to conceive.

Y. Ger. Will ye resolve me one thing?

Wife. As to one,
That in my bosom hath a second place,
Next to my dear husband.

Y. Ger. That's the thing I crave,
And only that; to have a place next him.

Wife. Presume on that already; but perhaps,
You mean to stretch it further.

Y. Ger. Only thus far:
Your husband's old, to whom my soul doth wish
A Nestor's age; so much he merits from me:
Yet if (as proof and nature daily teach,
Men cannot always live, especially
Such as are old and crazed) he be call'd hence,
Fairly, in full maturity of time,
And we two be reserv'd to after-life,
Will you confer your widowhood on me?

Wife. You ask the thing I was about to beg;
Your tongue hath spoke mine own thoughts.

Y. Ger. Vow to that.

Wife. As I hope mercy.

Y. Ger. 'Tis enough; that word
Alone instates me happy; now, so please you,
We will divide; you to your private chamber,
I to find out my friend.

Wife. Nay, Master Geraldine,
One ceremony rests yet unperform'd;
My vow is pass'd, your oath must next proceed;
And as you covet to be sure of me,
Of you I would be certain.

Y. Ger. Make ye doubt?

Wife. No doubt; but love's still jealous, and in that
To be excus'd; you then shall swear by heaven,
And as in all future acts, you hope
To thrive and prosper; as the day may yield
Comfort, or the night rest; as you would keep

Entire the honour of your father's house,
And free your name from scandal and reproach;
By all the goodness that you hope to enjoy,
Or ill to shun———————
Y. Ger. You charge me deeply, lady.
Wife. Till that day come, you shall reserve yourself
A single man; converse nor company
With any woman; contract nor combine
With maid, or widow; which expected hour,
As I do wish not haste, so when it happens,
It shall not come unwelcome; you hear all;
Vow this.
Y. Ger. By all that you have said, I swear,
And by this kiss confirm. [*Kisses her.*
Wife. You're now my brother:
But then my second husband."

Geraldine introduces his friend Delavel; Delavel conceives a passion for the wife, and proves a villain; he insinuates into the mind of Geraldine's father, that his son's visits to Wincot were neither consistent with his own honour, nor the lady's reputation. Old Geraldine takes the alarm, and prevails upon his son to promise that he will cease his visits to Wincot. The latter, surprised at his unusual absence, and ignorant of the cause, urges him to renew the intercourse, or, at least, satisfy him as to the cause of his staying away for so long a time, and proposes a private meeting for that purpose. An appointment is accordingly made at Wincot's house, at a time when the family have retired to rest. They meet, and Geraldine proceeds to explain the cause of his absence.

"*Y. Ger.* Then I proceed, with due acknowledgment
Of all your more than many courtesies;
You've been my second father; and your wife,
My noble and chaste mistress; all your servants
At my command; and this, your bounteous table,
As free and common as my father's house;
Neither 'gainst any, or the least of these,
Can I commence just quarrel.
Winc. What might then be
The cause of this constraint, in thus absenting
Yourself from such as love you?
Y. Ger. Out of many,
I will propose some few; the care I have
Of your (as yet unblemished) renown;

The untouch'd honour of your virtuous wife;
And (which I value least, yet dearly too)
My own fair reputation.
Winc. How can these
In any way be questioned?
Y. Ger. Oh, dear sir,
Bad tongues have been too busy with us all;
Of which I never yet had time to think,
But with sad thoughts and griefs unspeakable;
It hath been whispered by some wicked ones,
But loudly thunder'd in my father's ears,
By some that have malign'd our happiness,
(Heaven, if it can brook slander, pardon them!)
That this my customary coming hither,
Hath been to base and sordid purposes;
To wrong your bed; injure her chastity;
And be mine own undoer: which how false—
Winc. As heaven is true, I know it.
Y. Ger. Now this calumny
Arriving first unto my father's ears,
His easy nature was induc'd to think,
That these strange things might, perhaps, be possible:
I answered him, as I would do to heaven,
And clear'd myself in his suspicious thoughts,
As truly as the high all-knowing judge
Shall of these stains acquit me, which are merely
Aspersions and untruths: the good old man
(Possess'd with my sincerity, and yet careful
Of your renown, her honour, and my fame)
To stop the worst that scandal could inflict,
And to prevent false rumours, charges me,
The cause remov'd to take away the effect;
Which only could be, to forbear your house,
And this upon his blessing: you hear all.
Winc. And I of all acquit you. This, your absence,
(With which my love most cavil'd) orators
In your behalf. Had such things past betwixt you,
Not threats nor chidings could have driven you hence.
It pleads in your behalf, and speaks in hers;
And arms me with a double confidence,
Both of your friendship, and her loyalty:
I am happy in you both, and only doubtful
Which of you two doth most impart my love.
You shall not hence to night.

Y. Ger. Pray pardon, sir.
Winc. You are in your lodging.
Y. Ger. But my father's charge.
Winc. My conjuration shall dispense with that ;
You may be up as early as you please,
But hence to night you shall not.
Y. Ger. You are powerful.
Winc. This night, of purpose, I have parted beds,
Feigning myself not well, to give you meeting ;
Nor can be ought suspected by my wife,
I have kept all so private : now 'tis late,
I'll steal up to my rest. But, howsoever,
Let's not be strange in writing ; that way daily
We may confer without the least suspect,
In spite of all such base calumnious tongues ;
So now good night, sweet friend. [*exit.*
Y. Ger. May he that made you
So just and good, still guard you ! Not to bed,
So I, perhaps, might oversleep myself,
And then my tardy waking might betray me
To the more early household ; thus as I am,
I'll rest me on this pallet ; but in vain,
I find no sleep can fasten on mine eyes,
There are in this disturbed brain of mine
So many mutinous fancies. This, to me,
Will be a tedious night ; how shall I spend it ?
No book that I can spy ? no company ?
A little let me recollect myself :
Oh, what more wish'd company can I find,
Suiting the apt occasion, time and place,
Than the sweet contemplation of her beauty ;
And the fruition too, time may produce,
Of what is yet lent out ? 'Tis a sweet lady,
And every way accomplish'd : hath mere accident
Brought me thus near, and I not visit her ;
Should it arrive her ear, perhaps might breed
Our lasting separation ; for 'twixt lovers,
No quarrel's to unkindness : sweet opportunity
Offers prevention, and invites me to't :
The house is known to me, the stairs and rooms ;
The way unto her chamber frequently
Trodden by me at midnight, and all hours :
How joyful to her would a meeting be,
So strange and unexpected ; shadowed too

Beneath the veil of night: I am resolved
To give her visitation, in that place
Where we have past deep vows, her bed-chamber."

The attempt puts him in possession of fatal information —he hears the wife and Delavel converse in a manner which leaves no room to doubt the nature of their connection. He determines to travel once more; but before he quits the country, he cannot refuse to pay a parting visit to his friend Wincot, who prepares a little feast for him. Geraldine studiously avoids both his mistress and his false friend. The former, however, seeks for, and succeeds in gaining, an occasion of speaking to him in private. The result is disclosed in the following extract:

" *Wife.* You are sad, sir.
Y. Ger. I know no cause.
Wife. Then can I show you some:
Who would be otherwise, to leave a father
So careful, and each way so provident?
To leave so many, and such worthy friends?
To abandon your own country? These are some:
Nor do I think you can be much the merrier
For my sake.
Y. Ger. Now your tongue speaks oracles;
For all the rest are nothing: 'tis for you,
Only for you I cannot.
Wife. So I thought:
Why then have you been all this while so strange?
Why will you travel? suing a divorce
Betwixt us, of a love inseparable;
For here shall I be left as desolate
Unto a frozen, almost widowed bed;
Warm'd only in that future, stor'd in you;
For who can in your absence comfort me?
Y. Ger. (*Aside.*) Shall my oppressed sufferance yet break forth
Into impatience, or endure her more?
Wife. But since by no persuasion, no entreats,
Your settled obstinacy can be sway'd;
Though you seem desperate of your own dear life,
Have care of mine, for it exists in you.
Oh, sir, should you miscarry I were lost,
Lost and forsaken; then by our past vows,
And by this hand once given me, by these tears,
Which are but springs begetting greater flood,

I do beseech thee, my dear Geraldine,
Look to thy safety, and preserve thy health;
Have care into what company you fall;
Travel not late, and cross no dangerous seas;
For till heaven bless me in thy safe return,
How will this poor heart suffer?

Y. Ger. (*Aside.*) I had thought
Long since the syrens had been all destroy'd;
But one of them I find survives in her:
She almost makes me question what I know,
An heretic unto my own belief:
Oh, thou mankind's seducer!

Wife. What, no answer?

Y. Ger. Yes, thou hast spoke to me in showers
I will reply in thunder! Thou, adultress!
Thou hast more poison in thee than the serpent,
Who was the first that did corrupt thy sex,
The devil.

Wife. To whom speaks the man?

Y. Ger. To thee,
Falsest of all that ever man term'd fair:
Hath impudence so steel'd thy smooth soft skin,
It cannot blush? or sin so obdur'd thy heart,
It doth not quake and tremble? Search thy conscience,
There thou shalt find a thousand clamorous tongues
To speak as loud as mine doth.

Wife. Save from yours,
I hear no noise at all.

Y. Ger. I'll play the doctor
To open thy deaf ears: Monday, the ninth
Of the last month; canst thou remember that?
That night more black in thy abhorred sin,
Than in the gloomy darkness; that the time.

Wife. Monday?

Y. Ger. Wouldst thou the place know? Thy polluted chamber,
So often witness of my sinless vows:
Wouldest thou the person? One not worthy name;
Yet to torment thy guilty soul the more,
I'll tell him thee, that monster Delavel;
Wouldst thou your bawd know? Midnight, that the hour?
The very words thou spake? *Now what would Geraldine*
Say, if he saw us here? To which was answered,
Tush! he's a coxcomb, fit to be so fool'd.
No blush? What, no faint fever on thee yet?

How hath thy black sins chang'd thee? Thou Medusa,
Those hairs that late appeared like golden wires,
Now crawl with snakes and adders: thou art ugly!
Wife. And yet my glass, till now, ne'er told me so:
Who gave you this intelligence?
Y. Ger. Only He,
That pitying such innocency as mine,
Should by two such delinquents be betray'd,
He brought me to that place by miracle;
And made me an ear witness of all this.
Wife. I am undone!
Y. Ger. But think what thou hast lost
To forfeit me: I not withstanding these,
(So fix'd was my love and unutterable)
I kept this from thy husband; nay, all ears;
With thy transgressions smothering mine own wrongs,
In hope of thy repentance.
Wife. Which begins,
Thus low upon my knees.
Y. Ger. Tush! bow to heaven,
Which thou hast most offended: I, alas!
(Save in such scarce unheard-of treachery)
Most sinful like thyself. Wherein, oh, wherein,
Hath my unspotted and unbounded love
Deserv'd the least of these? Sworn to be made
A stale for term of life; and this for my goodness:
Die, and die soon; acquit me of my oath;
But prithee die repentant; farewell ever!
'Tis thou, and only thou, hast banish'd me,
Both from my friends and country.
Wife. Oh, I am lost."

We cannot omit that most amusing description of a land shipwreck, which gave Cowley the hint for his *Naufragium Joculare.*

" *Y. Ger.* In the height of their carousing, all their brains
Warm'd with the heat of wine, discourse was offered
Of ships, and storms at sea; when suddenly,
Out of his wild giddyness, one conceives
The room wherein they quaff'd to be a pinnace,
Moving and floating; and the confused noise
To be the murmuring winds, gusts, mariners;
That their unstedfast footing did proceed

From rocking of the vessel; this conceiv'd,
Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
And to look out for safety. Fly, saith one,
Up to the main-top, and discover; he
Climbs by the bed-post, to the tester, there
Reports a turbulent sea and tempest towards;
And wills them, if they'll save their ship and lives,
To cast their lading overboard. At this
All fall to work, and hoist into the street,
As to the sea, what next come to their hand,
Stools, tables, tressels, trenchers, bedsteads, cups,
Pots, plates, and glasses: here a fellow whistles;
They take him for the boatswain; one lies struggling
Upon the floor, as if he swam for life:
A third takes the bass-viol for the cock-boat,
Sits in the belly on't, labours and rows;
His oar, the stick with which the fiddler play'd:
A fourth bestrides his fellows, thinking to 'scape
As did Arion, on the dolphin's back,
Still fumbling on a gittern.

Clown. Excellent sport!

Winc. But what was the conclusion?

Y. Ger. The rude multitude
Watching without, and gaping for the spoil
Cast from the windows, went by th' ears about it;
The constable is called to atone the broil,
Which done, and hearing such a noise within,
Of imminent shipwreck, enters the house, and finds them
In this confusion: they adore his staff,
And think it Neptune's trident; and that he
Came with his Tritons, (so they call'd his watch,)
To calm the tempest, and appease the waves:
And at this point we left them."

"The Challenge for Beauty," the next play of our author which we shall notice, is founded upon the following incidents: Isabella, the imperious queen of Spain and Portugal, arrogates to herself the perfection of beauty and virtue, and inflicts the penalty of banishment on Bonavida, an honest nobleman, for not assenting to the justice of her claims. The sentence is to continue in force until such time as he can produce the equal of the royal paragon. He travels far and near, but without success, until he sets his foot upon the shores of England, and there he meets with the object of his search, in the person of the beautiful Hellena. He is smitten with her charm

her his hand, and, in due season, is accepted. It is necessary, however, that he should return to Spain, to make arrangements for redeeming his sentence, and on his departure he leaves her a ring, with a strict injunction not to part with it, on any consideration whatever. He arrives in his native country, unfolds the success of his search, is required to produce the formidable rival of royalty, and on his failure to do so, is thrown into prison. Meanwhile, the jealous Isabella despatches Pineda and Centella, two base courtiers, to England, to try to obtain possession of the ring which Bonavida had given to Hellena, and on the obtaining of which he had offered to rest the issue of his cause. On their arrival in England, one of them makes love to her maid, and persuades her to steal the ring, which she succeeds in doing, whilst her mistress is washing her hands. She delivers it to her pretended lover, who immediately flies with it to Spain, as an indisputable proof of the inconstancy of Hellena. The queen triumphs in the success of her stratagem;—Bonavida is brought out of prison, to be a witness of the shame of his mistress, which is proclaimed by the two emissaries, and proved by the production of the ring, the identity of which Bonavida acknowledges. For his insolent disparagement of the sovereign of beauty and virtue, he is condemned to death. At the appointed time, every thing being prepared, and the executioner ready to do his office, Hellena, to whom the deceived maid had confessed the fraud which had been practised upon her, and who has shrewd suspicion of the source of it, appears on the spot.

"*Hel.* Stay!
Isab. Who interrupts our justice?
Hel. As you are royal,
And worthy of those honours arch your head,
Defer that bloody business now in hand,
To right an injured woman.
Sebast. A lovely and sweet presence.
Isab. A rare aspect! had she a suiting virtue,
Pineda, I should half suspect my challenge,
And willingly compound.
Pin. Most divine princess,
Should they meet here, I should not blame your fears,
Since th' one appears to be incomparable.
Sebast. What seek you from this throne?
Hel. That in which kings
Resemble most the gods: justice.
Isab. 'Gainst whom!

Hel. Against a felon, robber, a base thief,
Harbour'd in this your court.
Sebast. If such live here,
As we are king, we banish him our patronage,
And yield him up to sentence: first, fair creature,
Give us your name, your birth, and quality.
Hel. My nation foreign: birth, not high degree'd,
Nor every way ignoble: for my quality,
Some that presume to know me, call me libertine,
Wanton, and wild wench; nay, a courtezan:
But were I looser than e'er Lais was,
It should not bar me justice.
Sebast. Thou shalt have't.
Pin. You keep your own yet, madam.
Isab. And of that,
Pineda, I am proud, infinite proud!
I ne'er was pleas'd with any since, till now;
It makes me still unpeer'd.
Sebast. Speak, what's your wrong?
Hel. See you this pantofle?
'Twas a rich pair, till the base felony
Of one of this your court divided them;
For being lodg'd, and nobly entertain'd,
Was not alone content to vitiate
Both fame and body, and to take full surfeit
Of that my prostitution, but, unworthy,
The title of a noble gentleman,
He stole the slipper there, that fellows this,
Valued at no less than a thousand crowns.
Sebast. And cheaply rated too: find out the man,
And be he one enthron'd in our highest grace,
He shall he thine to censure.
Isab. Take survey,
Make strict inquiry, single man by man:
For mine own part, so much I grieve thy loss,
And his base theft abhor, that were he the man
Upon whose shoulder we did use to lean,
Severity should judge him.
Hel. You are all gracious,
And I'll make bold to use the benefit
Of this your clemency.
Sir, look up, you are no whit like the man.
Bon. (*Aside.*) But she the woman,
For whom the sword thus thirsts: Is this a vision?

Or else some waking dream?
Hel. (*To Pin.*) And have I found thee, villain?
Think'st thou, majesty
Can be protection for a common thief?
This is that base felonious impudent,
Shame to his nation, scandal to his birth,
And a disgrace unto that royal court,
In which he seems protected.
Pin. Ha! who, I?
Isab. Pineda guilty; shall we bolster theft,
And patronage dishonour?
Hel. Justice, queen;
Justice, great sir: let not this high tribunal,
So famous by that virgin sent from heaven,
That bears the sword and balance, now be tax'd
Of favour, or connivance.
Sebast. As we hope,
To be held worthy of the crown we wear,
Thou shalt not find us partial.
Isab. Hence, from us!
For till thou canst approve thine innocence,
And clear this black aspersion thrown on thee,
We here abandon thee to the severity
Of the law's rigorous censure.
Pin. You amaze me,
Nor know I what this means.
Hel. I challenge then this man for stealing from me
The fellow to this slipper.
Pin. Of which crime,
I here protest me clear: name the time when.
Hel. That night, when I became thy paramour,
Breasted thee, in these arms receiv'd thee
Into my free embraces, and imparted
The lavish store of such voluptuous sweets,
I lent with all profuseness.
Pin. I do this!
Madam, by all my favours stor'd in you,
I never look'd upon that face till now;
Nor do I know what this impostor means.
Hel. What saith my page to this?
Maid. That 'tis most false:
And, what my lady here protests for true,
That noble sir (*pointing to Cent.*) can witness, as a man
To all his unjust actions accessary.

Cent. Produce me as a party? May this presence,
And awful throne, 'fore whom I stand accus'd,
Pronounce me as a man forsook and lost,
If, in the least of what these two suggest,
I have the smallest knowledge.
Sebast. Both ways strange.
Pin. Bring me in censure? by that royalty,
Beneath whose grace I breathe, she is to me
As foreign as an Indian; and her cause
As far from my acquaintance: by my life,
Which ne'er before a more royal court
Could have been call'd in question, what she is,
I know not: of what nation, birth, degree;
How, or from whence deriv'd, what continent,
Or from what place she's come; she may be Turk,
But Moor she cannot be, she is so fair:
She's strange to me, yet somewhat should I say:
To *breast* with *her!* I might as well have done it
With a bear, or lioness: madam, with her
I vow I never did.
Hel. Give me thy oath of that.
Pin. I can, and dare.
Cent. And I as willingly,
That I was never second to a man,
In any such false business.
Hel. Let them swear.
Isab. They shall.
Pin. We will.
Bon. This is a conflict worse
Than in the sad duel 'tween death and life,
When neither's certain: both in difficulty—
As it is now with me! I pray ha' done
That I were posted to your country! there
To finish all my travels.
Hel. Both have sworn:
And princes, as you hope to crown your heads
With that perpetual wreath which shall last ever,
Cast on a poor dejected innocent virgin
Your cries of grace and pity: what sin is't,
Or who can be the patron of such evil,
That a poor innocent maid, spotless in thought,
And pure in heart, born without spleen and gall,
That never injur'd creature, never had heart
To think of wrong, or ponder injury;

That such a one in her white innocence,
Striving to live in the peculiar compass
Of her own virtues, notwithstanding these,
Should be sought out by strangers; persecuted,
Made infamous, even there where she was made
For imitation; hiss'd at in her country,
Abandon'd of her mother, kindred, friends;
Deprav'd in foreign climes, scorn'd every where,
And even in princes' courts reputed vile;
O pity, pity this!

Sebast. Thou speak'st enigmas, woman, and hast need
To find a sphinx to explain them.

Hel. Then behold
The strangest calling [now] impos'd on me
That e'er was laid on virgin: I am she
For whom this noble sir hath undertook,
And wrongly stands convicted; this that body,
So stain'd and sullied by these barb'rous tongues,
That even in scolding lies justice; for heav'n
Hath forc'd them to swear truth: *they never saw me,*—
How am I then polluted, gracious queen?
How can such find competitors in virtue,
That will not give it countenance? had those murder'd me,
(As they have kill'd my fame, and havock'd that)
A pity'd and crown'd martyr I had dy'd,
That am in censure now, a condemn'd heretic,
And mere apostate to all womanhood,
And (what I ever made my precedent)
Sincerity and goodness: Villains, blush!
And, sir, outgaze their falsehood: queen, be just;
Lest in the ocean of that prize you steal,
You shipwreck all your glories.

Sebast. 'Tis most strange.

Isab. We know you not,
Give us some lively instance you're the woman.

Hel. How should I know that ring to be the same
Of which my credulous maid was by these two
Cheated and robb'd, most treacherously betray'd?
That carkanet you wear, peruse it well,
Hath both my name and picture; marks sufficient
To prove me no impostor. (*Pin. and Cent. fall on their knees.*)
Doth your guilt
Bow you so low already? let your penitence
There stay you, lest your sin's weight cleave the earth,

And sink you down to hell.
Bon. What prostrates them
Mounts me to expectations: my bless'd choice!
Now I have seen thy apparent innocence,
Queen, I shall die contented.
Isab. Oh, till now,
I never thought to be vanquished."

"The Challenge for Beauty" is full of action and interest, and possesses a great variety of well-discriminated characters; the arrogant and vain-glorious Isabella, the vivacious vanity of Petrocella, and the noble innocence and enterprise of Hellena, amongst the female, and the weak and yielding king and his lying courtiers, the mixture of boasting and pride, with high honour, in Valladaura, and the fierce contempt and rigid integrity of Mountferrers, amongst the male characters, form altogether a varied and pleasing group.

There is great vivacity in this performance, and sometimes considerable smartness of repartee; as for example, in the following scene between Petrocella and Valladaura, an old lover just returned from a cruise, and Aldana, the lady's foolish old father.

"*Pet.* Come, be not passionate: though I know both my worth and beauty, and understand what orb they move into, I am not so much infected with that same court-sickness, philautia, or self-love, to scorn the service of any generous spirit.

Ald. How, neither for thy profit, nor thy father's honour?

Pet. In sober conference then, what bounded service have you ever done my beauty, that may challenge the least interest in my love?

Val. As many as man can: I writ myself
(And truly) lover ere I could write man;
Passing my service, as a star where she
The best idea of thy glorious feature,
Drawn by the curious working of my thoughts,
Gave me the better, I put out to sea,
And there- ——
Pet. What did you?
Ald. For thy honour now,
What didst at sea?
Val. As much as any man———
Ald. That did no more than thou didst; thy further honour still!
Val. Somewhat I did; but what, let these deep wounds

Undress'd and unbound up deliver.

Pet. They are tongue-ty'd, and cannot speak for blushing; pretty ornaments for a soldier: how came you by them trow? honestly?

Val. As noble Hector did by his, but by
An enemy far more valiant than his.

Ald. I like that well; thy further honour still?

Val. At sea I met with a bold man of war,
And somewhat more, an Englishman: Oh had
Your eye (but fate deny'd that blessedness)
Witness'd our bearing, and how far the thought
Of you and your rare beauty carried me
Above my strength———

Pet. I should have said what you are forced to acknowledge, that my beauty had been the better man.

Ald. I am proud of that, thy further honour still?

Pet. All this while you are beholden to my beauty, and I nothing in debt to your valour, which, for ought I gather, is nothing at all.

Val. Nothing, to enter and hold single combat
With such a daring opposite? nothing, to take
These dangerous wounds, and bring them home undress'd?

Pet. 'Twas I confess somewhat to take these wounds; yet in my mind he that gives the cognizance has more reason to boast of it, than he that wears it: shew me the man that gave you these wounds, and I'll commend his valour.

Ald. For giving of 'em? Knight, there's small honour in taking of 'em though, in my judgment: but what was he?

Val. A man whose noble valour I must speak.

Pet. Good reason, he has paid you soundly for't aforehand.

Val. In love and honour I shall ever serve him.

Pet. So I thought, for you wear a livery of his, cut to the skin and lined with crimson: had you gi'n't him, I should have ta'en you for the master. But, pardon me, I soar too high for a serving man: your ear; I am modest: away! hie to the suburbs, bribe some honest barber-surgeon to wash off your dishonour and heal your infamy.

"The Royal King and Loyal Subject" is a good play, without possessing any very striking scenes, but we cannot say so much for the moral of it.—It is a perfect sample of loyal non-resistance—of passive obedience pushed to its extreme verge; it is not the case of a pliant sycophant—a mere court nonentity, the contempt which must accompany whose all-complying nature would have been a sufficient equipoise to his slavish obedience; but it is that of a magnanimous, valiant, and discreet gentleman, who is as blindly submissive as the most

absolute despot could desire. Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "The Royal Subject" bears a considerable resemblance to this play, "The Loyal Subject," of Heywood. The substance of the story is, that certain noble persons about court, jealous of the virtues, fame, and kingly favour which the marshal, "the loyal subject," enjoys, endeavour to prejudice the royal mind against him. They succeed so far as to induce the royal, or tyrant king to prove him—to put his virtue, that is his power of bearing and forbearing, to the severest test which royal ingenuity can devise. The king first strips him of all his offices, one by one, and in the most public and contemptuous manner bestows them upon his unworthy enemies, and then banishes him from court. Understanding that the marshal has two daughters, the king despatches a nobleman with a command for him to send to court her of the two who is the most dear to him. The marshal sends the elder, who, by her beauty and grace, gains the affections of majesty, and is made his queen. The marshal, who foresaw this event, had instructed his daughter, when she found herself pregnant, to speak of the superior beauty of her sister, and the greater affection which the marshal had for her. Hereupon his majesty, in seeming rage, packs off his queen to her father, and requires the other daughter to be sent to him. The marshal delays complying with this requisition (the only instance of his disobedience,) for three months. At last, he sends the queen crowned, accompanied with a double dowry, and attended by her sister to court, he himself remaining at a convenient distance, and begging permission to present his majesty with a more valuable present than any thing he had yet sent. The king consents—the marshal approaches, and presents a magnificent cradle and a young prince.—A reconciliation takes place, and the marshal receives a king's daughter for his wife,—but his probation does not end here—he undergoes a public trial, and, that having terminated in his triumph, and the discomfiture of his enemies, the scene closes.

As we have rather a long extract to give from another of Heywood's plays, we shall not attempt to illustrate our observations on this play by any quotation from it, but proceed at once to the best known and best of his plays,—"A Woman killed with Kindness." This is the most tearful of tragedies; the most touching in story; the most pathetic in detail;—it raises, in the reader's breast, "a sea of troubles;" a sympathy the most engrossing; a grief the most profound. We are overwhelmed with the emotion of the unhappy sufferers, and are carried along in the stream of distress, incapable of resistance, and unconscious of any thing but the scene before us. If the miserable termination of a guilty connection can ever

serve as an example to those who are still innocent, the unparalleled agony, the immedicable wound

> " which no cooling herb,
> Or med'cinal liquor can assuage,
> Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp,"

exhibited in this tragedy, must serve as an awful beacon to warn the pure and inexperienced. The most phlegmatic in feeling, the most obtuse in understanding, cannot remain unaffected; it must emphatically come home to men's business and bosoms. The subject of this domestic tragedy, the conjugal infidelity of Mrs. Frankford, is pretty much the same as that of " The English Traveller," but is infinitely more distressing in its details. Mrs. Frankford is represented as a pure and good woman, and yet she surrenders at discretion, or rather at indiscretion, hardly making a shew of resistance. It must be admitted, that the tempter sustains his cause in a very artful manner, with many a glozing wile; but yet the conquest appears unnaturally precipitate. This, however, does not at all diminish the interest, or intensity, of the scenes which follow. The under plot of this play is also of an interesting and affecting kind. The occasional rhyme, with which some, even the most solemn passages, canter off, gives an unpleasant jerk to the course of our feelings; it causes too violent a change in the measure and produces a disagreeable effect.

The passages we are about to quote immediately succeed the discovery of the guilty connection between Mrs. Frankford and Wendoll, the creature of Mr. Frankford's bounty. They need no commentary, and we shall not weaken their effect by another word. They will form an appropriate conclusion to a paper on Heywood's plays.

Mr. Frankford discovers that his Wife has been unfaithful to him.

Mrs. Fra. O by what words, what title, or what name
Shall I entreat your pardon? Pardon! oh!
I am as far from hoping such sweet grace,
As Lucifer from heaven! To call you husband!
(O me most wretched!) I have lost that name,
I am no more your wife.

Fran. Spare thou thy tears, for I will weep for thee.
And keep thy countenance, for I'll blush for thee.
Now, I protest, I think, 'tis I am tainted,
For I am most asham'd; and 'tis more hard
For me to look upon thy guilty face,

Than on the sun's clear brow: what would'st thou speak?
Mrs. Fra. I would I had no tongue, no ears, no eyes,
No apprehension, no capacity.
When do you spurn me like a dog? when tread me
Under feet? when drag me by the hair?
Tho' I deserve a thousand thousand fold
More than you can inflict: yet, once my husband,
For womanhood, to which I am a shame,
Though once an ornament; even for his sake
That hath redeem'd our souls, mark not my face,
Nor hack me with your sword: but let me go
Perfect and undeformed to my tomb.
I am not worthy that I should prevail
In the least suit; no, not to speak to you,
Nor look on you, nor be in your presence:
Yet as an abject this one suit I crave,
This granted, I am ready for my grave.
Fran. My God, with patience arm me! rise, nay rise,
And I'll debate with thee. Was it for want
Thou play'dst the strumpet? Wast thou not supply'd
With every pleasure, fashion, and new toy;
Nay, even beyond my calling?
Mrs. Fra. I was.

* * * * * *

Fran. Did not I lodge thee in my bosom?
Wear thee in my heart?
Mrs. Fra. You did.
Fran. I did, indeed; witness my tears, I did.
Go bring my infants hither. O Nan, O Nan;
If neither fear of shame, regard of honour,
The blemish of my house, nor my dear love,
Could have withheld thee from so lewd a fact,
Yet for these infants, these young harmless souls,
On whose white brows thy shame is character'd,
And grows in greatness as they wax in years;
Look but on them, and melt away in tears.
Away with them; lest as her spotted body
Hath stain'd their names with stripe of bastardy,
So her adulterous breath may blast their spirits
With her infectious thoughts. Away with them.
Mrs. Fra. In this one life I die ten thousand deaths.
Fran. Stand up, stand up, I will do nothing rashly.

I will retire a while into my study,
And thou shalt hear thy sentence presently. [*exit.*

He returns with Cranwel, his friend. She falls on her knees.

Fran. My words are register'd in heaven already.
With patience hear me. I'll not martyr thee,
Nor mark thee for a strumpet; but with usage
Of more humility torment thy soul,
And *kill* thee even with *kindness.*

Cran. Mr. Frankford!

Fran. Good Mr. Cranwel.—Woman, hear thy judgment;
Go make thee ready in thy best attire;
Take with thee all thy gowns, all thy apparel:
Leave nothing that did ever call thee mistress,
Or by whose sight, being left here in the house,
I may remember such a woman was.
Chuse thee a bed and hangings for thy chamber;
Take with thee every thing which hath thy mark,
And get thee to my manor seven miles off;
Where live; 'tis thine, I freely give it thee,
My tenants by shall furnish thee with wains
To carry all thy stuff within two hours;
No longer will I limit thee my sight.
Chuse which of all my servants thou lik'st best,
And they are thine to attend thee.

Mrs. Fra. A mild sentence.

Fran. But as thou hop'st for heaven, as thou believ'st
Thy name's recorded in the book of life,
I charge thee never after this sad day
To see me or to meet me; or to send
By word, or writing, gift, or otherwise,
To move me, by thyself, or by thy friends;
Nor challenge any part in my two children.
So farewell, Nan; for we will henceforth be
As we had never seen, ne'er more shall see.

Mrs. Fra. How full my heart is, in mine eyes appears;
What wants in words, I will supply in tears.

Fran. Come, take your coach, your stuff; all must along:
Servants and all make ready, all be gone.
It was thy hand cut two hearts out of one.

Cranwel, Frankford, and Nicholas, a Servant.

Cran. Why do you search each room about your house,
Now that you have despatch'd your wife away?

Fran. O sir, to see that nothing may be left
That ever was my wife's: I lov'd her dearly,
And when I do but think of her unkindness,
My thoughts are all in hell; to avoid which torment,
I would not have a bodkin nor a cuff,
A bracelet, necklace, or rebato wire,
Nor any thing that ever was called her's,
Left me, by which I might remember her.
Seek round about.

Nic. Here's her lute flung in a corner.

Fran. Her lute? Oh God! upon this instrument
Her fingers have ran quick division,
Swifter than that which now divides our hearts.
These frets have made me pleasant, that have now
Frets of my heart-strings made. O master Cranwel,
Oft hath she made this melancholy wood
(Now mute and dumb for her disastrous chance)
Speak sweetly many a note, sound many a strain
To her own ravishing voice, which being well strung,
What pleasant strange airs have they jointly wrung!
Post with it after her; now nothing's left;
Of her and her's I am at once bereft.

Nicholas overtakes Mrs. Frankford on her journey, and delivers the lute.

Mrs. Fra. I know the lute; oft have I sung to thee:
We both are out of tune, both out of time.

Nic. My master commends him unto ye;
There's all he can find that was ever yours.
He prays you to forget him, and so he bids you farewell.

Mrs. Fra. I thank him, he is kind, and ever was.
All you that have true feeling of my grief,
That know my loss, and have relenting hearts,
Gird me about; and help me with your tears
To wash my spotted sins: my lute shall groan;
It cannot weep, but shall lament my moan.
If you return unto your master, say,
(Tho' not from me, for I am unworthy
To blast his name so with a strumpet's tongue,)
That you have seen me weep, wish myself dead.
Nay you may say too (for my vow is past)
Last night you saw me eat and drink my last.
This to your master you may say and swear:
For it is writ in heaven, and decreed here.

Go break this lute on my coach's wheel,
As the last music that I e'er shall make;
Not as my husband's gift, but my farewell
To all earth's joy; and so your master tell.
Nic. I'll do your commendations.
Mrs. Fra. O no:
I dare not so presume; nor to my children:
I am disclaim'd in both, alas, I am.
O never teach them, when they come to speak,
To name the name of mother; chide their tongue
If they by chance light on that hated word;
Tell them 'tis naught, for when that word they name
(Poor pretty souls) they harp on their own shame.
So, now unto my coach, then to my home,
So to my death-bed; for from this sad hour,
I never will nor eat, nor drink, nor taste
Of any cates that may preserve my life:
I never will nor smile, nor sleep, nor rest.
But when my tears have wash'd my black soul white,
Sweet Saviour! to thy hands I yield my sprite.

Mrs. Frankford (dying). Sir Francis Acton (her brother). Sir Charles Mountford, Mr. Malby, and other of her husband's friends.

Mal. How fare you, Mrs. Frankford?
Mrs. Fra. Sick, sick, O sick: give me some air. I pray
Tell me, oh tell me, where is Mr. Frankford.
Will he not deign to see me, e'er I die?
Mal. Yes, Mrs. Frankford: divers gentlemen
Your loving neighbours, with that just request
Have mov'd and told him of your weak estate:
Who, tho' much ado to get belief,
Examining of the general circumstance,
Seeing your sorrow and your penitence,
And hearing therewithal the great desire
You have to see him e'er you left the world,
He gave to us his faith to follow us;
And sure he will be here immediately.
Mrs. Fra. You have half reviv'd me with the pleasing news:
Raise me a little higher in my bed.
Blush I not, brother Acton? blush I not, Sir Charles?
Can you not read my fault writ in my cheek?
Is not my crime there? tell me, gentlemen.
Char. Alas! good mistress, sickness hath not left you
Blood in your face enough to make you blush.

Mrs. Fra. Then sickness like a friend my fault would hide.
Is my husband come? my soul but tarries
His arrival, then I am fit for heaven.
Acton. I came to chide you, but my words of hate
Are turn'd to pity and compassionate grief.
I came to rate you; but my brawls, you see,
Melt into tears, and I must weep by thee.
Here's Mr. Frankford now.

Mr. Frankford enters.

Fran. Good morrow, brother; morrow, gentlemen:
God, that hath laid this cross upon our heads,
Might (had he pleas'd) have made our cause of meeting
On a more fair and more contented ground:
But he that made us, made us to this woe.
Mrs. Fran. And is he come? methinks that voice I know.
Fran. How do you, woman?
Mrs. Fran. Well, Mr. Frankford, well; but shall be better,
I hope within this hour. Will you vouchsafe
(Out of your grace and your humanity)
To take a spotted strumpet by the hand?
Fran. This hand once held my heart in faster bonds
Than now 'tis grip'd by me. God pardon them
That made us first break hold.
Mrs. Fra. Amen, Amen.
Out of my zeal to heaven, whither I'm now bound,
I was so impudent to wish you here;
And once more beg your pardon. Oh! good man,
And father to my children, pardon me.
Pardon, O pardon me: my fault so heinous is,
That if you in this world forgive it not,
Heaven will not clear it in the world to come.
Faintness hath so usurp'd upon my knees
That kneel I cannot; but on my heart's knees
My prostrate soul lies thrown down at your feet
To beg your gracious pardon. Pardon, O pardon me!
Fran. As freely from the low depth of my soul
As my Redeemer hath for us given his death,
I pardon thee; I will shed tears for thee;
Pray with thee:
And, in mere pity of thy weak estate,
I'll wish to die with thee.
All. So we do all.
Fran. Even as I hope for pardon at that day,
When the great judge of heaven in scarlet sits,

So be thou pardon'd. Tho' thy rash offence
Divorc'd our bodies, thy repentant tears
Unite our souls.
Char. Then comfort, mistress Frankford;
You see your husband hath forgiven your fall;
Then rouse your spirits, and cheer your fainting soul.
Susan. How is it with you?
Acton. How d'ye feel yourself?
Mrs. Fra. Not of this world.
Fran. I see you are not, and I weep to see it.
My wife, the mother to my pretty babes;
Both those lost names I do restore thee back,
And with this kiss I wed thee once again;
Tho' thou art wounded in thy honour'd name,
And with that grief upon thy death-bed liest;
Honest in heart, upon my soul, thou diest.
Mrs. Fra. Pardoned on earth, soul, thou in heaven art free
Once more. Thy wife dies thus embracing thee."

"The Lancashire Witches," which Heywood wrote, in conjunction with Brome; and "Fortune by Land and Sea," a delightful comedy, in which he was assisted by William Rowley; have been purposely omitted in this notice, partly on account of their not being wholly the productions of Heywood, and partly in consequence of the length to which the article has extended without them.

ART. VIII.—ΠΡΟΓΥΜΝΑΣΜΑΤΑ.—*The Inn-Play; or, Cornish Hugg Wrestler. Digested in a Method which teacheth to break all Holds, and throw most Falls mathematically. Easie to be understood by all Gentlemen, &c.; and of great use to such who understand the Small-Sword in Fencing. And by all Tradesmen and Handicrafts, that have competent knowledge of the use of Stilliards, Bar, Crove-Iron, or Lever, with their Hypomochlions, Fulciments, or Baits. By Sir* Thomas Parkyns, *of Bunny, Baronet.*

Luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.
Hor. Ep. Lib. 2. *Ep.* 1. *ad Aug.*

The Second Edition corrected, with large additions. Nottingham: Printed and Sold by William Ayscough, *in Bridlesmithgate,*

and Timothy Goodwin, *Bookseller, over against St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street,* 1714. *Price One Shilling.*

Sir Thomas Parkyns, Bart. of Bunny Park, Nottinghamshire, the author of the ingenious and singular work before us, upon the *Cornish Hugg, or, Inn-Play Wrestling*, was a man who did not content himself with a mere theoretical knowledge of the art which he professed mathematically to teach,—for there was scarcely a sinewy and dangerous problem in his treatise which he had not worked, with his own limbs, upon the Nottinghamshire peasantry of 1690—when he was young, lusty, and learned, and could throw a tenant, combat a paradox, quote Martial, or sign a mittimus, with any man of his own age or county. He was, it will be allowed, a skilful wrestler, a subtle disputant, and a fair scholar,—and with certain eccentricities which he could afford to indulge in, he passed a very reputable life for a baronet;—doing all the good he could to the peasantry of his neighbourhood, both in body and mind;—at once shewing them how to be strong,—and enabling them to be happy!

Before we enter into the merits of this little work upon *Inn-Play Wrestling*—a brief account of the author, Sir Thomas Parkyns, which we have collected from the *History of Nottingham*, and other sources, may not be uninteresting,—particularly as he appears to have been a baronet of no common mould, and to have been famous for certain peculiarities, which have not survived him in any after-race of baronets. To men like ourselves, of contemplative habits, it is like some healthy exercise to reflect only upon the restless gentleman's vehement pursuits;—his Midsummer day's wrestling,—running, and bell-ringing,—enough to have laid the whole baronetage of the present age in their leaden coffins.

Sir Thomas Parkyns was born in the year 1636,—but whether at his paternal seat, Bunny Park, Nottinghamshire, or in London, we are unable to collect; probably in London, as we find him early at Westminster School, wrestling his way through the classics, under the celebrated Dr. Busby. The epigrams of Martial appear, first, to have led him to turn serious thoughts towards wrestling—and he does not relish the poet the less for finding that he himself practised this healthy art, after his daily prayers and family business.

"Rure morans quid agam, respondeo pauca rogatus,
Luce Deos oro, famulos post arva reviso;
Partibus atque meis justos indico labores,
Inde lego, Phœbumque cio, musamque lacesso.
Hinc oleo corpusque frico, mollique palæstra,

Stringo libens, animo gaudens, ac fœnore liber;
Pondero, poto, cano, ludo, lavo, cœno, quiesco.
Dum parvus lychnus modicum consumat olivi:
Hæc dat nocturnis nox lucubrata Camœnis.

"So soon as this epigram of Martial's became my lesson under Dr. Busby, at Westminster school, and that I had truly construed and exactly parsed every word, as we did all our authors, that they might be the better understood, easier got *memoriter*, and without book for our future benefit; and I searching in "Godwin's Roman Antiquities" for the meaning of *oleo corpusq; frico*, I found that wrestling was one of the five Olympic games, and that they oiled their bodies, not only to make their joints more supple and pliable, but that their antagonist might be less capable to take fast hold of them. This, with running, leaping, quoiting, and whorle bars, were the famous and most celebrated games of Greece, continued with great solemnity for five days, in honour of Jupiter Olympius, from whence the Romans borrowed their Pentathlum, which was composed of running, wrestling, leaping, throwing, and boxing; likewise it gave me a curiosity, when I found the famous poet Martial, my author, was proud of the account he gives of his country life, after his orisons to his god, Agriculture, and his family business he had directed, and, with his book, had stirred up his muse, that he prepared himself for this heroic exercise of wrestling, which they always performed before their full meal, being their supper, when all exercises were over, for you never meet with, in that poet, *ad prandium*, but always *ad cœnam vocare*."

From Westminster, Sir Thomas, after a due course of little-to-do, and Busby, went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and read the mathematics, as we afterwards gather, for the chief purpose of accomplishing himself as a scientific wrestler. It appears, by his own account, that Sir Isaac Newton observed in him a singular love for the sciences,—or, as he himself calls it, "an inclination that way,"—for he invited him to his lectures, although a fellow commoner,—a distinction shewn to few of that rank.

"I advise all my scholars never to exercise upon a full stomach, but to take light liquids of easy digestion, to support nature and maintain strength only. Whilst at Westminster I could not learn any thing, from their irregular and rude *certamina* or struggles; and when I went to Cambridge, I then, as a spectator, only observed the vast difference betwixt the Norfolk Out-Players, and the Cornish Huggers, and that the latter could throw the other when they pleased. I do confess the small knowledge I shew to have in my several pieces of architecture, &c. with my useful hydraulics, and the use and application of the mathematics here in wrestling, I owe to Dr. Bathurst my tutor, and Sir Isaac Newton, Mathematic Professor, both of Trinity College in Cambridge. The latter, seeing my inclinations that

way, invited me to his public lectures, for which I thank him, though I was Fellow Commoner, and seldom, if ever, any such were called to them. But when I went to Gray's Inns of Court, and applied myself to the several masters of the academy, to learn fencing and vaulting, I met with Mr. Cornish (by name) my Inn-Play Wrestling-master; and when I found so much variety in the several holds, that it was impossible to remember half of them, without committing them to paper, and telling him my design, he said, he had taught five hundred scholars, but never any one could set them down, and that it would be in vain to attempt any such thing. However, once in two months I showed him what I had done; and then, about twenty-six years ago, digested it in this method I here present you with, but have added through practice much to it since."

By the foregoing passage it is seen that Sir Thomas Parkyns was entered of Gray's Inn; but his legs and arms being greater favourites with him than his head, he appears to have immediately put himself under the proper masters, for perfecting himself in all the manly exercises.

He came to his title early in life, and took possession of the family estate, Bunny Park. He was made a justice of the peace for Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire, and endeavoured, by all the means in his power, to do good to the peasantry and indigent people around him. To this end, he studied physic, for the sole purpose of benefiting the poor and his tenantry.

Sir Thomas was particularly partial to Latin sentences and quotations, of which our readers will see ample proof in the course of the extracts we shall give them; but not satisfied with inlaying his writings with them, this eccentric baronet took every slight occasion to inscribe them on wayside benches, door-posts, window-seats, and other convenient tablets, of a like, or an unlike, nature. Upon a seat, which stood by one of the Bunny roads, he caused to be indited this truly urbane invitation to a strayer, from a man of property:

"Hic sedeas, Viator, si tu defessus es ambulando."

Another inscription took its birth from one of the judges, while on the circuit, having ascended his pad (for, at that time, justices, "assigned to hold pleas," were not ashamed to ride, from court to court, on a galloway) by the help of Sir Thomas's horseblock. This was an honour not to be let slip; and the block—a block no longer—told its classic story thus—

"Hinc *Justiciarius Dormer* equum ascendere solebat!"

Happy and long was the life which Sir Thomas Parkyns led at Bunny Park; and "a bold peasantry, its country's

pride," by his advice and example, grew up gallantly around him. He gave prizes of small value, but large honour, to be wrestled for, on sweet Midsummer eves, upon the green levels of Nottinghamshire; and he never felt so gratified with the scene, as when he saw one of his manly tenantry, and the evening sun, go down together. He himself was no idle patron of these amusements—no delicate and timid super-intendant of popular sports, as our modern wealthy men, for the most part, are; for he never objected to take the most sinewy man by the loins, and try a fall for the gold-laced hat he had himself contributed. His servants were all upright, muscular, fine young fellows,—civil, but sinewy,—respectful at the proper hours, but yet capable, also, at the proper hour, of wrestling with Sir Thomas for the mastery; and never so happy, or so well-approved, as when one of them saw his master's two brawny legs going handsomely over his head. Sir Thomas prided himself, indeed, in having his coachman and footman (chosen, like Robin Hood's men, for having, in a trial, triumphed over their master) lusty young fellows, that had brought good characters for sobriety from their last places, and had laid *him* on his spine!

One of our amiable baronet's whims, and heaven had given him his share, was an ardent love, through life, of curious stone coffins; of these he had a very rare, and we should rather imagine, an unexampled collection, which he kept with great nicety in Bunny church. This passion for securing a comfortable final tenement before a gentleman is every way fitted to inhabit it, has, even in the present age, been indulged in, as all observant people, who have passed Shoreditch churchyard, must have noticed. Dr. Gardner, the declared enemy to worms, having taken a snug little vault there, ready for the day when the worm shall triumph in its turn; and the vault (the doctor, like Sir Thomas Parkyns, being fond of inscriptions) bears these words inscribed:—*Dr. Gardner's last and best bed-room.*

The mere empty passion, however, for a score or two of stone coffins, did not satisfy the capacious soul of the titled champion of Bunny. He loved to read a moral in every thing; to find "tongues in the trees, books in the babbling brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing." The coffins ranged before him, humbled him moderately; but he, full of life, as he was out of doors, required strong inducements to humility within. In the field, he was mighty;—he wished to be tamed in the house of prayer; and he, therefore, caused his own monument, or "the marble effigies of Sir Thomas Parkyns," as he called it, to "be put up in the chancel of his church, that he might look upon it, and say, 'What is life?'" In his monument, as in all things else, wrestling was not neglected. His

figure was carved "in a moralizing posture, in his chancel of the church of Bunny, being the first posture of wrestling; an emblem of the divine and human struggle for the glorious mastery!" Such is the description of this remarkable "effigies," as given by Master Francis Hoffman, a gentleman, a poet, and a friend of Sir Thomas, who wrote a copy of heroic verses, in defence of the monument and its moral. There is an awkward wood-cut of this singular stone, in one of the old editions of Sir Thomas's Institutes, which is worth the reader's looking to. Sir Thomas is represented standing in his country coat, potent, and postured for the Cornish hug. On one side is a well-limbed figure, lying above the scythe of Time, with the sun rising gloriously over it, shewing that the wrestler is in his pride of youth. On the other side is the same figure, stretched in its coffin, with Time standing, scythe in hand, triumphantly over it; and the sun gone down, marking the decline of life, and the fate even of the strong man! Thus did Sir Thomas Parkyns moralize in marble, and decorate, with solemn emblems, the quiet walls of Bunny's simple church.

It is pretty clear, that though no training on earth will give a man the best of his contest with a century, still that wholesome toil, and manly exercise, will carry him bravely over some scores of years. And the length of Sir Thomas's life proves, (and every living baronet should know it,) that to play at Bunny was healthier than to play at *Boodle's*. He scarcely knew a day's illness through seventy-eight years; but, in 1741, he "got a fall," which shook the baronetcy clean out of him, and filled one of those stone repositories which he had so cautiously provided against the accident. He died beloved and regretted. We, perhaps, should have stated, that he married twice during his life, and was, of course, twice a happy man. One of his ladies was the daughter of a London alderman, an excellent woman, and clever at recipes for strains!

Having given this brief and sketchy account of our good and active baronet's life, let us turn to the little Treatise on his favourite art, and shew how cheerfully he could write, and how learnedly he could argue, on "the hanging trippet," "the clamp," "back-lock," "in-lock," and "pinnion."

The Dedication is a favourable specimen of the athletic style which the author adopted, and quite shames the delicate and effeminate adulation which has crept into dedications, amongst other refinements of a later age.

"The Dedication.

"That I rather may be looked upon as a Tom Tell-Troth, than

a historian, I dedicate generally. Therefore, fear not that this part of Hudibras will be my portion.

> It matters not how false or forst,
> So the best things be said o'th' worst, &c.

Therefore, I invite all persons, however dignified, or distinguished, to read my book, and will readily admit them my scholars, provided they have these qualifications: they must be of a middle size, athletic, full-breasted, and shouldered; for wind and strength, brawny legged and armed, yet clean limbed. Terence's man, that has *corpus solidum atque succi plenum*, is my promising scholar, to do me credit, and be capable of serving his king and country on occasion, and defend his friend and self from insults. For the most part, the question I ask a scholar (if I like his size and complexion, for I am an indifferent physiognomist, a judicious physician, and can prognosticate more from a phiz than most physicians from waters,) is, If his parents are alive? If not, what age they died at? For I admit no hereditary gouts, or schrophulous tumours; yet I'll readily accept of scorbutic rheumatisms, because the persons labouring under those maladies are generally strong, and able to undergo the exercise of wrestling. I am so curious in my admission, I'll not hear of one hipped, and out of joint: a valetudinarian is my aversion; for I affirm, *Martial*, Lib. vi. Ep. 54, is in the right on't, *Non est vivere sed valere vita.* I receive no limber-hams, no darling sucking bottles, who must not rise at Midsummer till eleven of the clock, and that the fire has aired his room and clothes of colliquative sweats, raised by high sauces and spicy force-meats, when the cook does the office of the stomach with the emetic tea-table, set out with bread and butter for his breakfast: I'll scarcely admit a sheep-biter; none but beef-eaters will go down with us, who have robust, healthy, and sound bodies: this may serve as a sketch of that person fit to make a wrestler, by him who desires a place in your friendship."

The prefatory introduction, for Sir Thomas divides his books into heads, or rather into limbs, is full of the morality of wrestling. Drinking is to be avoided, as is "passion at seeing an adversary;" and from these two judicious pieces of advice the baronet goes slily to work with Bacchus and Ceres, pleasantly shewing how many they have thrown down! What a picture gives he of your thorough-paced drinkers, who can scarce "eat the leg of a threepenny chicken in a day!" But hear Sir Oracle!

"Whoever would be a complete wrestler must avoid being overtaken in drink, which very much enervates, or being in a passion at the sight of his adversary, or having received a fall; in such cases he is bereaved of his senses, not being master of himself, is less of his art, but sheweth too much play, or none at all, or rather pulleth,

kicketh, and ventureth beyond all reason and his judgment when himself.

Facundi calices quem non fecere misellum.

That man's a fool that hopes for good,
From flowing bowls and fev'rish blood.

Since the Diluvians, Bacchus, Ceres, and even Paracelsus their substitute, have been celebrated wrestling masters. The first tells you he has, and does still teach all over Europe, and has many scholars even in emperors, kings, and princes' courts. That the popes and cardinals have tried him, and received many a foil and fall from him, and that most of the religious houses in Christendom are his scholars. He instructs at the Two Devil tavern, in London, and his assistants, as sack, claret, &c. in all taverns.

Ceres keeps school at all checquers, with his assistants, Nottingham, Derby, Burton, Easingwold, &c. at most public houses. Stout has the fullest school amongst the porters, carmen, chairmen, &c. Paracelsus admits for the most part at the golden stills, his method he exacted from and is an abridgment of the two former: his journeymen assistants are Brandy, a Frenchman; Usquebaugh an Irishman; Rum, a Molossonian, &c. Heart's-ease he recommends as his head usher; but I never knew any person that received benefit from him. He is the finisher, and seldom receives any but such as are thoroughproved, and gone through all the other methods, and can scarce eat the leg of a three-penny chicken in a day. When he has over-exercised them by drams, that they have quite lost their stomachs, he prescribes to them the subterraneous and sulphureous hot bath-waters, to drink. You may depend upon it, all these masters teach mostly the trip, which I assure you, is no safe and sound play. You may know them by their walkings and gestures; they stagger and reel and cross legs, which I advise my scholars to avoid, and receive many a foul fall in the sink or kennel; and were your constitutions of porphyry, marble, or steel, they'll make you yield to your last and only fair fall, they'll assuredly give you on your backs."

Several pages are taken up with the praise of the manly art of wrestling; and Sir Thomas wished that a clause could be inserted in the act of parliament for obliging persons to use the long-bow, thus compelling men to practise the art, in order to the prevention of duels. The baronet thinks, and perhaps justly, that a few sound throws of a quarrelsome body over his antagonist's head, would heal strife, and prevent sword-contests. Soldiers too, he thinks, would find their account in studying the art, as, in case of being disarmed or unhorsed, they could grapple with an enemy to advantage. He concludes a very masterly eulogy shrewdly, as follows :—

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"Though at the begining of the Preface I take notice that wrestling was in vogue, great credit, reputation, and estimation in Martial the poet's days; wrestling, without all doubt, is of greater antiquity, as appears, Gen. chap xxxii. ver. 24, Jacob wrestled with an angel. Whether it was real and corporeal, or mystical and spiritually in its signification, I leave Pool and the rest of the divines to determine.

"But I advise all my scholars to avoid wrestling with angels; for though they may maintain the struggle till break of the day, and seem to lay their adversaries supine and on their backs, they will have the foil, and be out of joint with Jacob's thigh.

"I conclude that it requires a much abler pen than mine to explain it; and that it remains only ingeniously to assure you, I ne'er had been induced to write this first Treatise of Wrestling, that ever was published by any, but that I found it mysterious, and hoped that it might fall into such ingenious hands, as would make good *Facile est inventis addere*, and that such would fill up the several blanks, I have left for that purpose. Then I further promise, if this is acceptable to gamesters, and those that would be such, to illustrate, and make clear and plain, each letter, with two or three copper-plates, at least, of the postures in wrestling, which can't be well done till the blanks are filled up; that it may be, in time, a correct Treatise of Wrestling, and invite many persons to look into it, with an itching curiosity of reading and exercising the whole book frequently through, till they are become complete wrestlers. 'Tis difficult to pitch upon a subject like this, that has not been, in some manner or other, treated of by others; but much to be wondered at, if I am not laughed at, for being the first undertaker, being fearful I have committed many faults, yet am concerned that I cannot apologise for myself, in the words of the great and celebrated Seneca, to his *Lucilius—de alienis liberalis fui; quare autem aliena dixi? Quæcunque bene dicta sunt, ab ullo, mea sunt.* And though Martial speaks for me, *Epig.* 17. *lib.* i.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura
Quæ legis: hic aliter non fit, Avite, liber.

"'Tis not a book, if not so; neither am I confident of my own sufficiency, to think I can perform any thing like others, or do I set a greater value on the spider's web, for being spun out of its own bowels; however I declare, by a *notum sit omnibus et singulis*, that if, upon perusal of this my book of wrestling, my readers shall laugh at it, 'till they lie down, I hope they'll be so ingenuous, as to own the fall which answereth the design and very end of this undertaking.

"Now I have done every thing requisite and necessary, in a good wrestling master, 'tis not my fault, if scholars do not obtain the desired and proposed end, which is a total vanquishing and overthrowing of their enemies."

At page 22, Sir Thomas commences his "Institutes to Young Wrestlers," thus learnedly:—

" *My Institutes to Young Wrestlers.*

" Most problems of the mechanics are more useful than curious, in regard they commonly relate to the execution of the most necessary things in the way of life, so that I might be very large on my subject, but that my book may not exceed some wrestlers' pockets.

" I only explain the small sword, lever, or stilliard, which are all one, in the reason of their operations, and how far useful to the wrestler, but as this is a new application of mine, I'll explain myself with all the perspicuity and agreeable easiness to be understood, and deduced into the practice and exercise of wrestling, therefore both at the longer end of the stilliard, as well as of the lever, from the fulciments and props, may be called the *Feeble*, because, as those ends are farther from the centers, they easier, with less weight and force, command the greater weight or blows, on the shorter sides of the fulciments and props.

" I cannot demonstrate the sharp stroke of your elbow, upon your adversary's feeble wrist or arm, which are of the greatest consequence, and preferable to, and before the weight, better than in these following words, in " Mandy's Mechanical Powers," who treat of the lever, stilliard, and stroke of the hammer. From Proposition the 4th to the 5th.

" From all other statical motions of human bodies, such as are curious may find them abridged, from Alphonsus Borellus, in Lib. I. De Motu Animalium, Prop. 156, by Sturmius Statics, with the lines of direction, 176, 177, 178, 179,—184, 187."

Immediately after the foregoing passage, ten pages of " Mandy's and Moxon's Mechanical Powers," which, however necessary for the education of the young wrestler, would be by no means interesting to any other reader.

The general directions to the In-play wrestler, commence at page 37. The high-heeled shoes, against which the baronet is so outrageous, and which were the fashion of his day, must have been extremely inimical to a person desirous of maintaining a firm footing. How could a man, standing, as it were, upon a couple of claret corks, expect to resist the energies of the flat-footed.

" 1. Choose rather to wrestle in a pair of linen drawers, wide at knees, easy tied above the knees, than in a pair of straight breeches.

" 2. Choose rather to wrestle with narrow low-heeled shoes, than with broad heels; for in the first you will stand much faster, whether on a cause-way, wet or dry ground; and with narrow heeled shoes, you will easier disengage, and come off from the hanging trippet, &c.; you may put tacks into your heels to prevent your slipping and sliding."

Sir Thomas proceeds " to explode" high-heeled shoes, and recommends the inconvenience and danger of them to the seri-

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ous consideration of soldiers: (he is very anxious about the soldiers.) He is then led to define what is a strain or distortion, and to prescribe the best remedies for the same; enlarging very tediously on oyl-rosat, bandage, rosemary, pomegranate rinds, bolster, and powdered alum. His conclusion runs thus:—

"If we choose an horse for strength, whether for the course, hunting, or burthen, do we not take a particular care that he has short fet-lock joints, that he may not strain those parts in his exercise and business?

"For shame! let us leave off aiming at the out-doing our Maker in our true symmetry and proportion: let us likewise, for our own ease, secure treading, and upright walking (as he designed we should) shorten our heels.

"Since the women have lowered their top-sails and head-dresses, and find it a vain attempt of their's in offering to add one cubit to their stature."

Sir Thomas recommends "unbuttoning your shirt-neck and wrist-bands," that your antagonist do not knuckle down at your windpipe, and put you to unpleasant inconvenience. "Stand low too," says he, or *camp* with your toes out, that your antagonist get not "his right hand betwixt your elbow and side." This is clear.

Then follow some of the interesting problems, which Sir Thomas gives ample directions for the working. And first for "the *Flying Horse*."

"*The Flying Horse.*

"Take him by the right hand with your left, your palm being upwards, as if you designed only to shake him by the hand in a friendly manner in the beginning, and twist it outwards, and lift it upwards to make way for your head, and put your head under his right arm-pit, and hold his hand down to your left side, hold your head stiff backwards, to hold him out of his strength, then put your right arm up to the shoulder between his grainings, and let your hand appear behind past his breech, without taking hold; but if you suspect they will cavil at that arm, as a breeching, lay your same arm along his belly, and lift him up as high as your head, and in either hold, when so high, lean backward and throw him over your head."

There is a friendliness in this little encounter which quite charms us. "Take his hand in a friendly manner!" how placidly it commences! And then how the plot thickens, till you behold the astonished gentleman performing the flying horse over his friend's head!

"The Flying Mare" is pleasing, but much resembling the *Flying Horse*. The Hanging Trippet, in-clamp, and back-clamp are admirably defined:—The first is "when you put your toe behind your adversary's heel, with a design to hook

his leg up forwards, and throw him on his back." Of the two clamps, the Black-clamp is the most to our taste.

"*Back-clamp.*

"When your adversary back-clamps you, which is, when he claps his heel in your ham, with a design to throw you backwards, fall in close to him with your arms about him; as for the gripes, bear upon him with your breast and chin, and kick your own breech with your own heel, with his feeble heel in your fort ham, and his head and shoulders will come to the ground first, that throwing him out of the line of direction."

The Pinnion is rather difficult to work; but "*The Gripes,*"

"*The Gripes.*

"Are nothing but laying your right arm amongst his small ribs, and putting your left hand to your right arm, to augment your strength in griping; and, when you gripe, get your head on the outside of his arm, then may you lift the better.

Never delay the gripe, but get that as soon as you can, and hold him strait, and your head close to his breast, that he doth not give you his elbow, and stand low, with your knees bent and toes out, and it will prevent buttock, back-lock, in-lock, and trip."

In the "Method for Inn-play," which follows, Sir Thomas rather repeats himself, and again directs you to play "The Flying Horse" upon your friend, as before. We should be inclined to say, with Mrs. Malaprop, "You need not read *that* again, sir." The "Method," however, proceeds in the most familiar manner.

"Or when you twist him in that hold, he will be apt to bend or lean the other way; hold up and continue your twist, and step sharply with your left foot to his left, then throw your right leg clever behind his, even to his right heel; and at the very same time, with a sharp stroke at the middle of his breast, with your right elbow; that your right hand may reach his right arm, throw him head and shoulders over your right thigh.

2. "With your right hand, having your palm upwards, take him by the left wrist, your little finger, and next about his thumb, his palm being behind, or downward, then thrust your hand down toward his left knee, and turn his fingers up backward, and, with your left hand, help to hold his fingers, whilst you shift all your right fingers round his thumb, which hold up, and pain him till you please to throw him forward, by laying your left hand upon his neck.

* * * * * * *

"And if he gets his hand betwixt your arm and body, towards your side, you may break that hold by securing and thrusting at his elbow, and thrusting your breech out.

"Holding both your arms higher than your head, bid him take what hold he will, and be sure he will come to gripe you, but as soon as his arms are going about you, put your arms under his, and take hold of both your elbows, and lean backwards, let either of your arms go, lean backwards, lifting your other up, and from thence take the gripe.

"If he take hold of your right wrist with his right hand, throw your left arm on the inside of his right arm, and take the pinnion, or throw your liberty elbow over his arm, and in for the gripes."

There is next a long direction, entitled, "Hold with one arm," which shews much knowledge of a one-handed kind; and this is followed by another passage, headed "Hold with both arms." In the latter, the "Gripes" are clearly ever in Sir Thomas's head!

"If his right hand be at your side, you must hold your left elbow close, and lift his elbow to get the gripes, but if he resists you by holding his elbow down, at the same time turn over his wrist, and in for the gripes, and when he hath you by the left side, with his right hand, and you the same hold of him, at the same time turn over his wrist for the gripes, pluck him to you with your right hand, the best way, and presently lift him up, but you need not pluck him to you if his right hand be at your left shoulder."

There are here fifteen long paragraphs on the "Holding with both arms," all full of mathematical certainties. The concluding passage, which is a fair sample of the rest, runs thus:—

"If your adversary taketh hold of your right wrist with both of his hands, throw your left arm into the inside of his right arm, and take the pinion and gripes; or, if he holds by your breast, his wrists being cross, to break that hold, take hold of his uppermost wrist, and take the pinnion, or lay both your arms edgways upon his and crush them downwards towards your breast, fall in for the gripes, belly to belly, and Cornish hugg, lift him, and throw him."

The chapters on "Buttock and Inn-lock" are great; but our readers will have had enough for one exercise. On "Out-play" Sir Thomas writes with evident coldness and disgust. He dismisses the whole art in two feeble and careless pages.

We conclude with the following singular directions to the boxer.

"*Boxing.*

"By all means have the first blow with your head or fist at his breast, rather than at his face, which is half the battle, by reason, it strikes the wind out of his body.

"If you have long hair, soap it: the best holds are the pinnion with your arms at his shoulders, and your head in his face; or get your right arm under his chin, and your left behind his neck, and let your arms close his neck strait, by holding each elbow with the contrary hand, and crush his neck, your fingers in his eyes, and your fingers of your right hand under his chin, and your left hand under the hinder part of his head, or twist his head round by putting your hand to the side of his face, and the other behind his head.

"But if your adversary taketh fast hold with each of his hands of each side of the collar and thrusteth his thumbs against your throat and windpipe, speedily, that you may not want wind, with your right hand hold his fast there by the wrist, and with the left fort elbow press on the top of his arm upon his feeble, betwixt your right hand and his elbow, or quick over his wrist for the gripes.

"Or proceed for the pinnion, as in page 43, or if he hath his hands at your hair, and he thrusteth his thumbs in your eyes, you proceed after the foregoing method."

The little volume ends with a blank form of "Indented Articles, that two persons shall wrestle for a sum of money,"—which must be extremely useful in obscure parishes, where an attorney does not reside,—and a copy of the rules and regulations observed by those who "wrestled for a hat of twenty-two shillings price, a free prize, given by Sir Thomas Parkyns, of Bunny, Bart., for fifteen years successively." The rules are sound and good, and may be used with safety at the present day, with the exception of Sir Thomas Parkyns being appointed the umpire! A prose address, and a copy of verses, by one William Tunstall, commendatory to the last degree, are prefixed to the volume;—they are, like pilfered memoranda, of little interest to any but the owner.

We take some pride in reckoning upon so healthy, muscular, and courageous a gentleman, as Sir Thomas Parkyns, being one of *us!*—one of us, authors! And we think that an extended knowledge of his character is not unlikely to redeem us from the contempt which has been so long cast upon us, for being a sickly, pale, weakly, and wasted race. Perhaps some of our brethren *do* give way a little too sadly to their seats, and unfit themselves somewhat, over the midnight lamp, for the "Hanging Trippet" and the "Flying Horse." We should be right glad to know that the manly example of one of the tribe had seduced any given pale poet or devoted author to "cast aside the learned sheet," at certain periods of the day, and try the "Back-clamp" upon the printer's devil—throwing him over his head when he called for copy.

ART. IX.—*The Works of Andrew Marvell, Esq., Poetical, Controversial, and Political; containing many Original Letters, Poems, and Tracts, never before printed, with a new Life of the Author. By Captain* Edward Thompson. *In Three Volumes. London,* 1776.

We resume our notice of the works of Marvell, to which we could not do justice in the limits of one number.

As a poet, Marvel was certainly unequal; and some of his most beautiful passages are alloyed with vulgarism and common-place similes. His poem of the Nymph lamenting the Death of her Fawn, is, perhaps, the most finished, and, on the whole, the best of the collection. All the poems, however, contain more or less of poetic beauty; some, great tenderness of feeling and expression; and others, successful descriptions of nature and pastoral scenes. Before we proceed to an account of his prose works, we shall give some further extracts from the poetical ones.

The following passages are selected from a poem of considerable length, entitled "Appleton House," a residence of Lord Fairfax's, in Yorkshire, now called Nun Appleton, and addressed to that nobleman.

" When first the eye this forest sees,
It seems, indeed, as wood, not trees;
As if their neighbourhood, so old,
To one great trunk them all did mould.
There the huge bulk takes place, as meant
To thrust up a fifth element;
And stretches still, so closely wedged,
As if the night within were hedg'd.
Dark all without it knits; within
It opens passable and thin;
And in as loose an order grows,
As the Corinthian porticoes.
The arching boughs unite between,
The columns of the temple green;
And, underneath, the winged choirs,
Echo about their tuned fires.
The nightingale does here make choice,

* * * * * * *

Thus I, easy philosopher,
Among the birds and trees confer;

And little now to make me wants
Or of the fowls, or of the plants.
Give me but wings, as they, and I
Straight floating on the air shall fly;
Or turn me but, and you shall see
I was but an inverted tree.
Already I begin to call
In their most learn'd original;
And where I language want, my signs
The bird upon the bough divines;
And, more attentive, there doth sit,
Than if she were with lime-twigs knit.
No leaf does tremble in the wind,
Which I returning cannot find.
Out of these scattered Sibyl's leaves,
Strange prophecies my fancy weaves;
And in one history consumes,
Like Mexique paintings, all the plumes.
What Rome, Greece, Palestine, e'er said,
I in this light mosaic read.
Thrice happy he, who, not mistook,
Hath read in Nature's mystic book.
And see how chance's better wit
Could with a mask my studies hit!
The oak leaves me embroider all
Between which caterpillars crawl;
And ivy, with familiar trails,
Me licks, and clasps, and curls, and hales.
Under this antic cope I move
Like some great prelate of the grove.
Then, languishing with ease, I toss
On pallets swoln of velvet moss;
While the wind, cooling through the boughs,
Flatters with air my panting brows.
Thanks for my rest, ye mossy banks;
And unto you, cool zephyrs, thanks;
Who, as my hair, my thoughts too shed,
And winnow from the chaff my head.
How safe, methinks, and strong, behind
These trees have I incamp'd my mind:
Where beauty, aiming at the heart,
Bends in some tree its useless dart;
And where the world no certain shot
Can make, or me it toucheth not.

But I on it securely play,
And gall its horsemen all the day.
Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines,
Curl me about, ye gadding vines,
And oh, so close your circles lace,
That I may never leave this place:
But, lest your fetters prove too weak,
E'er I your silken bondage break,
Do you, O brambles, chain me too,
And, courteous briars, nail me through.
Here in the morning tie my chain,
Where the two woods have made a lane;
While, like a guard on either side,
The trees before their lords divide;
This, like a long and equal thread,
Betwixt two labyrinths does lead.
But, where the floods did lately drown,
There at the ev'ning stake me down.
For now the waves are fall'n and dry'd,
And now the meadows fresher dy'd;
Whose grass, with moister colour dash'd,
Seems as green silks but newly wash'd.
No serpent new, nor crocodile,
Remains behind our little Nile;
Unless itself you will mistake,
Among these meads the only snake.
See in what wanton harmless folds,
It ev'ry where the meadow holds;
And its yet muddy back doth lick,
Till as a crystal mirror slick;
Where all things gaze themselves, and doubt
If they be in it, or without.
And for his shade which therein shines,
Narcissus-like, the sun too pines.
Oh what a pleasuse 'tis to hedge
My temples here with heavy sedge;
Abandoning my lazy side,
Stretch'd as a bank unto the tide;
Or to suspend my sliding foot
On th' osier's undermined root,
And in its branches tough to hang,
While at my lines the fishes twang!
But now away my hooks, my quills,
And angles, idle utensils.

The young Maria walks to night;
Hide, trifling youth, thy pleasures slight;
'Twere shame that such judicious eyes
Should with such toys a man surprise;
She that already is the law
Of all her sex, her age's awe.
See how loose nature, in respect
To her, itself doth recollect;
And every thing so wish'd, and fine,
Starts forth with it to its *bonne mine.*
The sun himself, of her aware,
Seems to descend with greater care;
And lest she see him go to bed,
In blushing clouds conceals his head.
So when the shadow's laid asleep,
From underneath these banks do creep,
And on the river as it flows,
With ebon shuts begin to close;
The modest halcyon comes in sight,
Flying betwixt the day and night;
And such an horror calm and dumb,
Admiring nature does benumb,
The viscous air, where'er she fly,
Follows and sucks her azure dye;
The jellying stream compacts below,
If it might fix her shadow so;
The stupid fishes hang, as plain
As flies in crystal overta'en;
And men the silent scene assist,
Charm'd with the sapphire-winged mist.
Maria such, and so doth hush
The world, and through the ev'ning rush.
No new-born comet such a train
Draws through the sky, nor star new-slain.
For straight those giddy rockets fail,
Which from the putrid earth exhale,
But by her flames in heaven try'd,
Nature is wholly vitrify'd.
'Tis she, that to these gardens gave
That wondrous beauty which they have;
She straitness on the woods bestows;
To her the meadow sweetness owes;
Nothing could make the river be
So crystal-pure, but only she;
She yet more pure, sweet, strait, and fair,

Than gardens, woods, meads, rivers, are.
Therefore what first she on them spent,
They gratefully again present.
The meadow carpets where to tread;
The garden flowers to crown her head:
And for a glass the limpid brook,
Where she may all her beauties look;
But, since she would not have them seen,
The wood about her draws a screen.
For she to higher beauties rais'd,
Disdains to be for lesser prais'd.
She counts her beauty to converse
In all the languages as hers;
Nor yet in those herself employs,
But for the wisdom, not the noise;
Nor yet that wisdom would affect,
But as 'tis Heaven's dialect.
Blest nymph! that couldst so soon prevent
Those trains by youth against thee meant;
Tears (watery shot that pierce the mind;)
And sighs (Love's cannon charg'd with wind;)
True praise (that breaks through all defence;)
And feign'd complying innocence;
But knowing where this ambush lay,
She scap'd the safe, but roughest way.
This 'tis to have been from the first
In a domestic heaven nurst,
Under the discipline severe
Of Fairfax, and the starry Vere;
Where not one object can come nigh,
But pure and spotless as the eye;
And goodness doth itself entail
On females, if there want a male.
Go now, fond sex, that on your face
Do all your useless study place,
Nor once at vice your brows dare knit,
Lest the smooth forehead wrinkled sit:
Yet your own face shall at you grin,
Thorough the black-bag of your skin;
When knowledge only could have fill'd
And virtue all those furrows till'd.
Hence she with graces more divine
Supplies beyond her sex the line;
And, like a sprig of misletoe,
On the Fairfacian oak does grow;

Whence, for some universal good,
The priest shall cut the sacred bud;
While her glad parents most rejoice,
And make their destiny their choice.
Mean time, ye fields, springs, bushes, flowers,
Where yet she leads her studious hours,
(Till fate her worthily translates,
And find a Fairfax for our Thwates)
Employ the means you have by her,
And in your kind your selves prefer;
That, as all virgins she precedes,
So you all woods, streams, gardens, meads.
For thou, Thessalian Tempe's seat,
Shall now be scorn'd, as obsolete;
Aranjuez, as less, disdain'd;
The Bel-Retiro, as constrain'd;
But name not the Idalian grove,
For 'twas the seat of wanton love;
Nor e'en the dead's Elysian fields,
Yet nor to them your beauty yields.
'Tis not, as once appear'd, the world,
A heap confus'd together hurl'd;
All negligently overgrown,
Gulphs, desarts, precipices, stone.
Your lesser world contains the same,
But in more decent order tame;
You heaven's centre, nature's lap;
And paradise's only map.
And now the salmon-fishers moist,
Their leathern boats begin to hoist;
And, like antipodes in shoes,
Have shod their heads in their canoes.
How tortoise-like, but not so slow,
These rational amphibii go
Let's in; for the dark hemisphere
Does now like one of them appear."

The next extract we make is descriptive of those two destructive engines, "eyes and tears," which the society for the abolition of war will, we fear, never get the better of.

EYES AND TEARS.

"How wisely nature did decree,
With the same eyes to weep and see!
That, having view'd the object vain,
They might be ready to complain.

And, since the self-deluding sight,
In a false angle takes each height,
These tears, which better measure all,
Like wat'ry lines and plummets fall.
Two tears, which sorrow long did weigh,
Within the scales of either eye;
And then paid out in equal poise,
Are the true price of all my joys.
What in the world most fair appears,
Yea, even laughter, turns to tears;
And all the jewels which we prize,
Melt in these pendants of the eyes.
I have thro' every garden been,
Amongst the red, the white, the green;
And yet from all those flowers I saw,
No honey, but these tears could draw.
So the all-seeing sun each day,
Distils the world with chymic ray;
But finds the essence only showers,
Which straight in pity back he pours.
Yet happy they whom grief doth bless,
That weep the more, and see the less;
And, to preserve their sight more true,
Bathe still their eyes in their own dew.
So Magdalen, in tears more wise,
Dissolv'd those captivating eyes,
Whose liquid chains could flowing meet,
To fetter her Redeemer's feet.
Not full sails hasting loaden home,
Nor the chaste lady's pregnant womb,
Nor Cynthia teeming shews so fair,
As two eyes, swoln with weeping, are.
The sparkling glance that shoots desire,
Drench'd in these waves, does lose its fire.
Yea, oft the thund'rer pity takes,
And here the hissing lightning slakes.
The incense was to heaven dear,
Not as a perfume, but a tear!
And stars shew lovely in the night,
But as they seem the tears of light.
Ope then, mine eyes, your double sluice,
And practise so your noblest use;
For others too can see, or sleep;
But only human eyes can weep.
Now, like two clouds dissolving, drop,
And at each tear, in distance stop:

Now, like two fountains, trickle down:
Now like two floods o'er-run, and drown.
Thus let your streams o'erflow your springs,
Till eyesand tears be the same things;
And each the other's difference bears;
These weeping eyes, those seeing tears."

The following fanciful and ingenious "Dialogue between Soul and Body" is well known as the original of several quaint and witty imitations.

Soul.

"O who shall, from this dungeon, raise
A soul inslav'd so many ways
With bolts and bones? that fetter'd stands
In feet; and manacled in hands.
Here blinded with an eye; and there
Deaf with the drumming of an ear.
A soul hung up, as 'twere, in chains
Of nerves, and arteries, and veins.
Tortur'd, besides each other part,
In a vain head, and double heart.

Body.

O who shall me deliver whole,
From bonds of this tyrannic soul?
Which, stretch'd upright, impales me so,
That mine own precipice I go;
And warms and moves this needless frame;
(A fever could but do the same.)
And, wanting where its spight to try,
Has made me live to let me die,
A body that could never rest,
Since this ill spirit is possess'd.

Soul.

What magic could me thus confine
Within another's grief to pine?
Where, whatsoever it complain,
I feel, that cannot feel, the pain.
And all my care itself employs,
That to preserve, which me destroys;
Constrain'd not only to endure
Diseases, but, what's worse, the cure;
And ready oft the port to gain,
Am shipwreck'd into health again.

XUM

Body.

But physick yet could never reach
The maladies thou me dost teach;
Whom first the cramp of hope does tear;
And then the palsy, shakes of fear.
The pestilence of love does heat:
Or hatred's hidden ulcer eat.
Joy's cheerful madness does perplex;
Or sorrow's other madness vex;
Which knowledge forces me to know,
And memory will not forego.
What but a soul could have the wit
To build me up for sin so fit?
So architects do square and hew
Green trees that in the forest grew."

Johnson says that Milton was the first Englishman who wrote Latin verses with facility and purity. Marvell may justly claim the secondary honour of latinity, for he is little inferior in this accomplishment to Milton. The Carmina on the Dew Drop in our last, may be given in proof with the following:—

HORTUS.

"Quisnam adeo, mortale genus! præcordia versat?
Heu palmæ, laurique furor, vel simplicis herbæ!
Arbor ut indomitos ornet vix una labores;
Tempora nec foliis præcingat tota maligais;
Dum simul implexi, tranquillæ ad serta quietis,
Omnigeni coëunt flores, integraque sylva.

Alma quies, teneo te! et te, germana quietis,
Simplicitas! vos ergo diu per templa, per urbes,
Quæsivi, regum perque alta palatia, frustra.
Sed vos hortorum per opaca silentia, longè
Celârunt plantæ virides, et concolor umbra.

O! mihi si vestros liceat violâsse recessus,
Erranti, lasso, et vitæ melioris anhelo,
Municipem servate novum; votoque potitum,
Frondosæ cives optate in florea regna.

Me quoque, vos Musæ, et te, conscie, testor, Apollo,
Non armenta juvant hominum, circive boatus,
Mugitusve fori; sed me penetralia veris,
Horroresque trahunt muti, et consortia sola,

Virgineæ quem non suspendit gratia formæ?
Quam, candore nives vincentem, ostrumque rubore,
Vestra tamen viridis superet (me judice) virtus?
Nec foliis certare comæ, nec brachia ramis,
Nec possint tremulos voces æquare susurros.

Ah quoties sævos vidi (quis credat?) amantes,
Sculpentes dominæ potiori in cortice nomen!
Nec puduit truncis inscribere vulnera sacris.
Ast ego, si vestras unquam temeravero stirpes,
Nulla Neæra, Chloe, Faustina, Corynna, legetur;
In proprio sed quæque libro signabitur arbos.
O charæ platanus, cyparissus, populus, ulnus!

Hic amor, exutis, crepidatus inambulat, alis.
Enerves arcus, et stridula tela reponens,
Invertitque faces, nec se cupit usque timeri;
Aut exporrectus jacet, indormitque pharetræ
Non auditurus, quanquam Cytherea vocârit,
Nequitias referunt, nec somnia vana, priores.

Lætantur Superi, defervescente tyranno,
Et licet experti toties Nymphasque Deasque,
Arbore nunc melius potiuntur quisque cupita.
Jupiter annosam, neglectâ conjuge, quercum
Deperit; haud aliâ doluit sic Pellice Juno.
Lemniacum temerant vestigia nulla cubile,
Nec Veneris mavors meminit, si fraxinus absit.
Formosæ pressit Daphnes vestigia Phœbus
Ut fieret laurus; sed nil quæsiverat ultra.
Capripes et peteret quód Pan Syringa fugacem,
Hoc erat, ut calamum posset reperire sonorum.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Nec tu, Opifex horti, grato sine carmine abibis;
Qui brevibus plantis, et læto flore, notâsti
Crescentes horas, atque intervalla diei.
Sol ibi candidior fragrantia signa pererrat;
Proque truci Tauro, stricto pro forcipe Cancri,
Securis violæque rosæque allabitur umbris.
Sedula quin et apis, mellito intenta labori,
Horologo, sua pensa, thymo, signare videtur.
Temporis O suaves lapsus! O otia sana;
O herbis dignæ numerari, et floribus, horæ!

The following is Marvell's translation of this Latin poem:—

THE GARDEN.

"How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays:
And their incessant labours see
Crown'd from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow-verged shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flow'rs, and trees, do close,
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow.
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name.
Little, alas, they know or heed,
How far these beauties her exceed!
Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The Gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a Nymph, but for a reed.

What wond'rous life in this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head.
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine.
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach.
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnar'd with flow'rs, I fall on grass.

Mean while the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness:
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets, and claps its silver wings;
And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was the happy garden state,
While man there walk'd without a mate:
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises are in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gard'ner drew
Of flow'rs, and herbs, this dial new:
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run:
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd but with herbs and flow'rs."

We have not extracted any other specimens of Marvell's burlesque or facetious poetry, that we might have space for the more interesting and superior extracts from the foregoing poems, and from his prose writings. His political facetiæ, although extremely witty and caustic, are generally interwoven with references to persons and public occurrences, now gone to the "tomb of the Capulets."

One of the pleasantest of Marvell's poems, is his character of Holland, with which we shall conclude our poetical extracts. It is pregnant with wit, and deserves to be quoted entire. We can only afford room for the first half of it.

XUM

" Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
As but th' off-scouring of the British sand ;
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots when they heav'd the lead ;
Or what by th' ocean's slow alluvion fell,
Of shipwreck'd cockle and the muscle-shell ;
This indigested vomit of the sea
Fell to the Dutch by just propriety.
Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
They, with mad labour, fish'd the land to shore :
And div'd as desperately for each piece
Of earth, as if 't had been of Ambergreece ;
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
Less than what building swallows bear away ;
Or than those pills which sordid beetles rowl,
Transfusing into them their dunghill soul.
How did they rivet, with gigantic piles,
Thorough the centre their new-catched miles ;
And to the stake a struggling country bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground ;
Building their watry Babel far more high
To reach the sea, than those to scale the sky.
Yet still his claim the injur'd ocean lay'd,
And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples play'd ;
As if on purpose it on land had come
To shew them what's their mare liberum.
A daily deluge over them does boil ;
The earth and water play at level-coyl.
The fish oft-times the burgher dispossess'd,
And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest ;
And oft the Tritons, and the sea-nymphs, saw
Whole shoals of Dutch serv'd up for Cabillau ;
Or, as they over the new level rang'd,
For pickled herring, pickled heeren chang'd.
Nature, it seem'd, asham'd of her mistake,
Would throw their land away at duck and drake,
Therefore necessity, that first made kings,
Something like government among them brings.
For, as with Pygmys, who best kills the crane,
Among the hungry he that treasures grain,
Among the blind the one-ey'd blinkard reigns,
So rules among the drowned he that drains.
Not who first see the rising sun commands :
But who could first discern the rising lands.
Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,
Him they their lord, and country's father, speak.

To make a bank, was a great plot of state;
Invent a shov'l, and be a magistrate.
Hence some small dyke grave, unperceiv'd invades
The pow'r, and grows, as 'twere, a king of spades;
But, for less envy some join'd states endures,
Who look like a commission of the sewers:
For these half-anders, half wet, and half dry,
Nor bear strict service, nor pure liberty.
'Tis probable religion, after this,
Came next in order; which they could not miss.
How could the Dutch but be converted, when
Th' Apostles were so many fishermen?
Besides, the waters of themselves did rise,
And, as their land, so them did re-baptize;
Tho' herring for their God few voices miss'd,
And Poor-John to have been th' Evangelist.
Faith, that could never twins conceive before,
Never so fertile, spawn'd upon this shore
More pregnant than their Marg'ret, that lay'd down
For Hands-in-Kelder of a whole Hans-Town.
Sure when religion did itself embark,
And from the east would westward steer its ark,
It struck, and splitting on this unknown ground,
Each one thence pillag'd the first piece he found:
Hence Amsterdam, Turk, Christian, Pagan, Jew,
Staple of sects, and mint of schism grew;
That bank of conscience, where not one so strange
Opinion, but finds credit, and exchange.
In vain for Catholics ourselves we bear:
The universal church is only there."

Captain Thompson was a very incorrect and injudicious editor of Marvell's works. He omits, altogether, his authority for various insertions and assertions of doubtful character. The celebrated ballad of William and Margaret, published and claimed by Mallet, is transferred to Marvell, by Captain Thompson, simply because it is *said* to exist in the hand-writing of Marvell, but *where* we are not told! As the property of Mallet, the ballad, to say the least, is extremely dubious; but Mallet has more occasion for it, and Thompson need not have appropriated it to Marvell, whose reputation stands not in need of a doubtful claim. A very contemptible charge of plagiarism is also preferred by the editor against Addison, for the insertion of three hymns, in the Spectator, Nos. 453, 461, and 465: no proof whatever is vouchsafed that they belong to Marvell; and

XUM

the hymn inserted in the Spectator, No. 461, "when Israel freed from Pharaoh's land," is now known to be the noble composition of Dr. Watts.

These jealous and absurd claims, by Captain Thompson, have naturally created a great suspicion of the general fidelity of his editorship; we have seen no reason, however, to believe that he was intentionally dishonest: his edition, with all its imperfections, is extremely valuable, as the only collection of Marvell's prose works, though we think that a more correct and authenticated edition of the poems is extremely desirable.

Marvell was the author of several valuable political tracts, advocating frequent and new Parliaments, as the spirit of the English Constitution, and of many admirable pamphlets on religious liberty. From his Essay on Creeds and Articles, we make the following extract:—

"It were good that the greater Churchmen relied more upon themselves, and their own direction, not building too much upon stripling Chaplains, that men may not suppose the masters (as one that has a good horse, or a fleet hound) or attributes to himself the virtues of his creature. That they inspect the morals of the clergy: the moral heretics do the church more harm than all the nonconformists can do, or can wish it. That before they admit men to subscribe the thirty-nine articles for a benefice, they try whether they know the meaning. That they would much recommend to them the reading of the bible. It is a very good book, and if a man read it carefully, will make him much wiser. That they would advise them to keep the Sabbath: If there were no morality in the day, yet there is a great deal of prudence in the observing it. That they would instruct those that come for holy orders and livings, that it is a terrible vocation they enter up on; but that has indeed the greatest reward. That to gain a love is beyond all the acquists of traffic, and to convert an Atheist, more glorious than all the conquests of the soldier. That betaking themselves to this spiritual warfare, they ought to disintangle from the world. That they do not ride for a benefice, as if it were for a fortune or a mistress; but there is more in it. That they take the ministry up not as a trade. That they make them understand, as well as they can, what is the grace of God. That they do not come into the pulpit too full of fustian or logic; a good life is a clergyman's best syllogism, and the quaintest oratory; and until they outlive them, they will never get the better of the fanaticks, nor be able to preach with demonstration and spirit, or with any effect or authority. That they be lowly minded, and no railers.

"But to the judicious and serious reader, to whom I wish any thing I have said may have given no unwelcome entertainment, I shall only so far justify myself, that I thought it no less concerned me to vindicate the laity from the impositions that the Jew would force upon them, than others to defend those impositions on behalf of the Clergy. But the Rev. Mr. Hooker, in his Ecclesiastical Polity, says, The time will come when three words, uttered with charity and meekness, shall

receive a far more blessed reward, than three thousand volumes, written with disdainful sharpness of wit. And I shall conclude.

"I trust in the Almighty, that with us, contentions are now at the highest float, and that the day will come (for what cause is there of despair) when the possessions of former enmity being allaid, men shall with ten times redoubled tokens of unfeignedly reconciled love, shew themselves each to other the same which Joseph, and the brethren of Joseph, were at the time of their interview in Egypt. And upon this condition, let my book also (yea myself, if it were needful) be burnt by the hands of those enemies to the peace and tranquillity of the religion of England."

In 1672, Marvell engaged in a controversy with the famous Dr. Samuel Parker, a most zealous high churchman, who had exerted himself very much in defending the persecutions of the non-conformists. That divine, in 1670, published a book, entitled "Ecclesiastical Polity;" and in 1671, a "Defence of Ecclesiastical Polity;" and in 1672, a "Preface to Bishop Bramhall." In all these he recommended unlimited monarchy, and a rigorous persecution of all dissenters from the established church. In his Ecclesiastical Polity, he says, "It is better to submit to the unreasonable impositions of Nero and Caligula, than to hazard the dissolution of the state." And in the same work, he asserts, "that it is absolutely necessary to the peace and government of the world, that the supreme magistrate of every commonwealth should be vested with a power to govern and conduct the consciences of subjects in affairs of religion." And he asserted, that "Princes may with less hazard give liberty to men's vices and debaucheries, than to their consciences." And, speaking of the different sects then subsisting, he lays it down, as a fixed rule for all princes to observe, that "tenderness and indulgence to such men, were to nourish vipers in their own bowels; and the most sottish neglect of our own quiet and security." Marvell, to expose, as he deserved, this advocate for civil and ecclesiastical tyranny, wrote his "Rehearsal Transposed;" in which, with great strength of argument, and much wit and humour, he shews the absurdity of Parker's tenets.

The doctor, however, published an answer, but did not think proper to put his name to it; whereupon, in 1673, Marvell published "The Rehearsal Transposed, the Second Part; occasioned by two letters, the first printed by a nameless author, entitled a Reproof, &c. The second letter left for me, at a friend's house, dated Nov. 3, 1673, subscribed J. G.; and concluding with these words:—'If thou darest to print or publish any lie or libel against Dr. Parker, by the eternal God I will cut thy throat.'"

Several other anonymous pieces were published against

Marvell, in favour of Parker; but our author had so greatly the advantage, both of the Doctor and his associates, that Parker did not think proper to engage further in the controversy. Anthony Wood, no friend to Marvell's principles, observes, "that it was generally thought, by many of those who were otherwise favourers of Parker's cause, that the victory lay on Marvell's side." And he adds, that "it wrought this good effect on Parker, that, for ever after, it took down his high spirit." Bishop Burnet remarks, that Marvell "writ in a burlesque strain, but with so peculiar and so entertaining a conduct, that from the king down to the tradesman, his books were read with great pleasure, and not only humbled Parker, but the whole party; for the author of the 'Rehearsal Transposed,' had all the men of wit on his side." The same prelate, elsewhere, speaks of King Charles the Second, as being much pleased with the wit of Marvell's book, which he styles the best satire of the time; and further observes, that "the 'Rehearsal Transposed,' gave occasion to the single piece of modesty, with which Dr. Parker could be charged, of withdrawing from the town, and not importuning the press for some years, since even a face of brass must grow red, when it is so burnt as his was then." And Dean Swift, after mentioning the usual fate of common answers of books, and how short-lived their labours are, adds, that "there is, indeed, an exception, when any great genius thinks it worth his while to expose a foolish piece: so we still read Marvell's answer to Parker with pleasure, though the book it answers be sunk long ago."

The following spirited irony, on the "doleful evils" of the press, is extracted from the "Rehearsal Transposed," vol. i. p. 14. Its vigour of reasoning would not have disgraced the argument of Milton's *Areopagitica*.

"For the press hath owed him a shame a long time, and is but now beginning to pay off the debt. The press, (that *villanous* engine) invented about the same time with the Reformation, that hath done more mischief to the discipline of our church, than all the doctrine can make amends for. 'Twas a happy time when all learning was in manuscripts, and some little officer, like our author, did keep the keys of the library; when the clergy needed no more knowledge than to read the Liturgy; and the laity no more clerkship than to save them from hanging. But now, since printing came into the world, such is the mischief, that a man cannot write a book, but presently he is answered! Could the press but once be conjured to obey only an *Imprimatur*, our author might not disdain, *perhaps*, to be one of its most zealous patrons. There have been ways found out to banish ministers, to fine not only the people, but even the grounds and fields where they assembled in conventicles. But no art yet could prevent these seditious meetings of letters. Two or three brawny

fellows in a corner, with mere ink and elbow-grease, do more harm than *an hundred systematical divines*, with their sweaty preaching. And which is a strange thing, the very sponges, which one would think should rather deface and blot out the whole book, and were anciently used for that purpose, are now become the instruments to make things legible. Their ugly printing-letters, that look but like so many rotten teeth! How oft have they been pulled out by B. and L. (*Le Strange*) the public tooth-drawers? And yet these rascally operators of the press have got a trick to fasten them again in a few minutes, that they grow as firm a set, and as biting and talkative as ever. O *Printing!* how hast thou disturbed the peace of mankind! That lead, when moulded into bullets, is not so mortal, as when founded into letters. There was a mistake, sure, in the story of *Cadmus;* and the serpent's teeth, which he sowed, were nothing else but the letters which he invented. The first essay that was made towards this art, was in single characters upon iron, wherewith of old they stigmatized slaves and remarkable offenders; and it was of good use sometimes to brand a schismatick. But a *bulky* Dutchman diverted it quite from its first institution, and contriving those innumerable *syntagmes* of alphabets, hath preserved the world ever since with the *gross bodies of their German divinity.* One would have thought, in reason, that a Dutchman at least might have contented himself only with the wine-press."

The following is a parody on the speeches of Charles II.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I told you, at our last meeting, the winter was the fittest time for business, and truly I thought so, till my lord treasurer assured me the spring was the best season for salads and subsidies. I hope, therefore, that April will not prove so unnatural a month, as not to afford some kind showers on my parched exchequer, which gapes for want of them. Some of you, perhaps, will think it dangerous to make me too rich; but I do not fear it; for I promise you faithfully, whatever you give me I will always want; and although in other things my word may be thought a slender authority, yet in that, you may rely on me, I will never break it."

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I can bear my straits with patience; but my lord treasurer does protest to me, that the revenue, as it now stands, will not serve him and me too. One of us must pinch for it, if you do not help me. I must speak freely to you; I am under bad circumstances, for besides my harlots in service, my reformado concubines lie heavy upon me. I have a passable good estate, I confess; but, God's-fish, I have a great charge upon it. Here is my lord treasurer can tell, that all the money designed for next summer's guards must, of necessity, be applied to the next year's cradles and swaddling clothes. What shall we do for ships then? I hint this only to you, it being your business, not mine. I know, by experience, I can live without ships. I lived ten years

abroad without, and never had my health better in my life; but how you will be without, I leave to yourselves to judge, and therefore hint this only by the bye: I do not insist upon it. There is another thing I must press more earnestly, and that is this: it seems, a good part of my revenue will expire in two or three years, except you will be pleased to continue it. I have to say for it; pray, why did you give me so much as you have done, unless you resolve to give on as fast as I call for it? The nation hates you already for giving so much, and I will hate you too, if you do not give me more. So that, if you stick not to me, you must not have a friend in England. On the other hand, if you will give me the revenue I desire, I shall be able to do those things for your religion and liberty, that I have had long in my thoughts, but cannot effect them without a little more money to carry me through. Therefore look to't, and take notice, that if you do not make me rich enough to undo you, it shall lie at your doors. For my part, I wash my hands on it. But that I may gain your good opinion, the best way is to acquaint you what I have done to deserve it, out of my royal care for your religion and your property. For the first, my proclamation is a true picture of my mind. He that cannot, as in a glass, see my zeal for the Church of England, does not deserve any farther satisfaction, for I declare him wilful, abominable, and not good. Some may, perhaps, be startled and cry, how comes this sudden change? To which I answer, I am a changeling, and that is sufficient, I think. But to convince men farther, that I mean what I say, there are these arguments.

"First, I tell you so, and you know I never break my word.

"Secondly, my lord treasurer says so, and he never told a lie in his life.

"Thirdly, my lord Lauderdale will undertake it for me; and I should be loth, by any act of mine, he should forfeit the credit he has with you.

"If you desire more instances of my zeal, I have them for you. For example, I have converted my natural sons from popery, and I may say without vanity, it was my own work, so much the more peculiarly mine than the begetting them. 'Twould do one's heart good to hear how prettily George can read already in the psalter. They are all fine children, God bless 'em, and so like me in their understandings! But, as I was saying, I have, to please you, given a pension to your favourite, my lord Lauderdale; not so much that I thought he wanted it, as that you would take it kindly. I have made Carwel duchess of Portsmouth, and married her sister to the earl of Pembroke. I have, at my brother's request, sent my lord Inchiquin into Barbary, to settle the Protestant religion among the Moors, and an English interest at Tangier. I have made Crew bishop of Durham, and at the first word of my lady Portsmouth, Prideaux bishop of Chichester. I know not, for my part, what factious men would have; but this I am sure of, my predecessors never did any thing like this, to gain the good will of their subjects. So much for your religion, and now for your property. My behaviour to the bankers is a public instance; and the proceedings between Mrs. Hyde and Mrs. Sutton,

for private ones, are such convincing evidences, that it will be needless to say any more to it.

" I must now acquaint you, that, by my lord treasurer's advice, I have made a considerable retrenchment upon my expenses in candles and charcoal, and do not intend to stop, but will, with your help, look into the late embezzlements of my dripping-pans and kitchen-stuff; of which, by the way, upon my conscience, neither my lord treasurer, nor my lord Lauderdale, are guilty. I tell you my opinion; but if you should find them dabbling in that business, I tell you plainly, I leave them to you; for, I would have the world to know, I am not a man to be cheated."

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" I desire you to believe me as you have found me; and I do solemnly promise you, that whatsoever you give me shall be specially managed with the same conduct, trust, sincerity, and prudence, that I have ever practised, since my happy restoration."

The friendship between Milton and Marvell is one of the most interesting subjects in the biography of two of the most noble characters this country has produced.

The encomiastic verses, by Marvell, extracted in our last number, which were prefixed to the *second* edition of "Paradise Lost," are extremely interesting, and prove not only the admiration of Marvell for the " mighty Poet," but that, long before the Earl of Dorset and Dryden, Marvell discovered and appreciated the incomparable Epic. Barrow, the physician, also shares in the glory of contributing, according to the custom of the times, " an introductory Ode, to the author," in the same edition.— From the year 1657, when Marvell was associated with Milton, in the office of Latin Secretary, the intimate friendship of these two great men commenced, which terminated only with their lives. Edward Philips, Milton's nephew, in the life of his uncle, prefixed to Milton's " Letters of State," 1694, writes that Marvell,with other friends, visited the Bard when secreted from the threats of the restored Governments, in the private retirement, " where he lived till the act of oblivion proved as favourable to him as could be hoped or expected, through the intercession of some that stood his friends, both in Council and Parliament; *particularly Mr. Andrew Marvell,* a member for Hull, acted vigorously in his behalf, and made a considerable party for him." p. xxxviii. It is not improbable, that the humour of Marvell also contrived the premature and mock funeral of Milton, which is reported, for a time, to have duped his enemies into the belief of his real death: and to this manly friendship is the world probably indebted for the great poems which were long subsequently completed and published. We have also omitted to mention, that Milton's " Second Defence" of the people, with a compliment from its author, was presented

to Cromwell, by Andrew Marvell, who afterwards wrote to Milton, on the subject of its reception: (See Birch's Life, and Symmons, second edition, p. 455). In this letter, Marvell says to the author of that extraordinary tract—"when I consider how equally it turns, and rises with so many figures, it seems to me a Trajan's column, in whose winding ascent we see embossed the several monuments of your learned victories." It concludes with the following interesting passage:—

"I have an affectionate curiosity to know what becomes of Colonel Overton's business, and am exceeding glad to think that Mr. Skinner has got near you; the happiness which I at the same time congratulate to him, and envy, there being none who doth, if I may so say, more jealously honoured you than, honoured sir, your most affectionate, humble servant, Andrew Marvell."—*Eton, June* 2, 1654.

"For my most honoured friend, John Milton, *Esq.*, Secretary for the Foreign Affairs, at his house, in Petty France, Westminster."

Marvell's watchful and tender friendship for our great bard is also affectingly displayed in the "Rehearsal Transposed," Part xi. p. 377, where Marvell tells his antagonist, Parker, "that he had not seen John Milton of two years before he composed his first volume of the work just mentioned." "But," says he, "after I undertook writing, I did more carefully avoid either visiting or sending to him, lest it should any away involve him in my consequences. Had he took you in hand, you would have had cause to repent the occasion, and not escaped so easily as you did under my "Transposed."

Afterwards, he thus characterises Milton:—

"John Milton was, and is, a man of as great learning, and sharpness of wit, as any man. It was his misfortune, living in a tumultuous time, to be tossed on the wrong side; and he wrote, *flagrante bello*, certain dangerous treatises. At his Majesty's happy return, John Milton did partake, even as you did yourself, for all your buffing, of his regal clemency, and has ever since expiated himself in a retired silence. It was after that, I well remember it, that being one day at his house, I there first met you, and accidentally. Then it was, when you, as I told you, wandered up and down Moorfields, astrologising upon the duration of his Majesty's government, that you frequented John Milton's incessantly, and haunted his house day by day. What discourse you there used, he is too generous to remember. But he, never having in the least provoked you, for you to insult thus over his old age, to traduce him by your scaramuccios, and in your own person, as a school-master, who was born and hath lived much more ingenuously and liberally than yourself; to have done all this, and lay, at last, my simple book to his charge, without ever taking care to inform yourself better, which you had so easy opportunity to do; it is inhumanly and inhospitably done, and will, I hope, be a warning

to all others, as it is to me, to avoid (I will not say such a Judas, but) a man that creeps into all companies, to jeer, trepan, and betray them."

We must now reluctantly close our extracts from Marvell. His volumes, like the prose works of Milton's, will one day attract the attention which, as part of the standard literature and history of our country, they so justly merit; and that day is not very far distant.

In our preceding article we gave a brief biographical memoir of Marvell, the Roman virtues of whose public and private character were alike distinguished; and it was one of his great maxims, that a man dishonest in private life would not honestly serve his country as a public servant.

The following imitation, by Marvell, from Seneca, (Traged. ex Thyeste, Chor. 2,) is highly characteristic of his own mind and private virtues:

"Climb at *Court* for me that will
Tottering favor's pinnacle;
All I seek is to lie still.
Settled in some secret nest
In calm leisure let me rest;
And far off the public stage
Pass away my silent age.
Thus when without noise, unknown,
I have liv'd out all my span,
I shall die, without a groan,
An old honest countryman.
Who expos'd to other's eyes,
Into his own heart ne'er pries,
Death to him's a strange surprise."

In his person, Mr. Marvell is described as of a very dark complexion, with long flowing black hair, black bright eyes, his nose not small, but altogether a handsome man, with an expressive countenance: he was about 5 feet 7, of a strong constitution and active temperate habits; of reserved disposition amongst strangers, but familiar, entertaining, and facetious with his friends.

The late Mr. Hollis had an admirable portrait of Marvell, and we believe there is one in the town-hall of Hull. The prints are severally noticed in Granger; an octagon one before his folio poems of 1681; a second, 2mo. copied from the above; and a third, drawn and etched by J. B. Cipriani, from Mr. Hollis's picture, 4to. prefixed to his works in 1776.

END OF VOL. XI. PART I.

LONDON:
Printed by D. S. Maurice, Fenchurch-street.

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THE

Retrospective Review.

Vol. XI. Part II.

Art. I.—The Holy Bible.

It is not our intention, in this article, to touch upon any doctrinal points; nor to discuss, in fact, any question of theology. Our object is, simply to consider the Bible as a *literary* work; and should we, in doing this, venture to contemplate for a moment the aspect of Christianity, it will be merely in reference to the literature to which it has given birth, and so far only as it approximates to imagination and poetry.

Amongst the many religions which have from time to time prevailed in the world, it would not be very easy for an indifferent person to determine the order of precedence. The advocates of each would probably decline to cede the priority to the others; for—however the stricter rites of the old superstitions might now be explained away or disregarded—the Egyptian—the Scandinavian—the Greek—the Chinese—the Hindoo, and the rest, would, we suspect, (were their respective creeds all at present existing) maintain, at least, their own antiquity. It is a sort of national privilege which never lapses by disuse, nor is broken down by the ravages of time. Perhaps, indeed, after all, these religions may be traced to the same vast source; although the innovations which have curtailed some, and the evident degeneracy of others, create some doubt as to their common origin. The mere fact of all nations having some unknown Deity, and worshipping a power greater than themselves, may in itself be sufficient to induce a supposition that the most dissimilar creeds must, at some very early period, have been the same; or, at least, that the idea of a God—of a futurity—of

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reward and punishment, &c. must have been inculcated by the believers in some *one* particular religion, however misunderstood by later proselytes, or changed in appearance (or, if it be so, even in spirit) by the lapse of succeeding ages.

It may be said, on the other hand, indeed, that, as hope and fear are common to man, so also must be the phantoms which those passions excite in the mind. But, the idea of *a God*—although it may seem to us at present obvious and even necessary—could scarcely have sprung up in twenty different regions, without a communication of one with the other; and the notion of an *Hereafter*, with its attendant consequences, is too complicated, and too much at variance with the proofs of mortality perpetually occurring before our eyes, to have arisen among a dozen different sects of Pagans without some teacher wiser than themselves.

Of all ancient mythologies, that of Greece appears to have been the most beautiful and imaginative. It sprang out of the base and earthy superstitions of Egypt, as the winged butterfly is born of the dull and loathsome chrysalis. It did not, indeed, touch the heavens, but it rose into the air, and there sate enthroned, above Pelion and Parnassus and Olympus with its hundred heads,—a creature of beauty before whom sages and poets were proud to bow down and worship. Nevertheless, it was false and hollow. Its Gods had no perfection, except of form. They were cruel, lustful, rapacious, deceitful, and implacable. But they had strength and grace of body (mixed up with deformities of mind), and this was enough for the Greeks. God is said to have created man after his own image. The Greeks fashioned *their* Gods after themselves, and were satisfied. Indeed, their heroes or demigods were actually of human descent, and the great Olympian conclave itself had, probably, a similar origin, except where its deities were mere embodyings of certain qualities of human nature, or impersonations of virtues which they themselves (if we may believe their stories) did not always think it necessary to exercise.

Every folly of every other creed, however, shrinks in comparison with the preposterous superstition of the Egyptians.—In the belief that all things had their origin in the slime of the world—or the mud of the Nile—or some such notion, they went down to the dust for their Gods, and worshipped, in perverse absurdity, all that is held hideous in form or base in nature. The snake, and the crocodile, the ichneumon, the dog, and the bull, cats, onions, monkeys, goats, sheep, falcons, wolves, vermin, and, in short, every thing which the dirt of Egypt produced or nourished was considered sufficiently good for the humble idolatry of its inhabitants. They were once adorers of the visible heavens; but they left that worship, in order to

invest with divine attributes every thing which was inferior to themselves. They thought, perhaps, to raise the idea of human nature, by reducing their Gods below it: but this, if it ever existed, was a short-sighted vanity; for they worshipped still.

Much learning and ingenuity have been employed, in different ages, in inventing for the Egyptians different reasons for their extraordinary conduct; yet it has not on all occasions been justified. It is said, that one idol was emblematic of wisdom, another of fruitfulness, a third of prudence, a fourth of eternity, and so on. These, however, (whatever might have been the case originally) do not latterly appear to have been mere symbols. The bull was not adored because he had power, or patience, or cunning, or innocence; but the God Apis was believed to exist *in* him,—incarnate. He was apt to die, indeed; but the people who could abase themselves before a cat, or pray by the hour to a monkey or a rope of onions, were not likely to be daunted by so small a difficulty. It was the death of a deity whom they could easily replace, and nothing else was wanting than a little more fiction to render the absurdity perfect. They adopted the idea of a transmigration of souls and created a perpetual Apis. We say amongst ourselves that 'the king never dies'—but this is considered an useful political fiction, and is held, indeed, necessary for the purposes of justice. We do not, we confess, so readily perceive the good which was to ensue from the mysteries of the Egyptian religion (of which, however, Plato and Pythagoras aspired to be members) or the supposed immortality of the holy bull.

The Indian is an obstinate and inveterate superstition,—the creed of traditions which have existed six thousand years. Whatever beauty it originally possessed (and it certainly had beauty) is now defaced and worn away. Such as it is, however, it is still potent and mischievous. Its worshippers still retain their fears for their ancient gods, and pour out in blind obedience deluges of human blood before their brutish shrines. The system of excommunication, (the 'losing of cast,' as it is called,) their burnings and bruisings to death, still continue to excite both our wonder and contempt. Sir William Jones had learning and elegance enough to make us admire the *theory* of the Hindoo religion; but nothing can extenuate certain points of its practice, or tempt us to forget the cruel and crafty policy of the priesthood, or the inexpressible folly of the people.

The Chinese, in religion, as in all other matters, claim an antiquity beyond all the rest of the world. There never was a people so completely the slaves of the giant Custom. They are the true practical optimists, and are utterly beyond both

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argument or error. Every thing is as it *should* be with them, and as it always has been. Some nations have broken up their idols of wood and stone; others have given up worshipping the sun to adore the Power which created it; and others again have left the stars to their course, to prostrate themselves before the reptile which crawled at their feet; but the Chinese are where they were thousands of years ago! There is no alteration, at least no material alteration, in them. Their kings, we believe, still trace their pedigree to the moon, and make cousins of all the planets; and their sacred books (which they also trace beyond the time of Moses) are older, better, wiser, and less controvertible than any other creed, written or traditionary, which has existed in the world from the time of Adam (the Chinese Adam!) down to the moment of this present writing. It is well, perhaps, for the stability of their holy structure that the native sceptics are dealt with in a summary way; and that the Phantom of Justice who presides in China (and who has long since quitted the balance for the sword) as little permits impudent curiosity to assail it from abroad, as heresy to sap it at home. An offender against the most trivial point of faith is tried for his life, equally with one who prints the scriptures and thereby *extends* the religion! In regard to downright unbelievers, their heads are cut off without ceremony. The consequence of all this is, that the Emperor, to this day, remains first cousin of the moon, and the people of China are Pagans still.

It is surely no violent instance of bigotry on our parts to assert the pre-eminent character of the Christian religion over those which we have mentioned, as well as over others of a similar fashion. We do not mean to defend or even to extenuate the blindness and enormity of our own intolerant zealots. The burnings at the stake (from the simple conflagration of a witch or nonconformist, up to the hideous grandeur of an *auto da fé*) are no more to be contemplated without hate and contempt than any similar instance of damnable fanaticism which may have disgraced the annals of Rome or Egypt. It is not, indeed, so much of the *practice* of any religion that we would now speak, but of the theory and general aspect as shewn to us by writings and traditions. And upon this point we must maintain the supremacy of our own. The utility and moral beauty of its precepts (founded, as they generally are, upon pure reason, and calling into perpetual action the best qualities of our nature) are incomparably beyond the limitary dogmas of the sophists, or the ordinary dictates of other religions. They comprehend a far more extensive view of man, and are better adapted to his wants and nature. There is no other system of morals indeed, unless it

be the Mahometan (and that, having been framed subsequent to the introduction of Christianity, adopted, naturally, part of what was good in it) which can claim any competition with our own. And the Mahometan religion itself is, assuredly, more limited, sensual, and earthy. Its spirit is more carnal and craving, fuller of humbler policy and gaudier dreams; for, although its principle was originally sufficiently ascetic in some respects, it was indulgent in others, and its paths of virtue on earth were lost in a voluptuous distance, in which all delights were blended, and a Paradise of Houris opened for the eternal joy of the 'true believer.' In this respect, the Greek superstition was better; but that, in its turn, never got beyond mere ideas of beauty and perfections of shape. They had, indeed, some personifications of goodness, as Prudence, Piety, Charity, &c. &c. but these were rather poetical than religious allegories, and were inferior to their Gods, who were brute specimens of deity,—incarnations, as it were, of mere physical power, and not remarkable, as we have said, either for intellect or virtue. Indeed, we may discover, even amongst nations generally reckoned tasteless and savage, more delicate and finer instances of imagination than in any of the flights of the Koran. What, in the Mahometan legends, can equal the Chinese superstition that Fohi's mother *conceived him as she was encompassed by a rainbow?* or the tradition of the tribe of (we believe) Mexican Indians, in which *the virgin mother of one of their deities sees a white plume descend floating from heaven, which falls into her bosom and is lost?* These things are scarcely surpassed by our own account of the Spirit which embodied itself in the figure of a dove, and descended in a stream of light upon the forehead of Mary, a forerunner of the immaculate conception.—Of ideas like these, the pages of the Koran are destitute.

Passing by our own peculiar belief as to rewards and punishments, in which rank and power on earth are utterly set at nought, and a system of unerring and universal justice is supposed to be administered, with reference only to the sins and virtues of individual man, Christianity must also, in other respects, be considered as more refined and ideal than any other religion known to us. The shadowy aspect of our future is, assuredly, more poetical than even the dim Elysium of the ancients; and our Heaven beyond the stars, where eternal happiness and rejoicing are,—where winged spirits meet disencumbered of their clay—where the good man meets his friend, and patriot mingles with philosopher—where all is glowing with eternal life, stainless, untroubled, sublimer than a dream—where Heaven is indeed Heaven, with its thrones, and dominations and hierarchies, its fiery seraphim, and cherubs flourishing in immortal youth; its sanctities and troops of angels, when

> 'With solemn adoration down they cast
> Their crowns inwove of amaranth and gold;"

and, lastly, its Great and immaculate Presence, "high throned above all height;" are surely superior to the capricious elevation of heroes and legislators into planets, or all the 'Hereafter' of the Pagan world. Our idea, too, of a supreme good,—invisible, immeasurable, and immortal—omniscient and omnipresent—inaccessible to passion and temptation, and soaring above all the infirmities of the flesh, is utterly beyond the conception of the Greeks, whose Jove was a mere personification of power; sublime only as a giant is, the slave of every appetite, and the sport of every contemptible caprice. *Our* belief is in an abstraction of all excellence—a grand unity—commensurate with our largest ideas of goodness and power; whereas the Grecian notions were often confined to petty desires and grovelling wishes. Their God was split and subdivided into patrons of the passions, to suit the exigency of the moment. A constellation of excellence would have blinded them, and so they cut their heaven out "into little stars," and (not unlike our modern Catholics, who have saints for shipwreck, and travel, and other occasions) shaped, thereout, Cupid and Mars, Diana and Pallas, and the rest, whose several propensities were supposed to accord with the pursuits of different votaries, and who would therefore be more likely, as they fancied, to lend a willing ear to their own individual proselytes or worshippers, than if any *one* deity were perplexed by the clamour of contesting petitioners. These secondary gods were the 'friends at court,' who were more open to flattery than the monarch himself, and interceded for the virgin and the philosopher and the soldier, &c. in proportion to the incense offered at their shrines.

As the aspect of Christianity is more sublime, so is the poetry in which its history is recorded of a loftier (or, as the case may be, of a purer and gentler) character than that of any other religion. The moral precepts of the Koran are laid down simply, but the mood of Mahomet seems never to have been divulged in the hour of his inspiration. The ancient sayings of the Greeks were neat, pithy, and sententious, and the Delphian Oracles more than sufficiently mystic. But where, elsewhere, is to be found that extraordinary union of the grand and the beautiful, of the terrible, the simple, the argumentative, and the pathetic, which the books of the Old and New Testament perpetually exhibit? In these strange and inspired writings, we may contemplate the perfections of almost every style, from the plain phraseology of the ancient patriarchs to the sounding denunciations of the prophets,—from the sublime story of

Creation to the frenzied lamentings of Jeremiah and the cloudy revelations of the times to come.

The style of the Old Testament is essentially oriental. It has more of detail, and, occasionally, more simplicity, indeed, than what is generally attributed to the Eastern writers, but, otherwise, it is ample, sonorous, picturesque, and awful; glittering with innumerable similes, and enlisting into its service every plant of the earth and wind of Heaven, the mountains and their offspring, the ocean and its brood, the leviathan, the mammoth, the fox, the wolf, and the lion, the cedar of Libanus and the pictured palm, the rose, the lily, the ruby, the beryl and the amethyst, the soaring eagle and the home-returning dove; in a word, every thing which the wonderful prodigality of nature offered was accepted without hesitation, and used without stint, for the purpose of enriching the marvellous history of Man. There was nothing ascetic in the dispositions of the writers, and there is, consequently, no niggardliness or poverty in their verse. Every thing is full, even to redundancy, as is becoming a subject so replete with wonder. The facts have no appearance of having been pared down to suit the limit which the historian has imposed upon himself. A grand incident is not heightened to shew where the author has thought proper to task his powers to the utmost. But all is as though certain events were related without any view to their individual insignificance or importance, but only so as that "the truth and the whole truth" might be set down, without either exaggeration, or curtailment, for the use and benefit of after ages.

The different events of the Bible pass by us like a succession of distinct panoramas. Its figures and metaphors (if they have occasionally a little sameness) are almost always sparkling and beautiful; and its words are like those of an oracle. It is as though we listened to the music of a pleasant river—or the voice of the mighty ocean on the sounding shore—to a tempest in its anger—or a mother lamenting by her child. Its stories of remorse and exile, its pictures of Eastern manners, its cedars and cypresses, its burning sands, its stately palaces, ceiled with the fir-tree and overlaid with amethysts and gold, its courts and armies, its pastoral tents and fountains of water in the wilderness, can never be forgotten. There is a pomp in its diction which never loses its importance, a freshness and beauty in its images from which we never turn aside. Its names even (read in our childhood) carry with them a vague grandeur into our imaginations, and become invested with a patriarchal dignity, or with a state and princely splendour which nothing of later times produces. We remember when our ears first thrilled with admiration before these things,

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and our spirit bowed down within us. The old enchantment still prevails, and all is as awful and as fine as ever. There are still glimpses in our memory of Nimrod, 'the mighty hunter'—and the star-soaring towers of Babel—the desolate Hagar—the true and gentle Ruth—Egyptian Pharaoh and his host—the stern lawgiver Moses—Nebuchadnezzar the Babylonian prince, struck prone for his impiety—Joshua, who checked the sun and moon in their course in the 'valley of Ajalon'—Daniel, who alone could read the awful writing on the wall—Jonathan, the son of Saul, (over whom David so sweetly lamented)—the terrible witch of Endor, who saw "*Gods ascending out of the earth*"—the glittering visions of Ezekiel—the epic grandeur of Isaiah—the sadness of Jeremiah—the wisdom of Solomon—and Job, tempered in the winter of adversity, who "died old and full of days," perhaps the sublimest of them all.

We are so accustomed to hear the words of the Bible read (often, indeed, slurred over in a careless or sleepy manner) in our churches, that we are apt to pass by or rate at nothing the incomparable splendour of its diction. But of all books in all languages—

> 'The ancient Hebrew clad with mysteries;
> The learned Greek rich in fit epithets,
> Blest in the lovely marriage of pure words;
> The Chaldee wise; the Arabian physical;
> The Roman eloquent, and Tuscan grave,
> The braving Spanish, and the smooth-tongued French;'—

it is the first in point of sublimity, and equal, perhaps, to any other for pictures of tenderness, for pastoral simplicity, and deep and passionate human interest. It is the history of a world (of our *own* world)—its morning, its meridian, its many changes, and its dark decline. The countless multitudes of antiquity pass before our eyes, the heroes, and tyrants, and martyrs of old time, their enormous wealth, their glittering palaces, and mighty cities. We hear the tumult of their armies and the fame of their kings proclaimed, Assyrian and Persian, Babylonian, Egyptian, and Mede; and all is suddenly swept away;—and another king or conqueror comes, and another army, more numerous than the last—and that, too, perishes before our eyes;—and another after rises up,—and then another! And all these men were *our fathers*, whose virtues and vices are recorded in blazing letters, and whose punishment or reward is made known to the uttermost regions of the earth, for the benefit and guidance of *us*, their sons. Were it but the ruin of a history, it would be venerable; were it a fiction only, it would be a grand one. But it is complete and true; it is full

of general as well as individual interest; it is replete with simple and manly narration, with passionate appeals, and overwhelming eloquence. It is addressed to *ourselves;* it is connected with us and our well-doing; it gives us a story of the past, and a lesson for the future. There is nothing in Homer which can mate with the soaring spirit of its poetry: there is nothing in Virgil which can equal the gentle pathos of its strains: Dante is less awful, and Ariosto less wild. Even Milton, who has topped the sublimity of all other writers, and Shakspeare, who has surpassed the united world in prodigality of imagery and variety of thought, must yield to the infinite grandeur and beauty which is impressed upon the prophetic oracles of the Hebrew writings, or scattered almost at random over its many stories.

We will now pass, without more preamble, to the Bible itself; and should we, in support of our opinion, bring forward more passages, or refer oftener to a book which is common to every one, than may at first sight seem necessary, it will be that we may at once be borne out in the reader's opinion by sufficient quotation, and vindicated from any charge, which may otherwise spring up in his mind, of speaking from bigoted feeling or early and immature preference. We will begin our extracts with the very commencement of the book of Genesis. There is nothing that we know of, in literature, that is so calm and awful.

"*In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.*

"*And the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.*"

Then follows the birth of light, so often quoted. The brief sublimity of this passage can scarcely be too much extolled.

"*And God said, Let there be light:* AND THERE WAS LIGHT."

The words are quick and direct, without preamble, like the flash which follows the supreme command. And in the same way are all things, one after the other, created, by the sole will of the Deity,—Night and Day, the land and the waters, the herb and the fruit-tree, the sun, the moon, and the world of stars; and all the ground is made populous, and all the sea; the 'great whales' and the 'winged fowls,' the 'beasts of the earth' and the 'creeping things' spring up and swarm in and over the newly fashioned world, and lastly, 'Man' is seen to arise, the image of his Maker. Thus, with a blessing, the Heavens and the earth were finished; and upon this foundation commences the great history of Man.

The second and third chapters detail the birth of Eve, the

Temptation, and the Fall. The fourth relates to the murder of Abel by his brother, and the curse stamped upon the forehead of Cain. He is 'cursed from the earth,' the ground is to be barren before him, and he is to wander 'a fugitive and a vagabond' for ever:

"And Cain said unto the Lord, *My punishment is greater than I can bear.*"

The first fear of the fratricide is of death; but the Lord said—

"Whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him seven-fold. *And the* LORD *set a mark upon Cain,* lest any finding him should kill him."

Then follows the degeneracy of man, and his punishment in the universal Deluge. This grand event is told without any effort, and yet with prodigious effect.

"In the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, the same day were *all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened.*

"And the flood was forty days upon the earth: and the waters increased, and bare up the ark, and it was lift up above the earth.

"And the waters prevailed, and were increased greatly upon the earth: and the ark went upon the face of the waters.

"And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth; and all the high hills that were under the whole heaven, were covered."

It goes on to state, that all things perished, beast, and fowl, and cattle, and all "in whose nostrils was the breath of life."

"And every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man, and cattle, and the creeping things, and the fowl of the heaven; and they were destroyed from the earth: and Noah only remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark."

After this, is established the covenant with Noah; in sign of which it is said that the rainbow was formed, a beautiful memorial, in order that the after world might read for ever, in times of storm and darkness, upon the melting colours of this heavenly arch, the promise of God to man. We then hear of the descendants of Noah,—of Nimrod,—of Babel—of the confusion of tongues—the call of Abraham—the exile of Hagar, with her child Ishmael, into the desert, where an angel found her

"By a fountain of water in the wilderness;"

the destruction of Gomorrah and Sodom by the fiery rain—the birth and adventures of Isaac and his two sons, of whom we are told that

"Esau was a cunning hunter, a man of the field; and Jacob was a plain man dwelling in tents."

Jacob, however, does not quite verify this description; for he *steals* (with the aid of his mother Rebecca, of whom he is the favourite son) the blessing intended for his elder brother, Esau, and lies through all impediments in order to obtain it. There is not a more contemptible person in the Bible than the celebrated Jacob, (in his earlier life,) nor a nobler one than the stigmatized Esau.

How touching is his complaint when he discovers the cheat of his brother, and how passionate is his cry for his father's blessing—

"And when Esau heard the words of his father, he cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry, and said unto his father, Bless me, even me also, O my father."

But the father answers—

"Esau, behold, I have made him thy lord, and all his brethren have I given to him for servants; and with corn and wine have I sustained him: and what shall I do now unto thee, my son?

"And Esau said unto his father, Hast thou but one blessing, my father? bless *me*, even *me* also, O my father. And Esau lifted up his voice, and wept."

We pass by the dream of the ladder of angels, which has been painted in so wonderful a manner * by Rembrandt, (and by no one else,) to recount the submission of the crafty Jacob before his nobler and victorious brother. Assuredly, Esau was the first really great conqueror on record. He was a marvel in those barbarous times, and possessed a dignified clemency beyond either Scipio or Titus. We quote the passage, because, amongst churchmen in general, the character of Esau is slighted. They say that he sold his birthright for a "mess of pottage," (*he was starving*:)—Why do they not, in preference, quote his noble conduct towards the fallen and sycophantic Jacob? The reader will understand, that the latter and his family, stand before Esau, who is a victor.

"And Leah with her children came near, and bowed themselves: and after came Joseph near and Rachel, and they bowed themselves."

Esau inquires the meaning of this; to which Jacob replies,

"These are to find grace in the sight of my lord.

"And Esau said, I HAVE ENOUGH, MY BROTHER; KEEP THAT THOU HAST UNTO THYSELF."

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* This picture is in the Dulwich Gallery. It is the *conception* rather than the *chiaro 'scuro* to which we allude.

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Following the current, we arrive at the pretty story of Joseph, who was sold (in "his coat of many colours,") by his false brethren to the Ishmaelites, but afterwards rose to be chief man under Egyptian Pharaoh, interpreting his dreams, and foretelling the famine which was to desolate the land. Then comes the history of the great lawgiver Moses, who wrought so many miracles—who heard the voice of God from the burning bush, and broke the tablets before the idolaters. He it was who smote Egypt with plague—

("And Moses stretched forth his rod toward heaven, and the Lord sent thunder and hail, and the fire ran along upon the ground; and the Lord rained hail upon the land of Egypt;")

and divided the waters with so mighty a hand. His song upon this event must not be entirely omitted. It is a grand hymn to victory and the Giver of victories.

"I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

He proceeds to say what God has done upon his enemies—upon Pharaoh and his chariots and his hosts of soldiers—how he has cast them into the sea, and consumed them as stubble—and then adds—

"And with the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together: the floods stood upright as an heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea.

"The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil: my lust shall be satisfied upon them, I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.

"Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them: they sank as lead in the mighty waters."

We pass by the laws and customs contained in the books of Exodus and Leviticus, as well as by the wanderings of the Israelites—the various deeds of Aaron and Moses—and come to the address of the latter when he speaks "in the ears of the congregation of Israel." After alluding, in brief terms, to the corruption of the world, he inquires, 'Do ye thus requite the Lord,' who separated the sons of Adam and looked down upon Jacob?

"He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness: he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye.

"As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings:

"So the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him."

But his descendants provoked God with strange idols, and thereupon he said, "I will hide my face from them;"

"For a fire is kindled in my anger, and shall burn unto the lowest hell, and shall consume the earth with her increase, and set on fire the foundations of the mountains.

"I will heap mischiefs upon them, I will spend my arrows upon them.

"They shall be burnt with hunger, and devoured with burning heat, and with bitter destruction: I will also send the teeth of beasts upon them, with the poison of serpents of the dust.

"The sword without, and terror within, shall destroy both the young man and the virgin, the suckling also with the man of gray hairs.

"I said, I would scatter them into corners, I would make the remembrance of them to cease from among men:"

This is surely very grand and imposing language, to say the least of it; but, considered as the decision of a deity, it is exceedingly awful.

We now hear of Joshua who made the Sun and Moon to stand still "in the sight of Israel"—saying,

"Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou Moon, in the valley of Ajalon.

"And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies. Is not this written in the book of Jasher? so the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day.

"And there was no day like that, before it or after it, that the Lord hearkened unto the voice of a man: for the Lord fought for Israel."

and afterwards arrive at the delightful story of Ruth. She is a model for all daughters. Filial piety was never so sweetly represented, nor the fidelity of women more incontestibly manifested.

"And Orpah kissed her mother in law, *but Ruth clave unto her.*

"And she said, Behold, thy sister in law is gone back unto her people, and unto her Gods: return thou after thy sister in law.

"And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God:

"Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me."

The next thing that strikes us in this extraordinary book, is the famous history of Saul. His enmity towards David, and the cause of it, is so generally known, that we need not fatigue the reader's patience with any unnecessary detail of facts. We will, however, extract a couple of verses, in order to shew how exceedingly *picturesque* the narrative occasionally becomes. It

is impossible to bring any thing much more vividly before the sight, than in the following verses:—

"And the evil spirit from the Lord was upon Saul, as he sat in his house with his javelin in his hand: and David played with his hand.

"And Saul sought to smite David even to the wall with the javelin; but he slipt away out of Saul's presence, and he smote the javelin into the wall: and David fled, and escaped that night."

The lament—the tender and beautiful lament of David over the body of Jonathan, his friend, is far too well known to need quotation; yet it is difficult to pass it over altogether. How sadly it commences—

"The *beauty of Israel is slain* upon thy high places; how are the mighty fallen!"

"Tell it not 'to Gath or Askelon,' lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice upon the earth,"—he says, "and call forth barrenness.

"Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil."

He then tells of their feats in war, and adds this gentle and melancholy epitaph. Nothing ever surpassed its pathos:

"*Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided:* they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.

"Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights, who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel."

The lament is then repeated, and the poet concludes:

"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

"How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

We shall forbear to expatiate upon the character of David, which, it must be confessed, had something of the low cunning and sensuality of an Israelite about it. His conduct towards Uriah needs no telling and is utterly beyond all kind of palliation. It is treacherous, cruel, adulterous, and base. He was repentant, it is true, and thankful, and it was in one of his better moments that he sung that sublime song of thanksgiving which is to be found in the 22d chapter of Samuel. After saying that, in his distress, he cried unto the Lord, who heard him out of his temple, he proceeds in this tremendous manner:

"Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations of heaven moved and shook, because he was wrath.

"He bowed the heavens also and came down: and darkness was under his feet.

"And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly: and he was seen upon the wings of the wind.

"And he made darkness pavilions round about him, dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies.

"The Lord thundered from heaven, and the most High uttered his voice.

"And he sent out arrows, and scattered them; lightning, and discomfited them.

"And the channels of the sea appeared, the foundations of the world were discovered at the rebuking of the Lord, at the blast of the breath of his nostrils."

We forbear to make any quotations respecting Elijah,—or the story of Naaman,—or Elisha,—or Ahab,—or the destruction of Sennacherib, and his one hundred and four score thousand Assyrians in one night, or even regarding Solomon, his magnificent temple and his profound and memorable Proverbs, (though each might justify some extract) in order that we may arrive without more ado at the celebrated verses of the prophets.

These strange and inspired writings, upon which so much comment and eulogy has been poured by canonized priests and modern theologians, deserve in truth all their reputation. If there be a fault in them, or a thing which sounds like a fault to our critical ears, it is that they are somewhat diffuse and tautological, and, as a consequence of this last defect, monotonous. But the sublime does not always arise from brevity. "Let there be light, *and there was light*," appears, indeed, one instance against our opinion; although we suspect that the value even of this famous sentence consists as much in its *appositeness*, as in any other quality. That the narrative of a rapid event should be itself not tedious, is a position which is almost self-evident. But there may be events of a different character, which require a solemn and more measured detail. In regard to the repetitions observable in the prophecies, it is to be remarked that these predictions were uttered or issued upon successive occasions, when the sins that were proclaimed, and the punishment that was to follow, wore the same character as at first, and demanded little more than a repetition of the original warning. It would not have been easy (had mere *style* been the object of the prophets) to have varied the same fact and the same menace into a dozen different rhetorical shapes; neither do we think that it would have gained any thing, by such change, which could have been considered an adequate compensation for the impressiveness which it must necessarily have lost.

Amongst the Hebrew prophets and poets, the principal

station is usually allotted to Isaiah. It is true, that he is, on the whole, perhaps, the most majestic. His style is more ample and imposing, and his verse has a richness of imagery and a magnificent exultation that is not to be found, or found more sparingly, in the others. But in pathos he is inferior to Jeremiah; in sweetness and tenderness, to David; in occasional splendour, to Ezekiel and others; in sublimity, to Job; and in the general display of intellect, immeasurably below the wonderful Proverbs of Solomon. The words of Isaiah—his visions 'which he saw concerning Judah and Jerusalem,'—his warnings, which he utters in the name of God himself—come forth in full and rounded periods. The march of his verse is stately, and his reproofs (of the 'children of men') are delivered in a lofty tone. He tells them that they have rebelled and forsaken him, that their cities shall be burned by fire, and their lands overthrown by strangers; that they shall be as an oak whose leaf fadeth, and as a garden that hath no water." Sometimes, he rises even to the sublime, as in the following verses, of which the third quoted (the 9th) is very grand.

"The whole earth is at rest and is quiet: they break forth into singing.

"Yea, the fir-trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, Since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us.

"*Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming; it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations!*

"All they shall speak and say unto thee, Art thou also become weak as we? art thou become like unto us?

"Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols: the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee.

"How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations!

"For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north.

"I will ascend above the heights of the clouds, I will be like the most High."

—Ezekiel is glittering and confused. There is a prodigality, and, if it may so be said, an ostentation of imagery in his writings, which often defeats the object that is intended to be attained. We are lost in a maze of visions. The 'living creatures' winged like angels, and with the faces of lions and men, and which run and return like the flash of the lightning—the stones of beryl, the firmaments of chrystal and the sapphire throne, on which sate "*the* APPEARANCE *of a man*" (a grand expression, which Milton did not forget)—the abominable

beasts—the wheels within wheels, four-faced and full of eyes,—the four-faced cherubim, &c. &c. dance before our eyes in dazzling and inextricable confusion. There are phrases, however, such as the one which we have quoted just above, and where the prophet speaks of a rush of wings '*like the noise of great waters*' which he heard, and the 'brightness' that he saw, and which was "The Appearance *of the Likeness* OF THE GLORY OF THE LORD," (in which expression the ordinary principle of sublimity, if brevity be it, is inverted and set at nought, and an image of vastness accomplished that will yield to nothing in the circle of poetry,) that deserve to be excepted from such remarks.

Striking passages might also be quoted without much trouble from Jeremiah and Joel; but we prefer selecting the following from Habbakuk, under an idea that it may not so generally be known. He is speaking of God's coming from Teman, when 'his glory covered the heaven, and earth was full of his praise.'

"Before him went the pestilence, and burning coals went forth at his feet.

"He stood and measured the earth: he beheld, and drove asunder the nations, and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow: his ways are everlasting.

"I saw the tents of Cushan in affliction: and the curtains of the land of Midian did tremble.

"Was the Lord displeased against the rivers? was thine anger against the rivers? was thy wrath against the sea, that thou didst ride upon thine horses, and thy chariots of salvation?

"Thy bow was made quite naked, according to the oaths of the tribes, even thy word. Selah. Thou didst cleave the earth with rivers.

"The mountains saw thee, and they trembled: the overflowing of the water passed by: the deep uttered his voice, and lifted up his hands on high.

"The sun and moon stood still in their habitation: at the light of thine arrows they went, and at the shining of thy glittering spear."

But we have passed by the first in order of these poets and prophets, and, in our opinion, the first in point of true grandeur and poetry, viz. Job. Assuredly, no one, under the pressure of misery, or death, or inspiration, ever raised his voice in grander utterance.—He was a good man smitten down by pain and sickness, but preserving through all changes, and in the face of scorn and calamity, a high and philosophic patience. He seems to have been born beyond the ordinary weakness of humanity, and to have gathered strength from time and meditation. The splendour of his thoughts swell and dilate in sorrow, springing from the gloom of his fate, as the

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eternal Sun arose out of darkness and chaos. What was pure and gracious in him in prosperity, in adversity became enduring and noble. He is shorn and cast out to the winds; he is tempered in the winter of the world, like the sword in the ice-brook. But the film which lay upon his eyes is removed, as his days of comfort vanish, and his imagination is let loose, and roams abroad unconfined amongst mysteries of heaven and the grave. His curse is as the curse of some mighty power, delivered like a judgement in solemn words. And, altogether, there is a wild and vague character about his language, when he speaks of the "path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen;" and a terrible sublimity when he invests Ruin with a voice, and gives words to the earth and ocean, that has scarcely ever (if ever) been equalled, and never, to our knowledge, surpassed.

But these things require to be read in their places, and to be pondered over, in order to receive the praise which is due to them. It must be not only a strong poetical flower, but one also of a particular nature (growing solitary and unincumbered) which will bear transplanting from the original text and continue to flourish apart.

The book of Job opens, as the reader knows, with the strange story of Satan's entrance into Heaven—his defiance to God to produce a perfectly good man—and the permission given him to afflict Job, in order to ascertain the measure of his virtue. All kinds of ills are showered down upon the unhappy mortal, who breaks out into gloomy curses or angry complaint:

"After this opened Job his mouth, and cursed his day.
"And Job spake and said,
"Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man-child conceived.
"Let that day be darkness, let not God regard it from above, neither let the light shine upon it.
"Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it, let a cloud dwell upon it, let the blackness of the day terrify it.
"Lo, let that night be solitary, let no joyful voice come therein."

"Why died I not?" he adds, "for I should now have lain still,—

"With kings and counsellors of the earth, which built desolate places for themselves:
"Or with princes that had gold, who filled their houses with silver:
"Or as an hidden untimely birth I had not been; as infants which never saw light.
"There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest.

"There the prisoners rest together, they hear not the voice of the oppressor.

"The small and great are there, and the servant is free from his master."

We omit the vision so often quoted ("Then a spirit passed before my face," &c.) and proceed to a subsequent chapter, in which there is a vague and prodigious grandeur.

"There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen.

"The lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it.

"He bindeth the floods from overflowing, and the thing that is hid, bringeth he forth to light.

"But where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?

"Man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living.

"*The depth saith,* IT IS NOT IN ME; *and the sea saith,* IT IS NOT WITH ME.

"It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.

"The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold.

"Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?

"Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air?

"*Destruction and Death say,* WE HAVE HEARD THE FAME THEREOF WITH OUR EARS.

"God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof.

"For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven.

"To make the weight for the winds, and he weigheth the waters by measure.

"When he made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder:

"Then did he see it, and declare it, he prepared it, yea, and searched it out.

"And unto man he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding."

His account of his own youth is touching and full of graceful confidence.

"When the Almighty was yet with me, when my children were about me,

"The young men saw me, and hid themselves; and the aged arose, and stood up.

"The princes refrained talking, and laid their hand on their mouth.

"The nobles held their peace, and their tongue cleaved to the roof of their mouth.

"When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me:

"Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.

"My root was spread out by the waters, and the dew lay all night upon my branch.

"My glory was fresh in me, and my bow was renewed in my hand.

"Unto me men gave ear, and waited, and kept silence at my counsel."

We must make one more extract from these celebrated books before we quit them. Job, under the oppression of sickness and misfortune, complains to God:—

"Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind and said,

"Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?

"Gird up now thy loins like a man: for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me?"

"Where wast thou," he inquires, "when I laid the foundations of the earth?" "Where wast thou," he asks, "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?—Declare, if thou hast any understanding.

"Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days? and caused the day-spring to know his place.

"Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea? or hast thou walked in the search of the depth?

"Have the gates of death been opened unto thee? or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?

"Hast thou perceived the breadth of the earth? declare, if thou knowest it all.

"Where is the way where light dwelleth? and as for darkness, where is the place thereof?

"Out of whose womb came the ice? and the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendred it?

"The waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of the deep is frozen.

"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?

"Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season, or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?

"Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth?

"Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds, that abundance of waters may cover thee?

"Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, Here we are?"

Before we conclude our extracts, we will add one or two passages from the Apocryphal books, they being less in use than the more orthodox ones of the Old Testament. The following, taken from the 'Wisdom of Solomon,' may give the reader a good idea of a prolonged oriental simile. It is said, that all the pride and riches of the world are passed away—

"As a ship that passeth over the waves of the water, which when it is gone by, the trace thereof cannot be found, neither the path-way of the keel in the waves;

"Or as when a bird hath flown through the air, there is no token of her way to be found, but the light air being beaten with the stroke of her wings, and parted with the violent noise and motion of them, is passed through, and therein afterwards no sign where she went is to be found."

God loveth him that dwelleth with wisdom.

"For she is more beautiful than the sun, and above all the order of stars: being compared with the light, she is found before it."

The praises of David (and many other passages) in Ecclesiasticus are worthy quotation, but we can only afford space for the following. The last verse is exceedingly musical.

"Slew he not a giant when he was yet but young? and did he not take away reproach from the people, when he lifted up his hand with the stone in the sling, and beat down the boasting of Goliath?

"He set singers also before the altar, that by their voices they might make sweet melody, and daily sing praises in their songs.

"He beautified their feasts, and set in order the solemn times, until the end, that they might praise his holy name, and that the temple might sound from morning."

There are also one or two stories in the second book of Maccabees, to which we are desirous of referring the reader, more particularly that of the mother whose sons were massacred before her eyes. She endured all with a courage beyond that ascribed to Roman matrons. The sons, it is said, bore their fates like men and martyrs—

"But the mother was marvellous above all, and worthy of honourable memory: for when she saw her seven sons slain within the space of one day, she bare it with a good courage, because of the hope that she had in the Lord."

There is also a good deal of calm and simple beauty, as

well as philosophic interest, in the story of Eleazar, 'an aged man' who was constrained to eat swine's flesh.

"But he, chusing rather to die gloriously than to live stained with such an abomination, spit it forth, and came of his own accord to the torment."

The agents, however, of the oppressors endeavour to dissuade him from sacrificing himself on account of his religion:

"But he began to consider discreetly, and as became his age, and the excellency of his ancient years, and the honour of his gray head, whereunto he was come, and his most honest education from a child, or rather the holy law made and given by God: therefore he answered accordingly, and willed them straightways to send him to the grave.

"For it becometh not our age, said he, in anywise to dissemble, whereby many young persons might think that Eleazar, being fourscore years old and ten, were now gone to a strange religion;

"and so," he adds, "I should get a stain to my old age and make it abominable.

"Wherefore, now manfully changing this life, I will shew myself such an one as mine age requireth,

"And leave a notable example to such as be young, to die willingly and courageously for the honourable and holy laws; and when he had said these words, immediately he went to the torment."

This article has already run, perhaps, to a sufficient length; and we shall therefore abstain from making any quotations whatever from the *New* Testament. We shall, most probably, return to the subject on some future occasion; when the Proverbs of Solomon, the prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah, and the acts and writings of the apostles, will afford ample materials for another article. At present, it will be sufficient to say that the tone of the New Testament differs materially from that of the Old; although both have naturally the oriental cast and character. The Bible abounds in marvellous histories, in touching episodes, in joyful psalms, and sounding prophecies. The Testament is a simple narrative of the life of 'The Son of Man;' rich in his precepts and radiant with his actions, indeed, but otherwise (saving only the story of his death) exempt in a great measure from the excitement which belongs to the other. The first is an example, and the last a lesson. This being the case, it happens of course that the style of the later writings is less elevated than that of the earlier poetry. What may be their comparative merits, considered merely as literary performances, and what may be the comparative value of the characters offered to our notice in each, were the kings and warriors of the Old Testament opposed to

those of the NEW, and the patriarchs and prophets placed by the side of the apostles and martyrs, we shall not now pretend to say. Something probably might be advanced in favour of the superiority of each. At any rate, we think, the advantage, even in respect to composition, does not lie so entirely in favour of the Old Testament as is generally presumed. There is nothing finer in all the books of the Bible than the account of Saint John the Baptist, who was fed with locusts and wild honey, and lived in desarts apart from men,—'A VOICE *crying in the wilderness*.' There is nothing finer, in its way, than the account of Saint Paul, stern and courageous, or the gentler story of the 'beloved disciple.'

If there be something awful in the denunciations of the prophets, something so terrible and imposing that ordinary faith and human reason must have shrank and staggered beneath their awful anathemas; there is perhaps as true and assuredly as rare a grandeur in the simple characters of the apostles. These men, chosen from the poorest classes of a despised people, to interpret the doctrines of Jesus Christ, and spread his name abroad over lands and seas, became, from the purity of their lives and their fearless devotion, respected even in the eyes of infidels and scoffers. They seem to have taken their stand round their Master, (as the angelic virtues may be supposed to linger round the throne of the Deity from whom they emanate, true servants, whom neither contempt could weaken nor persecution dismay. They followed him till he suffered, with undeviating patience and exemplary attachment, all (except *one*) untempted and faithful. And when 'The Son of Man' died upon the cross, and the Heavens darkened at the darker actions of men, and the veil of the temple was rent asunder, and the oracles of the prophets accomplished; these humble followers of an aspiring cause still submitted to endure pain, and insult, and beggary, for its sake. They expatriated themselves, and went amidst distant plains and desarts, armed only with the lessons which they had heard, and provided only in the pity of men. They forsook the comforts of their homes, and vanquished the common feelings of their nature; and, abandoning themselves to the Providence which they believed to protect them, preached the words of their master unto hostile nations. They were beyond the heroes of history or fable; for they were beyond the ordinary impulse which stimulates men to great actions. No garlands of laurel awaited them, no crowns of gold, no thanks of senates, no shouts of multitudes; but only peril, and disgrace, and poverty, desertion, and sickness, and scorn. They looked forward to no reward, but the reward of their own approving hearts. They were unschooled in the lessons of fame. They had no long line of illustrious fathers to

emulate or surpass: but they rose from the humblest level of the community, peasants, fishers, mechanics, and artizans, and soared into a high and stainless immortality by dint of faith and self-devotion alone. They practised as well as preached. They were untouched by pride, and un-degraded by meanness. In a word, they were the truest martyrs, the most perfect servants that ever the story of the world presented, 'lovely in their lives' beyond all who have gone before or after, and consummating their characters in death!—

ART. II.—*The History of the Rebellion in the year* 1715, *with original Papers, and the Characters of the principal Noblemen and Gentlemen concerned in it. By the Rev.* Robert Patten, *formerly Chaplain to Mr. Forster. The Third Edition. London,* 1745.

The first edition of this work was, we believe, published in the year 1716; and this third impression was, in all probability, called for by the interest excited by the Rebellion of 1745. Its author, the minister of Allandale, in Northumberland, was one of that numerous class of orthodox clergy, who, in the reign of Queen Anne, maintained, in conjunction with the doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance, the divine right of legitimate sovereignty, and the indefeasible title of inheritance to the British throne. Of course, he held revolutionary principles in abhorrence, and regarded the exile Stuart as his lawful king. He did not, like many of his more prudent brethren, allow his political zeal to evaporate in words. When his patron, Mr. Forster, raised the standard of insurrection in Northumberland, of which county he was one of the representatives in parliament, he girded his cassock about his loins, and accompanied the rebel forces, in the capacity of chaplain to the commander in chief, on their ill-advised incursion into Lancashire, publicly praying for the Pretender in every town which they occupied during their march. At Preston, however, his spiritual functions were abruptly terminated. Being taken prisoner, together with the chiefs of the rebellion, on the surrender of that place, he was, immediately after his arrival in London, put into strict custody. This duress, as he assures us in the preface to his book, now under our consideration, "was of singular use to him."—"For," says he, "whilst I continued amongst those unfortunate gentlemen whose principles were once my own, I looked no further than esteeming what I had done the least

part of my guilt. But no sooner was I removed into the custody of a messenger, and there closely confined, where I had leisure to reflect upon my past life, and especially that of engaging in the rebellion, than a great many scruples offered themselves to my consideration." In this uncomfortable state of mind, he applied to Lord Townsend, beseeching him to allow him the assistance of a clergyman in the solution of his doubts. His lordship listened graciously to his request, and placed him under the tuition of a certain Doctor Cannon, "a man," as he describes him, "of singular good temper and literature." The reverend tutor set about his task with great zeal and ability. How far his arguments were backed by a bird's-eye view of the gallows, our author does not say,—but the result of the conferences of these two ecclesiastics was a happy one. Doctor Patten was convinced of his political heresies—he repented him of his political sins—and, in proof of the sincerity of his conversion, and of his abhorrence of his late mal-practices, he became an evidence against his associates in rebellion. We, accordingly, find him giving testimony against Lord Wintoun, and against others of the rebel officers, the particulars of whose trials have been left upon record.

It is a common remark, that the newly converted seldom keep their zeal within due bounds, and that they are particularly acrimonious against the party which they have quitted. So it was with the Reverend Doctor Patten, sometime chaplain to Mr. Forster. In the course of his work, he adopts all the loyal slang of a staunch supporter of the House of Hanover. He styles King George "his most sacred Majesty." He is grateful to Heaven that there exists in the kingdom "a set of reverend, learned, and pious divines;"—thus he terms the low-church clergy, once the objects of his scorn and abomination. He laments those "divisions," which it had been so long his glory to promote. He characterizes the report of the danger of the church, which he had formerly been so industrious in propagating, as a "noisy notion." In his new vocabulary, the House of Hanover is an "illustrious house." On the contrary, Queen Anne is designated as a "blinded patron" of the Jacobites. Against the leaders of that party he quotes the old proverb, "*quos Jupiter vult perdere prius dementat.*"—He charges them with bribing witnesses, who were to appear at the trials of the rebels. In speaking of some of his late comrades, who underwent the dreadful penalty of the law, he says, without, however, mentioning their names, that "the former part of their lives had been a direct contradiction to all morality." His book is inscribed in a fulsome and flattering dedication to Generals Carpenter and Wills, who captured the army of which he was the spiritual adviser, and transmitted his dearest

friends to the scaffold. Nevertheless, his book, being the production of an eye-witness of the matters which it relates, and being written with a clear minuteness of narrative, is by no means devoid of interest; and we shall, therefore, make it the basis of a concise account of the origin, progress, and termination of the Rebellion in the year 1715.

It was not without considerable difficulty, that, even after the flight of James II. from England, the principles of liberty triumphed in the memorable year 1688. Even some of those noblemen and gentlemen who had invited the Prince of Orange to come over into this country, for the purpose of redressing the grievances of the nation, when they saw their monarch driven into exile, were, like Macbeth, "afraid to think of what they had done." The Roman Catholics, at that time a numerous body, were, of course, attached to a king who had lost his crown in consequence of his zeal for their religion; and the genuine sons of the Church of England, who, in their animosity against the Protestant Dissenters, had fiercely maintained, and severely enforced, the doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance, were horrified at the idea of the triumph of the principles of the Parliament of 1640: and even their attachment to their temporalities only slightly mitigated the pang which they felt at the spectacle of a legitimate sovereign cashiered for his violation of the fundamental laws of the realm, and for his infringements upon the "original contract between King and People."* Hence the embarrassments which obstructed the earliest proceedings of the Convention Parliament, when the House of Lords, for a time, refused to concur in the vote of the Commons, that King James had "abdicated" the crown, and that "the throne was consequently vacant." The conference which took place between the Lords and Commons on that important subject, affords a fine instance of ability in special pleading. The circumstances of the times, however, enabled the blunt honesty of Serjeant Maynard to gain the victory over the subtlety of the Earl of Nottingham and the Bishop of Ely;—the throne was filled by William III., and the Bill of Rights was passed, to secure in future the liberties of the subject.

Though the government of William was occasionally disturbed by the intrigues of the Jacobites and the Tories, his reign, upon the whole, passed on in more tranquillity than might have been expected. The vigour of the Whig ministry of Queen Anne, also, for a long time held the enemies of Revolution doctrines in check. But, when that ministry began

* Such are the express words of the resolution passed by the House of Commons on the 28th of January, 1688.

to totter, the spirit of its adversaries broke forth into fury. A hot-headed zealot of the priestly order, whose abilities were beneath contempt, raised the populace in insurrection on behalf of their own slavery; and when he was impeached before the Lords, he boldly maintained, by himself and his counsel, principles which impugned the Queen's title to the throne. The temper manifested on this occasion by many of the peers of the realm, and by the court, afforded every possible encouragement to the Tories, and the friends of the exiled family. The accession of Harley's Tory ministry to power raised the expectations of the latter to the highest pitch. On the irresolution of Harley, indeed, they could not depend; but the able and profligate Bolingbroke had tampered with treason, and they relied upon his decision of character for the annulling of the act of settlement, and the translation of the court of the Pretender from Lorrain to St. James's. Their plans were, however, happily frustrated by the sudden death of Queen Anne, and George I. took undisturbed possession of the throne.

Upon the arrival of that monarch in England, he was received with the demonstrations of respect and joy which are usually exhibited on the accession of a new sovereign. But many of the professions of loyalty which he received on this occasion were hollow and deceitful. Of the hundred and upwards of lords and gentlemen, who, on the death of Anne, signed the proclamation, announcing him as the rightful heir to the throne, several, in less than a year, entered into treasonable plots against him. To this they were encouraged by their view of the state of parties. The leading men in Scotland were discontented by the loss of their power and influence, consequent upon the merging of the great council of their nation in the English Parliament, by the Act of Union. The Tory party, who had ruled with predominant sway during the last years of the late Queen's reign, were alarmed by the proceedings which were adopted against their chiefs, and were also naturally disgusted by the prospect which they had before them of a long and rigid exclusion from power. In the tolerant principles of the new sovereign, the High-Church Clergy either saw, or affected to see, great danger to the established religion. The country gentlemen, who are so admirably typified by Fielding in the character of Squire Western, entertained a genuine English antipathy to foreigners. The magistracy were so tainted with Jacobitism, that when six men were found guilty of having been concerned in a seditious riot, which took place at Bristol on the day of the King's coronation, and the watch-word for which was "Sacheverel and Ormond for ever, and damn all foreign governments," though their crime was aggravated by the destroying and plundering the house

of a reputed friend to the House of Hanover, they were only condemned to a fine of twenty nobles, and three months' imprisonment. That venerable seat of orthodoxy, the University of Oxford, had manifested such a spirit of hostility to the Act of Settlement, that, on the occasion of its members waiting on his Majesty with an address, they were peremptorily apprised, that " his Majesty expected that their constituents should satisfy him better of their loyalty by their future behaviour, before they attempted it by words."

To counterbalance these elements of mischief, the King confidently looked for support to the powerful party of the Whigs, to the army, to the low-churchmen and the Protestant dissenters, and to the mercantile and trading interests. And, on one important point, he was in a great degree free from uneasiness. The kingdom enjoyed the blessings of peace; and no foreign power was prepared to second any attempts which might be made against his crown and dignity by his discontented subjects.

Notwithstanding the full exertion of the influence of government on the election of members to serve in the first Parliament of this reign, about a third part of those returned to the House of Commons were Tories. These, headed by Sir William Wyndham, maintained, in the great council of the nation, a kind of guerilla war against the government; and though they could not carry any point in debate, they divided with respectable minorities, embarrassed the proceedings of the administration, and thus kept up the spirits, and cherished the hopes, of the discontented.

In the summer of 1715, the effects of the machinations of the Jacobites were manifest in England by serious riots and tumults, in which several Dissenting meeting-houses were pulled down. The government were not insensible to these signs of the times. They were aware of the impending danger, and, on the circulation of a manifesto from the Pretender, in pursuance of an address from the House of Commons to the throne, they immediately proceeded to raise an army of seven thousand men, in addition to the ordinary guards and garrisons. On this occasion they wisely availed themselves of the popularity of the Duke of Marlborough with the military, in delegating to him and the Duke of Argyle, and the Generals Stanhope and Cadogan, the nomination of the officers who were to command these forces.

These preparations seem to have accelerated the movements of the rebels; for, at the latter end of August, 1715, the Earl of Mar, who, to cloak his treasonable designs, had, on the accession of the king, taken the oath of allegiance, and had even offered him his services, began to assemble his forces in

the shire of Perth; and, on the 9th of September, he proclaimed the Pretender, and erected his standard at the small market-town of Kirk Michael. The same ceremony was performed five days after at Moulin, where the insurgents stayed fourteen days, and then proceeded to Logarett, and thence to Dunkeld, where they established their head-quarters. On his arrival at Dunkeld, Mar was at the head of only 1000 men; but at this place his army was increased by 2000 Highlanders, commanded by the Marquis of Tullibardine and the Earl of Bredalbain. Soon after the accession of these forces, receiving intelligence that the Earl of Rothes was assembling troops for the purpose of occupying the town of Perth on behalf of King George, he resolved to anticipate him, and detached for that purpose Mr. Hay, brother to the Earl of Kinnoul, who, at the head of a strong party, took possession of that town, which gave him the command of the passage over the Tay, and opened to him the fruitful province of Fife.

Mar now removed his head quarters to Perth, where he was joined by the Marquis of Huntley, the Earl of Seaforth, the Mackintoshes, and the Earl Mareschal. These chieftains were accompanied by the fighting men of their respective clans, who swelled the number of the rebel army to about 12,000 men. The Earl of Rothes, being unable to make head against so large a body, was obliged to retire to Stirling; and the insurgents took Burnt Island, and all the towns on the coast of Fife; thus extending their conquests to the mouth of the Firth of Forth.

The confederated chiefs, having received intelligence that their friends were ready to rise in the south of Scotland and the north of England, determined to send a strong detachment across the Firth of Forth to co-operate with them. This movement was a perilous one, as three men of war were stationed at the mouth of the estuary. But, taking advantage of the state of the tide, on the nights of the 11th and 12th of October they embarked 2500 men, under the command of Brigadier Mackintosh, in boats collected for that purpose. Of these, 1000 were driven back to the Fifeshire coast; but 1500 of them landed at North Berwick, and other places in Lothian, and took up their quarters at Haddington and Travent. Hence they marched to Edinburgh; but, being disappointed in their expectations of being joined by the populace of that city, and receiving intelligence that the Duke of Argyle was hastening from Stirling to oppose them, they turned off to the right, and marching to Leith, they took that town without opposition. Having fortified the place with such works as could be hastily thrown up, they continued to occupy it during the 13th and 14th of October. On the latter day, the Duke of Argyle, at

the head of 1120 men, appeared before their fortifications; but, finding the rebels too strongly posted, he returned to Edinburgh to collect more forces, intending to attack them with artillery the next day. But Mackintosh, having received intelligence of his design, drew off his small party by a night march to Seaton house. On Sunday, the 16th of October, and on the following day, their position was reconnoitered by a division of the king's troops, who, however, did not venture to attack them, as the Duke of Argyle, with the main body of his forces, had been obliged to return to Stirling, which was threatened by a movement made by Mar upon Dumblain, for the purpose of making a diversion in favour of such of his troops as had crossed the Firth. On Monday, the 17th, Brigadier Mackintosh received orders from the rebel commanders to quit Seaton, and march for England, for the purpose of joining the friends of the Pretender, who had risen in Northumberland; and, having on the next day received despatches from that county, urging him to hasten his march to the southward, he quitted Seaton house on the 19th; and, though he was pursued by a part of the garrison of Edinburgh, he passed in safety through Dunse; and on the 22d arrived at Kelso, where, on the evening of the above-mentioned day, he was joined by the Northumberland and Nithsdale rebels.

The English insurgents were headed by the Earl of Derwentwater and Mr. Forster. These zealous partizans of the exiled family had for some time been engaged in preparing their associates for a revolt, by means of emissaries, who traversed the kingdom in the guise of gentlemen travelling for their amusement. But, understanding that the government had received intelligence of their machinations, they concealed themselves in various places of refuge, till, despairing of any other means of safety than open resistance to authority, they privately summoned their immediate friends to meet them in arms on the 6th of October at a place called Greenrig. Mr. Forster appeared first at the rendezvous, and was soon joined by the Earl. Though their united forces amounted only to sixty men, they resolved to stand the hazard of the die, and proceeded in warlike array to Warkworth, where they arrived on Friday, the 7th of October.

"Here," says Mr. Patten, "they continued till Monday, during which time nothing material happened, except that, on Sunday morning, Mr. Forster, who now styled himself general, sent Mr. Buxton, their chaplain, to Mr. Ion, the parson of the parish, with orders for him to pray for the Pretender, as king; and, in the Litany, for Mary, queen-mother, and all the *dutiful* branches of the royal family; and to omit the usual names of King George, the Prince, and Princess; which Mr. Ion wisely declining, Mr. Buxton took possession of the

church, read prayers, and preached. Meanwhile the parson went to Newcastle, to consult his own safety, and acquaint the government with what had happened."

From Warkworth, Forster marched to Morpeth. On his way to that town he received such additions of recruits, that he entered it at the head of 300 horse. His numbers, indeed, would have been much more considerable, had he been provided with arms to distribute to those of the lower class who voluntered their services. In his present circumstances, he could only accept the aid of those who could furnish their own accoutrements. Relying, however, on his partisans in the town of Newcastle, he was in hopes of making himself master of that important place, the occupation of which would have put him in possession of abundance of arms and military stores. With a view of taking it by surprise, he advanced to a heath adjoining to Dilston, the seat of Lord Derwentwater. But, on receiving the unwelcome tidings that the magistrates had put the town in a posture of defence, and that they were seconded in their preparations by the inhabitants, and especially by the keel-men, who, as Mr. Patten observes, "were mostly dissenters," he retired with his little army to Hexham, where he had taken up his quarters the preceding night. Here he staid three days, which time he employed in making levies of arms and horses upon the friends of the House of Hanover who resided in the town and neighbourhood; and, on the eve of his departure, he solemnly proclaimed the Pretender at the market-cross.

At Hexham Mr. Forster received intelligence that the flame of insurrection had broken out in Nithsdale, and that Viscount Kenmure and the Earls of Nithsdale and Carnwath had entered England, and were advanced to Rothbury, with a view of forming a junction with his forces. Of these noblemen, Lord Kenmure had been the earliest in taking the field, having led the way in proclaiming the Pretender at Moffatt. The standard which was borne at the head of his party was very handsome, one side being blue, with the Scotch arms wrought in gold:—the other bore a thistle, with the usual motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," to which was added the vulgar watch-word of "*No Union*." To the standard were attached pendants of white ribbon, one of which bore the inscription, "*For our wronged King and oppressed Country:*"—the other, "*For our Lives and Liberties.*" On the 13th of October, the earls above-mentioned having joined him, Kenmure attempted to surprise the town of Dumfries; but being baffled in this enterprise by the vigilance and spirit of the Marquis of Annandale, he retired to Loughmaben, and on the 14th marched to Ecclefechan, whence he proceeded to Langholme; and then

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turning to the north, he marched to Hawick, his numbers, which had not originally exceeded two hundred men, increasing as he advanced. At Hawick, the rebel lords were alarmed by intelligence of the approach of some of the king's troops from Edinburgh, and, after some disputes amongst themselves, they agreed to retrace their steps; but they had hardly commenced their retrograde march, when, on receiving an express from Mr. Forster, bearing an invitation to meet him at Rothbury, they faced about, and marched to Jedburgh; and from Jedburgh they proceeded, by a tedious, mountainous, and marshy route, to the place of rendezvous indicated by their Northumbrian friends. Mr. Forster, having been apprised of their arrival, and being, moreover, informed that General Carpenter had brought a body of troops, by forced marches, to Newcastle, and was preparing to attack him, broke up from Hexham on the 19th of October, and, making a long march, joined the Scotch lords that night at Rothbury. The next day the united forces of the rebels marched to Wooler, in the county of Northumberland. It was at this place that the rebel army was joined by the Rev. Robert Patten, who, not relying solely on the sword of the spirit, had contrived, in the course of his journey from Allandale, to pick up some recruits. The circumstances of his encountering these volunteers, who were keel-men from Newcastle, and the generalship which he evinced in marching at their head from Rothbury to Wooler, we shall detail in his own words.

"I suspected them for some of the militia, and kept at a distance; but, discovering they had no arms, made up to them, and asked them what news, and whither they designed? They answered, (but especially one, a brave stout young fellow,) 'We are Scotsmen, going to our homes, to join our countrymen that are in arms for King James.' I told him, he was very bold. 'Sir,' says he, 'I'll drink his health just now:' so with his bonnet, which he dipt into a runner, he said, 'Here is King James's health,' which all his partners did. After this I told them, if they were sincere, and would follow me, I would bring them to their countrymen, which they promised to do. I gave each of them a shilling. Drawing near the town, Rothbury, I left them under a hedge, till I could inquire what was become of the rebels, and if we could by ourselves lodge safely there. I inquired for the best inn: being directed there, where I found Mr. Charles Wogan's man, who came with me from Hexham, but parted for fear of being taken. He gave me a pair of pistols: so I returned to my companions, and brought them quietly into town, both wet and weary, and immediately went to the head constable, and told him, that if he would give us no disturbance, we would stay all night civilly, paying for what we had; but if he intended to make a prey of us, our friends being gone, we would then follow them. He made fair promises; but not daring to trust him too much, we made him sure in his own

house; so that we watched him by turns till early next day: we set out from this town, Rothbury, for Wooler, and there joined the English and Scots' horse, and were kindly entertained by the chiefs."

Soon after this junction of the rebel forces at Wooler, their commanders received an account of the Highlanders, under Mackintosh, being arrived at Dunse, in consequence of which they hastened to Kelso. They had scarcely established themselves in that town, before they had the satisfaction to see Mackintosh and his men march into the place with bag-pipes playing, and colours flying. On the ensuing day, Oct. 23rd, the Rev. Robert Patten opened his spiritual commission, being ordered by Lord Kenmure, who held the chief command in Scotland, to preach at the great kirk at Kelso. On this solemn occasion, all the men attended the service. Mr. Buxton read prayers, and his co-pastor held forth from a most appropriate text, viz. Deut. xxi. 17. "*The right of the first-born is his.*" It may be presumed, that Mr. Patten's audience were well satisfied with his performance. Certain it is, that this militant divine was pleased with his audience; for he observes—"it was very agreeable to see how decently and reverently the very common Highlanders behaved, and answered the responses according to the Rubrick, to the shame of many that pretend to more polite breeding." In the afternoon, Mr William Irwine, a Scotch Nonjuring clergyman, read prayers, and preached a sermon, full of exhortations to his hearers to be zealous and steady in the cause. This Irwine was a veteran in rebellion, and his sermon had already done good service, as he had formerly delivered the very same discourse to Lord Viscount Dundee and his army a little before the battle of Gilliecrankie.

"The next morning," says our author, "the Highlanders were drawn up in the church-yard, and so marched in order to the market place, with colours flying, drums beating, and bag-pipes playing, and there formed a circle, the lords and other gentlemen standing in the centre. There was an inner circle also formed by the gentlemen volunteers. Then silence being enjoined, the trumpet sounded; after which, the Pretender was proclaimed by one Seaton Barnes, who assumed the title of Earl of Dumfermling. The proclamation was to this effect.—'Whereas, by the decease of the late King James VII. the imperial crowns of these realms did lineally descend to his lawful heir and son, our sovereign King James VIII. We, the lords, &c., do declare him our lawful king over Scotland, England, &c.'"

After the proclamation, a manifesto of the Earl of Mar was read. This document is introduced by a broad assertion of the hereditary right of the exiled Stuart to the throne of these kingdoms; and assures the people of his majesty's

respect for the laws which secure to them their liberties, both civil and religious. It next complains of the infringements which had been lately made upon the constitution; and of the evils consequent upon the involving of British with foreign interests. The manifesto then proceeds to rouse the patriotic feelings of the Scotch, by holding the Union up to reprobation; and to conciliate their good will, by promising its dissolution. It then complains of ruinous wars and the invasion of the hereditary rights of the subject. The British Parliament, it styles, as it has been often since styled, "a packed assembly," and reproaches it with having fixed a price upon its sovereign's head, and having proscribed the best patriots by groundless impeachments and attainders. George I. it stigmatizes as an intrusive alien, "who, notwithstanding his expectation of the crown for fifteen years, is still unacquainted with our manners, customs, and language;" and it designates the leading Whigs as "a few hot-headed men of a restless faction," who wish to controul the genuine feelings of the nation by the means of a foreign force. It is finally asserted, that the army is wronged by the neglect of merit, and by the partiality and venality which have been evinced in the distribution of military promotion. Moved by these considerations, Mar and his associates declare that they have taken up arms, and call upon all good subjects to repair to their standard, promising "to secure the Protestant religion against all efforts of arbitrary power, popery, and all its other enemies, (meaning the dissenters,) by acts passed in the respective parliaments of England and Scotland." In touching on this topic, they thus endeavour to cajole the orthodox of the church of England.

"Nor have we any reason," say they, "to be distrustful of the goodness of God, the truth and purity of our holy religion, or the known excellency of his majesty's judgment, as not to hope that, in due time, good example and conversation with our learned divines will remove those prejudices which we know his education in a Popish country has not rivetted in his discerning mind; and we are sure, as justice is a virtue in all religions and professions, so the doing of it to him will not lessen his good opinion of ours."

Such were the principal topics of Mar's manifesto, which was artfully conceived and ably composed. The reading of it was hailed by the populace with shouts of "*No Union! No malt! No salt tax!*" cries which indicated the grievances which most affected the feelings of the people at large. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the rebel troops returned to their quarters, where they remained till Thursday. The intervening time was occupied by their chiefs in collecting arms and ammunition from the town and its vicinity, and in organizing and

disciplining their forces. Of these, the Lord Viscount Kenmure had the chief command whilst they were in Scotland. He had with him a troop of gentlemen, which was called the first troop, and was commanded by the Honourable Basil Hamilton, of Beldoun, son to Lord Basil Hamilton, who was brother to the late Duke of Hamilton. The second troop was called the Merse troop, and was commanded by the Honourable James Hume, brother to the Earl of Hume, who was at that time a prisoner in Edinburgh castle. The third troop took its name from its commander, the Earl of Wintoun, who appointed, as his lieutenant, Captain James Dalzel, brother to the Earl of Carnwath. The latter noblemen was also with the army, of which he commanded the fourth troop. The fifth troop was under the command of Captain Lockhart, brother to Mr. Lockhart, of Carnwath. He was a half-pay officer in Lord M^c^ Ker's regiment, and, as such, when the rebels surrendered at Preston, he was tried by a court-martial and shot. These troops, Mr. Patten describes as "well manned and indifferently armed; but their horses," he observes, "were small, and in mean condition." The army was, moreover, accompanied by a great many gentlemen volunteers, who were not formed into any regular troop.

The forces, designed to cross the Forth, had been formed into six regiments. The first of these, under the command of the Earl of Strathmore, had been driven back by the men of war to the shore of Fife. Of the second, (the Earl of Mar's,) only a part effected their passage into Lothian, and proceeded to the southward, under the command of Major Nathaniel Forbes, whom Mr. Patten describes as "a man, singularly brave, of pleasant discourse, mixing the thread thereof with a great many Scots' proverbs, which were very well applied, and gave great entertainment to those that were acquainted with that dialect." The third regiment, commanded by Logie Drummond, a veteran intriguer on the behalf of the Stuart family, did not cross the Forth entire. The fourth, the Lord Nairn's, had a more successful passage, their colonel having brought over most of his men. The fifth regiment was commanded by Lord Charles Murray, a younger son to the Duke of Athol. He had been a cornet of horse in the wars on the continent, and made himself very popular among the Highlanders, by marching on foot, at the head of his regiment, and cheerfully sharing in all the fatigues and privations sustained by the common soldiers. The sixth regiment was called Mackintosh's battalion, from the name of its colonel, a relation of Brigadier Mackintosh, who has been mentioned above as commanding the rebel troops, who crossed into Lothian, and by whom his relative, though inclined to the interests of the House of

Hanover, was, unhappily for himself, induced to join the forces of the Pretender. Besides these six regiments, there were a considerable number, called the gentlemen volunteers, commanded by Captains Skeen and M'Lean, Lieutenant David Stewart, and Ensign John Dunbar.

The English, who were not so well regulated or so well armed as the Scots, were divided into the following troops. First, that of the Earl of Derwentwater, commanded by his brother Charles Radcliffe, Esq., and Captain John Shaftoe. On this unfortunate nobleman, the reverend historian bestows a well-merited eulogium for the suavity of his manners and the generosity of his disposition. "He was," says he, "a man formed by nature to be generally beloved; for he was of so universal a beneficence, that he seemed to live for others." The second troop was Lord Widdrinton's, commanded by Mr. Thomas Errington, of Beaufront. His lordship, if credence may be given to Mr. Patten, did not inherit the obstinate courage evinced by his namesake, at Chevy Chase; for, says our author, "I could never discover any boldness or bravery in him, especially after his majesty's forces came before Preston." The third troop was under the orders of Captain John Hunter, a bold and resolute man, who appears to have first displayed a spirit of enterprise in "running unaccustomed goods out of Scotland into England." The fourth troop was commanded by Robert Douglas, brother to the Laird of Finland, an active emissary of the Pretender, who conveyed the despatches which the Earl of Mar had occasion from time to time to send into England, and returned with the answers of his confederates. "He was," says Mr. Patten, "indefatigable in searching for arms and horses, a trade, some were pleased to say, he had followed out of the rebellion as well as in it." The following anecdote will serve to shew the character of the borderers of that day.

"To this account of these two gentlemen, (Hunter and Douglas,) I shall add a pleasant story, which one was pleased to remark upon them. When he heard that the former was gone, with his troop, back into England, as was then given out, to take up quarters for the whole army, who were to follow, and to fall upon General Carpenter and his small and wearied troops; he said, '*let but Hunter and Douglas, with their men, quarter near General Carpenter, and in faith, they'll not leave them a horse to mount on.*' His reason is supposed to be, because these, with their men, had been pretty well versed in horse-stealing, or, at least, suspected as such: for an old borderer was pleased to say, when he was informed that a great many, if not all, the loose fellows, and suspected horse-stealers, were gone into the rebellion, '*it is an ill wind blows nobody profit; for now,*' continued he,

'I can leave my stable-door unlocked, and sleep sound, since Luck-in-a-Bag and the rest are gone.'"*

The command of the fifth troop was entrusted to Captain Nicholas Wogan, an Irish gentleman, equally distinguished by his valour and his humanity. These troops, like those of the Scotch, were accompanied by a great number of gentlemen volunteers, who, without any express commission, or assignment to any particular sub-division of the forces, were ready to act as circumstances might require their services; and, with a view of finding situations for as many individuals of rank and respectability as it was possible thus to gratify, they were all doubly officered. The aggregate of the numbers of the rebel army amounted to no more than 1400 men; these troops and regiments, therefore, were mere skeletons, which they hoped to fill up as they proceeded.

On the 27th of October Lord Kenmure received intelligence that General Carpenter, with the forces under his command, viz. Hotham's regiment of foot, and Calham's, Molesworth's, and Churchill's dragoons, had arrived at Wooler, and intended to attack him the next day. In this emergency, he summoned a council of war to deliberate on the best plan of proceeding. In this assembly, there occurred much diversity of opinion. Lord Wintoun earnestly pressed them to march away into the west of Scotland. Others proposed to pass the Tweed, and attack General Carpenter's troops, which did not amount to more than 500 men. Both these proposals were, however, negatived by the interposition of the Nithsdale and Northumbrian chieftains, who prevailed upon their associates to adopt the resolution of marching into England, where they assured them they would meet with effectual support. Deluded by these flattering expectations, Kenmure decamped from Kelso, and proceeded to Jedburgh, where he stayed till the 29th of October. From Jedburgh he had intended to send a detachment of Highlanders across the mountains into Northumberland; but the troops appointed for this service mutinied, and refused to cross the borders. Accompanied, then, by these malcontents, the rebel commanders marched to Hawick; on their arrival at which place, the Highlanders, alarmed at their being conducted to the south, separated themselves from the main body of the army, and took post on a rising ground, declaring they would fight if led against the enemy; but that, instead of going into England, they would take their route

* A nickname to a famous midnight trader among horses.

through the west of Scotland, and fall upon the rear of the Duke of Argyle. After a negociation of two hours, they at length agreed to share the fortunes of their comrades whilst they remained in their own country, and accordingly followed their commanders to Langholme. From this place, Lord Kenmure sent a detachment for the purpose of surprising the town of Dumfries, but was induced to countermand it by the reiterated entreaties of the English gentlemen that he would cross the borders, under the allegation that they had received letters from their friends in Lancashire, inviting them into England, and assuring them that there would be a general rising on their appearing, and that they would be immediately joined by 20,000 men. No sooner was the determination of his lordship known to the Highlanders, than they again broke out into mutiny; and, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of their leaders, 500 of them took their departure, and went away in parties over the tops of the mountains. Among the deserters was Lord Wintoun, who had fomented the spirit of insubordination. However, in a little time, he returned, and joined the main body of Kenmure's little army; but, as might have been expected, he met with a cold reception from his brother chieftains.

"In short," says Mr. Patten, "he was slighted, having often no quarters provided for him, and at other times, very bad ones, not fit for a nobleman of his family; yet, being in for it, he resolved to go forwards, and diverted himself with any company, telling many pleasant stories of his travels, and his living unknown and obscurely with a blacksmith in France, whom he served some years as a bellows-blower and under-servant, till he was acquainted with the death of his father, and that his tutor had given it out that he was dead; upon which he resolved to return home, and there met with a cool reception. He was very curious in working in several handicraft matters, and had made good proficiency in them; witness the nice way he found to cut asunder one of the iron bars in his window, in the Tower, by some small instrument, scarce perceivable."*

With his little army thus diminished, Kenmure advanced to Longtown, and on the next day, crossing the border, he took up his quarters at a small town called Brampton, where Mr. Forster opened his commission to act as general in England. From this day, the Highlanders, who still remained with their colours, "received sixpence a day to keep them in good order and under command."

The rebels halted one night at Brampton, and the next

* His lordship, by this ingenuity, effected his escape.

day advanced towards Penrith. On their approach to the latter town, they were informed that Lord Lonsdale, at the head of the *posse comitatus*, amounting to 14,000 men, was prepared to dispute their further progress; but, at the sight of a reconnoitering party of the enemy, these undisciplined forces fled, and his lordship retired to Appleby Castle. On Mr. Forster's entrance into Penrith, he detached Mr. Patten, with a party of horse, to capture the Bishop of Carlisle, whom he understood to be somewhere in the neighbourhood. His grace, however, had the good fortune to escape; and his reverend and militant pursuer was next commissioned to seize his brother-in-law, Mr. Johnstone, collector of the salt-tax, and to bring him with his books and papers, and the public money in his possession, to the army. In his second expedition, also, Mr. Patten was disappointed, and was only able to evince his prowess and his activity by taking prisoners a number of the *posse comitatus*. Having stayed at Penrith one night, the rebels proceeded to Appleby. They now began to look with anxiety for the friends whom they expected to join them. But few resorted to their standard; and of these, no one of any note. Their hopes were, however, a little raised by the circumstance of the vicar of Appleby and his curate attending divine service, and joining in the prayers for the Pretender, which were read by Mr. Patten. On the 5th of November, they set out for Kendal, where they remained all night, and the next morning, being Sunday the 6th, they set forward for Kirby Lonsdale. "In all the march to this town," says our author, "there were none joined them but one Mr. John Dalston, and another gentleman, from Richmond, though we had now marched through two very populous counties; but here, friends began to appear; for some Lancashire Papists, with their servants, came and joined them." The Highlanders were further encouraged by the arrival of Mr. Charles Widdington, who had been sent in advance, to sound the disposition of the country, and brought intelligence that the Lancashire Tories were ripe for revolt, and that the Pretender had been proclaimed at Manchester, the inhabitants of which town had begun to raise men for his service. Inspirited by these tidings, the rebels marched on to Lancaster. The notorious Col. Chartres, who commanded in this important place, intended to blow up the bridge to prevent their entrance; but was controuled in his plans by the remonstrances of the townsmen, who informed him that this devastation would be of no utility, as the river was easily fordable. He, therefore, destroyed a quantity of military stores, to prevent them from falling into the hands of the rebels, and quitted the place, following Sir Henry Houghton, who had retired with 600 militia from Lancaster to Preston.

All opposition being thus withdrawn, Forster entered Lancaster on Monday the 7th of November. Here he seized some new arms which were left at the custom-house, and also six pieces of cannon. He, moreover, took possession of the money belonging to the revenue, and of a quantity of brandy, which, Mr. Patten informs us, "was given to the Highlanders to oblige them." And here we cannot refrain from *obliging* our readers, by transcribing the Rev. historian's description of the High-Church Tories of the reign of George the first.

"While we were in this town, our number increased considerably; and had we staid here, or kept garrison here, they would have continued so to do. For in that time a great many Lancashire gentlemen joined us, with their servants and friends. It is true, they were most of them Papists; which made the Scots' gentlemen and the Highlanders mighty uneasy, very much suspecting the cause; for they expected all the High-Church party to have joined them. Indeed, that party, who never are right hearty for the cause, till they are mellow, as they call it, over a bottle or two, began now to show us their blind-side; and that it is their just character, that they do not care for venturing their carcasses any farther than the tavern. There indeed, with their High-Church and Ormond, they would make men believe, who do not know them, that they would encounter the greatest opposition in the world; but after having consulted their pillows, and the fume a little evaporated, it is to be observed of them, that they generally become mighty tame, and are apt to look before they leap, and with the snail, if you touch their houses, they hide their heads, shrink back, and pull in their horns. I have heard Mr. Forster say, he was blustered into this business by such people as these, but that, for the time to come, he would never again believe a drunken Tory."

Deluded by the professions of these ignorant boasters, who assured him, amongst other things, that the King's troops could not come within forty miles of his without their giving him due notice of their approach, Mr. Forster hastened his march southwards, and on Thursday the 10th of November his whole army was mustered at Preston, where his rash expedition was destined to terminate. As he was anxious to press forward to Manchester, where he expected to be joined by a large reinforcement of the disaffected, he had determined to advance in the direction of that town on the Saturday. Whilst, however, he was making preparations for this movement, he was astonished and perplexed by the receipt of intelligence that General Wills, at the head of a considerable force, was advancing from Wigan to attack him. The alarm being thus given, a body of the rebels marched out of the town and took post at Ribble-bridge, whilst Mr. Forster advanced to reconnoitre. The rebel general soon met the vanguard of the King's army, and immediately returned to Preston by Penwar-

than, having given orders that the guard should be withdrawn from Ribble-bridge into the town. Here the rebels with great activity formed four main barriers, to close the principal entrances into the place. The first of these was a little below the church, and was commanded by Brigadier Mackintosh. The second, under the orders of Lord Charles Murray, was established at the extremity of the town, on the road to Poulton. The third, under the direction of Col. Mackintosh, was opposed to any attack which might be made from the Lancaster road, and the fourth was formed in Fisher-gate, the street which leads to Liverpool, and was commanded by Major Miller and Mr. Douglas. The three former were attacked with great fury by his Majesty's forces. At first, the advantage was on the side of the rebels, who fought with determined fury; and they maintained their posts with little loss and with much confidence, till the Sunday morning, when they were thrown into consternation by the arrival of General Carpenter, who had brought his army from the eastward by long and toilsome marches. Carpenter, being the senior officer, now took the command of the whole of the besieging forces, and making some alterations in the disposition of the troops, prepared to make a new and vigorous assault. Forster now saw that his situation was desperate, and endeavoûred to make a capitulation; but on the annunciation of his proposals he received the usual answer, that no terms could be granted to rebels in arms, except protection from military execution; and, after some hesitation, he surrendered at discretion. The victorious generals now marched into the town at the head of their respective forces, and took possession of their prisoners, of whom the men of rank were confined in the principal inns of the town, whilst the common soldiers were shut up in the church. On the 21st of November, the chief officers and all the captured lords set off under a strong escort on their way to London. At Highgate, they were met by a strong detachment of horse grenadiers and foot guards, by whom they were conducted in a kind of triumph, which might have been well spared, to the metropolis, where they were distributed in different prisons to await the period of their several trials, the issues of which are recorded in the bloody page of our general history.

We shall close our analysis of this volume with the following account given by Mr. Patten of the reception which he and his associates met with from the London populace.

"Setting forward from Highgate, we were met by such numbers of people, that it is scarce conceivable to express, who, with *Long live King George! and Down with the Pretender!* ushered us throughout to our several apartments. On the road, a Quaker fixed his eyes upon me, and, distinguishing what I was, said, *Friend! verily thou hast*

been the trumpeter of rebellion to these men; thou must answer for them. Upon this, my grenadier gave him a push with the butt-end of his musket, so that the spirit fell into the ditch. Whilst sprawling on his back, he told the soldier, *thou hast not used me civilly; I doubt, thou art not a real friend to King George.*"

We honour the grenadier for protecting his prisoner from insult—but we cannot, at the same time, help thinking that there is some justice in the Quaker's observation.

When the Earl of Mar sent so large a detachment of his forces across the Frith, he appears not to have contemplated the probability of their marching into England. On the contrary, it was his wish that, after uniting themselves to the Lowland rebels and the English insurgents who might cross the border, they should proceed to the west of Scotland and embarrass the movements of the Earl of Argyle. Mr. Forster, then, by persuading the Highlanders to accompany him into Northumberland, materially deranged his plans. He, however, found himself strong enough to make head against the king's forces, and on Sunday the 13th of November he gave them battle at Sheriff-Moor, near Dumblain. The result of this engagement was indecisive. Both generals claimed the victory; but neither retained his ground, Mar retiring to Perth, and Argyle to Stirling. The latter, however, received at his headquarters daily reinforcements, while the numbers of the former decreased.

Whilst affairs were in this posture, the Pretender landed in Scotland, and immediately repaired to Scone, whence he issued several Royal proclamations. During his residence in Scone, he received a loyal address from the Episcopal clergy of the diocese of Aberdeen. The mention of this circumstance gives occasion to Mr. Patten to record the remarkable fact, that, during the continuance of the Rebellion, "only two Presbyterian ministers in all Scotland complied to pray for the Pretender, and were afterwards turned out by the General Assembly; whilst only two Episcopal ministers prayed for his Majesty King George."

The ill-fated Stuart was not long permitted to play the King in his hereditary dominions. Being pressed by the approach of the Duke of Argyle, he hastened to Aberdeen, where, accompanied by the Earl of Mar and a few others of his principal friends, he embarked on board a small vessel, and sailed for France, leaving the general body of his adherents to make the best terms they could with the conqueror.

Thus terminated the Rebellion of 1715; an enterprise which originated in false political principles, which was supported by the spirit of clanship, and fostered by the intemperance of High-Church bigotry—but was happily defeated by

the steadiness of the Whigs, backed by the plain good sense of the Scotch Presbyterians, and of that truly valuable portion of the community, the middle class of the English nation.

ART. III.—*Siris: a chain of philosophical Reflexions and Enquiries concerning the Virtues of the Tar Water, and divers other subjects connected together, and arising one from another. By the Right Rev. Doctor* George Berkeley, *Lord Bishop of Cloyne.* 8*vo.* 1744.

In whatever estimation the philosophical opinions of Bishop Berkeley may be held by the metaphysicians of the present day, it will be admitted, by all who are conversant with his writings, that he was a profound scholar, eminently skilled in logic and physiology, and deeply read in the ancient systems of those sciences. He has a higher claim than this to the veneration of posterity. He was a singularly good man, in whom a warm benevolence to his fellow creatures, and a zealous piety to God, were not merely the enthusiasms of his heart, but the presiding rules of his life. It is well known, that he conceived the project of converting the American savages to Christianity, by establishing a college in the island of Bermuda; and at a period, when the highest preferments were within his reach, offered, for the trifling stipend of one hundred pounds a year, to go out himself and devote the residue of his days to the furtherance of that pious object. His Minute Philosopher is an argumentative dialogue, containing a powerful refutation of the doctrines of atheism, fatalism, and the disbelief of revelation. The divine and the moralist may have recourse to it, as to an armoury of bright but vigorous weapons in defence of the sublime truths of Christianity, and the primary maxims of natural theology. No one in his generation ever laboured with greater zeal in his writings, or with a more wholesome example in his conduct, to uphold those true interests of man. He was the friend and companion of Swift and Pope, and, indeed, of all the eminent lights of his age. In conversation, he was airy, cheerful, and rapid, running with the ease and swiftness, which mark the man of the world from the mere man of letters, over a great variety of subjects. When grave and philosophical topics arose, he reasoned with strength and perspicuity, and, what is rare in colloquial discussion, with the utmost power of condensation. It is said, that his visit to Mallebranche was fatal to that philosopher, who, being at that time affected with a disease of the lungs, was roused to exer-

tions on the occasion, which not long afterwards terminated in his death.

Warburton did justice to the virtue and genius of Berkeley, but was infected with the notion, which has been so generally current, that his philosophical system was visionary. In a letter to a friend,* he remarks of him, "he is, indeed, a great man, and the only visionary, I ever knew, that was." Such estimates are rashly adopted, and inconsiderately received. They soon become traditionary, and by being handed from one person to another, acquire the authority of indisputable axioms. This indolent acquiescence saves, it is true, a world of inquiry, and is admirably suited to the superficial thinking of an age, when so much more is said and written, than is known, of the literature or philosophy of the last century. It is quite enough, therefore, for those who think by rote or fashion, that Berkeley held the non-existence of matter. The tenet strikes vulgar and unlearned apprehensions, as a palpable absurdity, and is immediately classed with those abuses of reason and aberrations of genius, so common both in letters and philosophy. Johnson himself was not exempt from the common prejudice against the supposed theory of Berkeley. His summary refutation of it, by striking his foot with great force against a stone, and exclaiming, "I refute it thus," is recorded by Boswell. But he did not refute it, nor did he precisely understand Berkeley's argument. The bishop never denied all that Johnson proved, namely, the *sensation* of solidity. He admitted that we had those sensations or ideas, which are commonly called sensible qualities, such as solidity, extension, &c. &c.; and he only denied the existence of that matter, or inert senseless substance, in which they are supposed to reside. Johnson's argument, if it deserves the name, was founded on the erroneous assumption, that solidity is matter. With equal justice might it be said, that when Jack Lizard, on his return from Oxford, with his smattering of philosophy, pinched his sister's lap-dogs, to prove that they could not feel it,—the Aristotelian philosophy was confuted, when the animals howled under the operation;—for neither Aristotle, nor the schoolmen, ever maintained the opinion which Addison ridicules, that lap-dogs, when pinched, could not feel the pain.

However inadequate Berkeley's tenet may be to solve the problem, to which he applied it, it is by no means deserving of contemptuous treatment. He first advanced it in his *Principles of Human Knowledge*, a truly original and masterly work, in which, by several distinct gradations of proof, he arrives at

* Letters from a late eminent Prelate, &c. &c. &c. London, 1809.

what he calls the non-existence of matter. But this proposition, to be understood, must not be nakedly stated. Berkeley held, that what are vulgarly considered to be sensible objects, are only ideas created in the mind by the immediate power of the Deity, who, by a constant adherence to this mode of agency, has established that which we will call a law of nature. These ideas are the shadows or images of things, and were termed "species," "forms," "phantasms," by the ancients; subsequently, by Des Cartes, "ideas;" and by Hume, "impressions." Nor is Berkeley's a merely sceptical theory, for he ascribes ideas to the perpetual interventions of the Deity. He is, therefore, somewhat unfairly classed, by Hume *, with the sceptics of the ancient academy, and with Bayle amongst modern philosophers. Berkeley, in his theory, intended nothing more than the refutation of the doctrine of general or abstract ideas, concluding, with Aristotle and others, that the sensible qualities of objects, such as hard, soft, hot, cold, &c. are merely secondary, and do not exist in the objects themselves, but are perceptions of the mind, underived from any archetype or model. From secondary qualities, he followed up his reasonings to those primary ones of extension and solidity, which are acquired from the sense of sight and feeling; for if all the qualities perceived by the senses be not in the object, but in the mind, the same conclusion must extend to all those ideas, which are wholly dependent on the sensible ideas, or the ideas of secondary qualities. "Nothing," says Hume, who borrowed his argument from Berkeley, "can save us from this conclusion, but the asserting that the ideas of those primary qualities are attained by abstraction; an opinion, which, if we examine it accurately, we shall find to be unintelligible, and even absurd. An extension, that is neither tangible nor visible, cannot possibly be perceived. And a tangible or visible extension, which is neither hard nor soft, black nor white, is equally beyond the reach of human conception. Let any man try to conceive a triangle, in general, which is neither *Isosceles* nor *Scalenum*, nor has any particular length or proportion of sides; and he will soon perceive the absurdity of all the scholastic notions with regard to abstraction and general ideas."

But Berkeley, whilst he annihilated matter by bereaving it of all its intelligible qualities, both primary and secondary, did not acquiesce in the scepticism of Hume, nor was satisfied, like that dialectician, with terminating all his reasonings in a certain, unknown, inexplicable something, as the

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* See note N. to Hume's Essay on the Academical, or Sceptical Philosophy.

XUM

cause of our perception. He referred what are commonly called ideas, to the living and immediate operations of the Supreme Being, who, by the constancy of his intervention, has established one great and permanent law of nature. In truth, there can be little doubt, that his notions of sensible qualities were taken from the Aristotelian philosophy; and it will be still more evident, if we extract a passage from a celebrated Scotch disciple of that philosophy, Alexander Ross, a name, probably, more known from two lines in Hudibras, than from his profound and accurate metaphysics. His *Philosophical Touchstone*, written in reply to Sir Kenelm Digby's *Discourses of the Nature of Bodies*, contains this passage:—"If qualities be unknown, then tell me what it is we know; for substances we know not, but as they are clothed with their accidents, or qualities. Take away heat, colour, light, levity from the fire in your kitchen, and how shall you know there is fire there? And what will your cook say, if you bid him dress your supper with fire wanting those qualities? We have no knowledge but by the senses, to which neither the *form* nor the *substance* are obvious but by their qualities *." Yet there seems to be a material distinction between the leading tenet of Berkeley, as to the non-existence of a material world, and the opinions of Aristotle, as they are developed in the passage which we are about to cite from his *Metaphysics*, and which shew him, we think, to have been aware of the admirable distinction of Des Cartes (a distinction, unfortunately, not recognized by Berkeley), between the primary and sensible qualities of matter. "Το μεν ουν μητε τα αισθητα ειναι, μητε τα αισθηματα, ισως αληθες· του γαρ νοκμενκ παθος τουτο εστι· το δε τα ὑποκειμενα ἁ ποιει την αισθησιν, αδυνατον· ου γαρ δη αισθησις αυτη εαυτης εστιν, αλλα εστιν τι ἑτερον παρα την αισθησιν, ὁ αναγκη προτερον ειναι της αισθησεως το γαρ κινουν του κινουμενκ φυσει προτερον εστι κἂν ει λεγεται προς αλληλα ταυτα ουτα, ουθεν ἧττον." lib. iv. c. 5. "Probably it is true, that the things immediately perceived, as well as the perceptions themselves, do not really exist; but, that the subjects, which cause the perceptions, should not exist, is impossible. For perception doth not exist of itself; but there is something besides perception, which must necessarily precede it. For the mover of any thing must naturally precede the motion which it causes; nor is this the less true, though it be objected, that these two are relative to each other."

Enough, we think, has been said, to shew, that, if Berkeley erred, he erred with many of the soundest philosophers of the ancient and modern schools. For, though we have pointed

* The *Philosophical Touchstone*, by Alexander Ross. 1645.

out an important distinction between several opinions of Aristotle and Berkeley, it is certain, that the Stagyrite contended that our senses could not perceive any material object itself, but only its "species," as wax receives the impression of a seal, but not the seal itself. These images he called "sensible species," being objects only of the sensible part of the mind; but, by various internal processes, they are so refined and spiritualised, that they become objects of memory and imagination, and, lastly, of pure intellection (εντελεχειαι). They are then called "phantasms," and intelligible species. But Berkeley concurred not only with Aristotle, but with Des Cartes, Locke, and Hume, in considering every object, whether of sense, memory, imagination, or reasoning, as originating in the mind only, an hypothesis thus modified by Reid. "External objects," he says, "make impressions on our senses, which are followed by correspondent sensations; and these are again followed by perceptions of the existence and qualities of the bodies which produced the impression. But all the steps of this process are alike incomprehensible, and the consideration of them can throw no light upon the manner in which we acquire our knowledge of the existence or qualities of bodies. For ourselves, we venture no opinion, either upon Berkeley's theory, or upon those of the philosophers whom we have enumerated. We must be allowed, however, to confess, that the hypothesis of Mallebranche, that our knowledge of the material world is only *occasional* and *intermediate*, displays a more comprehensive and correct conception of the subject, than the Bishop's.

Tar-water rose into general esteem as a medicine soon after Berkeley's book made its appearance. Its virtue as a tonic will probably be admitted at present; but it was at that time considered by many persons, and our author was the most zealous amongst them, not merely as a cure for almost every disorder incident to the human frame, but as a sure conservative of health, and a guard against infection and old age. With what good faith he had convinced himself, and laboured to convince others, of its universal efficacy, will be seen in the few words with which he introduces his subject.

"*Siris: a Chain of Philosophical Reflexions and Inquiries, &c.*

"For Introduction to the following piece, I assure the reader, that nothing could, in my present situation, have induced me to be at the pains of writing it, but a firm belief that it would prove a valuable present to the public. What entertainment soever the reasoning or notional part may afford the mind, I will venture to say, the other part seemeth so surely calculated to do good to the body, that both

must be gainers. For, if the lute be not well tuned, the musician fails of his harmony. And, in our present state, the operations of the mind so far depend on the right tone, or good condition, of its instrument, that any thing which greatly contributes to preserve or recover the health of the body, is well worth the attention of the mind. These considerations have moved me to communicate to the public the salutary virtues of tar-water; to which I thought myself indispensably obliged, by the duty every man owes to mankind. And, as effects are linked with their causes, my thoughts on this low but useful theme led to farther inquiries, and those on to others remote, perhaps, and speculative, but, I hope, not altogether useless or unentertaining."

The infusion so strongly recommended by the Bishop of Cloyne, is made by a gallon of cold water, poured on a quart of tar, and stirred and mixed thoroughly with a ladle for three or four minutes. The vessel is to stand forty-eight hours, for the tar to subside: the clear water is then poured off, and kept covered for use. It seems first to have been used medicinally in our American colonies; and Berkeley was, probably, induced, by that circumstance, to try it in his own neighbourhood, in Ireland, when the small-pox raged there with great violence. "All those," says he, "who took it, either escaped the distemper altogether, or had it very favourably." The small-pox being a disease attended with purulent ulcers, he inferred that it would be useful in other foulnesses of the blood, and tried it with uniform success, in several cases of cutaneous eruptions, ulcerations of the bowels and lungs, pleurisies, peripneumonies, erysipelatous fevers, and even anasarca. In reply to the objection, that tar being in its nature sulphuric, and therefore inflammatory, could not be safely applied in inflammatory cases, he remarks, that all balsams contain a volatile salt, and that water is a menstruum, which dissolves all sorts of salts, and draws them from their subjects. Tar-water being a balsam, its volatile salt is extracted by water, with dissolving its resinous parts, whose proper menstruum is spirit of wine. Tar-water, therefore, is not impregnated with resin, and is a safe and cooling febrifuge.

"The folly of man rateth things by their scarceness, but Providence hath made the most useful things most common. Among those liquid oily extracts from trees and shrubs, which are termed balsams, aad valued for medicinal virtues, tar may hold its place as a most valuable balsam. Its fragrancy sheweth, that it is possessed of active qualities, and its oiliness that it is fitted to retain them. This excellent balsam may be purchased for a penny a pound; whereas the balsam of Judæa, when most plenty, was sold, on the very spot that produced it, for double its weight in silver, if we may credit Pliny; who also informs us, that the best balsam of Judæa flowed only from the bark,

and that it was adulterated with resin and oil of turpentine. Now, comparing the virtues I have experienced in tar, with those I find ascribed to the precious balm of Judæa, of Gilead, or of Mecha (as it is diversely called), I am of opinion, that the latter is not a medicine of more value or efficacy than the former."

The learned Bishop then cites the opinion of Theophrastus, that trees which grow on mountains exposed to the sun or north wind, produce much thinner, sweeter, and better-scented tar, than those growing on plains, and adds, that he himself had found the same difference between the tar that comes from Norway, and that made in low and swampy countries. He considers the anatomy of trees, remarking that Doctor Grew, and others, who have examined their structure by microscopes, have discovered there, an admirable variety of fine capillary tubes and vessels, fitted for the several purposes of imbibing or attracting proper nourishment, and distributing it through every part of the vegetable. They have ducts for the conveyance of air, answering to the tracheæ in animals, lacteals, arteries, and veins. They feed, digest, respire, perspire, and generate, and are furnished with secretory and exhaling vessels for carrying off execrementitious parts. The alimentary juice taken into the lacteals of animals, or vegetables, consists of oily, aqueous, and saline particles, and is partly exhaled into the air; and that which remains is, by the economy of the plant, and the action of the sun, strained and concocted into an inspissated oil or balsam, which, weeping or sweating through the bark, hardens into resin. This secretion is most copious in pines and firs, whose oil being in greater quantity, and more tenacious of the acid spirit, or vegetable soul, as Berkeley calls it, undergoes the action of the sun, by which it is exalted and enriched, so as to become a most noble medicine. "Such," he says, "is the last product of a tree perfectly maturated by time and sun."

"It should seem, that the forms, souls, or principles of vegetable life, subsist in the light or solar emanation, which, in respect of the macrocosm, is what the animal spirit is to the microcosm; the interior tegument, the subtle instrument and vehicle of power. No wonder, then, that the *ens primum*, or *scintilla spirituosa*, as it is called, of plants, should be a thing so fine and fugacious, as to escape our nicest search. It is evident, that nature, at the sun's approach, vegetates; and languishes at his recess; this terrestrial globe seeming only a matrix, disposed and prepared to receive life from his light; whence Homer, in his hymns, styleth earth the wife of heaven, ἄλοχ' οὐρανῷ ἀστερόεντος.

"The luminous spirit, which is the form, or life, of a plant, from whence its differences and properties flow, is somewhat extremely

volatile. It is not the oil, but a thing more subtle, whereof oil is the vehicle, which retains it from flying off, and is lodged in several parts of the plant, particularly in the cells of the bark, and in the seeds. This oil, purified and exalted by the organical powers of the plant, and agitated by warmth, becomes a proper receptacle of the spirit; part of which spirit exhales through the leaves and flowers, and part is arrested by this unctuous humour that detains it in the plant. It is to be noted, this essential oil animated, as one may say, with the flavour of the plant, is very different from any spirit that can be procured from the same plant by fermentation.

"Light impregnates air, air impregnates vapour; and this becomes a watery juice by distillation, having risen first in the cold still with a kindly gentle heat. This fragrant vegetable water is possessed of the specific odour and taste of the plant. It is remarked, that distilled oils, added to water, for counterfeiting vegetable water, can never equal it, artificial chemistry falling short of the natural.

"The less violence is used to nature, the better its produce. The juice of olives or grapes, issuing by the lightest pressure, is best. Resins that drop from the branches spontaneously, or ooze upon the slightest incision, are the finest and most fragrant. And infusions are observed to act more strongly than decoctions of plants, the more subtle and volatile salts and spirits, which might be lost or corrupted by the latter, being obtained in their natural state by the former. It is also observed, that the finest, purest, and most volatile part, is that which first ascends in distillation. And, indeed, it should seem, the lightest and most active particles required least force to disengage them from the subject."

The Bishop, unquestionably, "considers the matter too curiously." He proceeds, however, by a chain of closely reasoned propositions, to shew the universality of the uses, to which his medicine is applicable. Its acid has the virtue of that of guaiacum. It is gentle, bland, fine, and volatile. Boerhaave said, that whoever could make myrrh soluble by the human body, had found the secret of prolonging his days. The tendency of tar to resist putrefaction, is as remarkable as that of myrrh; for the ancients used it to embalm and preserve the dead. It is a mild deobstruent, a diaphoretic, a diuretic, and a safe and easy alterative. It strengthens weak fibres, and moistens and softens those that are dry and stiff, thus proving a remedy for both extremes. It is a soap as well as an acid, and, therefore, both unctuous and penetrating; a powerful antiphlogistic and preservative against infection. It is efficacious in all cases, where the costly balsam of Peru is administered;—in asthmas, nephritic pains, colics, and obstructions. It needs no restraint as to diet, hours, or employment. It acts admirably as a cardiac. The transient cheerfulness excited by distilled spirits, is succeeded by corresponding intervals of depression and melancholy; but the calm tranquillity

promoted by this "water of health," is permanent. It is useful in cramps, spasms of the viscera, and paralytic numbness. Even in gout, the origin of which is admitted to be faulty digestion, and which it is so difficult to cure, because heating remedies aggravate its immediate, and cooling ones its remote, cause;—even in gout, tar-water must be efficacious, because, while its active principles strengthen the digestion, and thereby prevent or abate the following fit, it is not sufficiently heating to do harm, even during the fit.

It would be endless to enumerate the cases in which tar-water is described by the Bishop as remedial, or the various medicines which it supersedes. In the following eloquent passage, he vindicates its utility in those nervous disorders, which, being seated in the mind, belong to a class of maladies "wherein the patient must minister to himself."

"This safe and cheap medicine," he says, "suits all circumstances and all constitutions, operating easily, curing without disturbing, raising the spirits without depressing them, a circumstance that deserves repeated attention, especially in these climates, where strong liquors so fatally and so frequently produce those very distresses they are designed to remedy; and, if I am not misinformed, even among the ladies themselves, who are truly much to be pitied. Their condition of life makes them a prey to imaginary woes, which never fail to grow up in minds unexercised and unemployed. To get rid of these, it is said, there are who betake themselves to distilled spirits. And it is not improbable they are led gradually to the use of those poisons by a certain complaisant pharmacy, too much used in the modern practice, palsy drops, poppy cordial, plague water, and such like, which being, in truth, nothing but drams disguised, yet, coming from the apothecaries, are considered only as medicines.

"The soul of man was supposed, by many ancient sages, to be thrust into the human body as into a prison, of punishment of past offences. But the worst prison is the body of an indolent epicure, whose blood is inflamed by fermented liquors and high sauces, or rendered putrid, sharp, and corrosive, by a stagnation of the animal juices, through sloth and indolence; whose membranes are irritated by pungent salts, whose mind is agitated by painful oscillations of the nervous system, and whose nerves are mutually affected by the irregular passions of his mind. This ferment in the animal economy darkens and confounds the intellect. It produceth vain terrors and vain conceits, and stimulates the soul with mad desires, which, not being natural, nothing in nature can satisfy. No wonder, therefore, there are so many fine persons of both sexes, shining themselves, and shone on by fortune, who are inwardly miserable and sick of life.

"The hardness of stubbed vulgar constitutions renders them insensible of a thousand things, that fret and gall those delicate people, who, as if their skin was peeled off, feel, to the quick, every thing that touches them. The remedy for this exquisite and painful sensibility

is commonly sought from fermented, perhaps from distilled, liquors, which render many lives wretched, that would otherwise have been only ridiculous. The tender nerves and low spirits of such poor creatures would be much relieved by the use of tar-water, which might prolong and cheer their lives. I do, therefore, recommend to them the use of a cordial, not only safe and innocent, but giving health and spirit as surely as other cordials destroy them."

"Studious persons, also, pent up in narrow holes, breathing bad air, and stooping over their books, are much to be pitied. As they are debarred the free use of air and exercise, this I will venture to recommend as the best succedaneum to both. Though it were to be wished, that modern scholars would, like the ancients, meditate and converse more in walks and gardens, and open air, which, upon the whole, would, perhaps, be no hinderance to their learning, and a great advantage to their health. My own sedentary course of life had long since thrown me into an ill habit, attended with many ailments, particularly a nervous cholic, which rendered my life a burthen, and the more so, because my pains were exasperated by exercise. But since the use of tar-water, I find, though not a perfect recovery from my old and rooted illness, yet such a gradual return of health and ease, that I esteem my taking of this medicine the greatest of all temporal blessings, and am convinced that, under Providence, I owe my life to it."

Will it not seem incredible, that the learned Bishop contrives, and by no very abrupt or unpleasing transitions, but by easy and gradual steps, to introduce into his *Essay on Tar-Water*, the Newtonian philosophy of light and attraction; the metaphysics of Pythagoras, Plato, and Aristotle; the forms of the Peripatetics; the Aristotelian and Platonic doctrines of the non-existence of corporeal things (the germ of his own theory); the Egyptian Isis and Osiris; the Socratic doctrine opposed to the mechanical or material system; the Trinity of Plato, compared with that of Revelation; and a variety of sound and recondite erudition upon other topics? Having dwelt upon the doctrine of salts, acids, and alkalis, he contemplates air as the common seminary of all vivifying principles. Adopting the ancient hypothesis, he considers it to be a mass of various particles, abraded and sublimated from wet and dry bodies, cohering with particles of æther, the whole permeated by pure æther, or light, or fire, words which the old philosophy used promiscuously. This æther, or pure invisible fire, the most subtle and elastic of all bodies, pervades and expands itself through the whole universe. It is the first natural spring, or mover, from which the air derives its power. Always restless and in motion, it actuates and enlivens the whole visible mass, produces and destroys, and keeps up the perpetual round of generations and corruptions. This æther, or fire, however, is an inferior instrumental cause to the Supreme mind that governs

the mundane system, or macrocosm, with unlimited power, as the human mind, with limited power, directs the microcosm. But, really speaking, no instrumental or mechanical cause can be said to act. Motion itself is only a passion; and the fiery substance is only a means, or instrument, not a real primary efficient. According to the Peripatetics, the fiery ætherial substance contains the form of all inferior beings, and its vital force is vital to all, but diversely received, according to the diversity of the subjects; as all colours are virtually contained in the light, but their distinctions of red, blue, &c. depend on the difference of the objects which it illustrates. The Platonists held, that the intellect resided in a soul, and the soul in an ætherial vehicle. Galen taught, that the soul had for its immediate tegument, or vehicle, a body of æther, or fire, by means of which it moves other bodies, and is, in its turn, affected by them. This interior clothing was supposed to remain upon the soul, not only after death, but after the most perfect purgation, which the Platonists held to be necessary for the cleansing of the soul.

Purumque reliquit
Ætherium sensum atque auræ simplicis ignem.

Accordingly, by the Eastern nations, as well as by the Greeks and Romans, the worship of Vesta, or fire, was retained; Vesta, according to Ovid, being fire.

Nec tu aliud Vestam, quam vivam intellige flammam.

The great principle of Berkeley's philosophy is strongly insisted on in several passages of this dissertation. Natural phænomena, he argues, cannot be accounted for without admitting the immediate presence and action of an incorporeal agent, who connects, moves, and disposes all things according to such rules, and for such purposes, as may seem good to him. All phænomena, to speak truly, are appearances in the soul or mind, and it never has been explained, upon mechanical principles, how external figures and bodies should produce an appearance in the mind. We subjoin an accurate summary of the Pythagorean and Platonic system, which Berkeley's extensive reading seems to have rendered quite familiar to him.

"The Pythagoreans and Platonists had a notion of the true system of the world. They allowed of mechanical principles, but actuated by soul or mind: they distinguished the primary qualities in bodies from the secondary, making the former to be physical causes, and they understood physical causes in a right sense: they saw the a mind, infinite in power, unextended, invisible, immortal, governed,

connected, and contained all things: they saw that there was no such thing as real absolute space: that mind, soul or spirit, truly and really exists: that bodies only exist in a secondary and dependent sense: that the soul is the place of forms: that the sensible qualities are to be regarded as acts only in the cause, and as passions in us: they accurately considered the differences of intellect, rational soul, and sensitive soul, with their distinct acts of intellection, reasoning, and sensation, points wherein the Cartesians and their followers, who consider sensation as a mode of thinking, seem to have failed. They knew there was a subtle æther pervading the whole mass of corporeal beings, and which was itself actually moved and directed by a mind: and that physical causes were only instruments, or, rather, marks and signs.

"Those ancient philosophers understood the generation of animals to consist, in the unfolding and the distending of the minute imperceptible parts of pre-existing animalcules, which passeth for a modern discovery: this they took for the work of nature, but nature animate and intelligent: they understood that all things were alive and in motion: they supposed a concord and discord, union and disunion in particles, some attracting, others repelling each other: and that those attractions and repulsions, so various, regular, and useful, could not be accounted for, but by an intelligence presiding and directing all particular motions, for the conservation and benefit of the whole.

"The Egyptians, who impersonated nature, had made her a distinct principle, and even deified her under the name of Isis. But Osiris was understood to be mind or reason, chief and sovereign of all. Osiris, if we may believe Plutarch, was the first, pure, unmixed and holy principle, not discernible by the lower faculties; a glimpse whereof, like lightning darting forth, irradiates the understanding; with regard to which Plutarch adds, that Plato and Aristotle termed one part of philosophy ἐποπτικὸν; to wit, when having soared above common mixed objects, and got beyond the precincts of sense and opinion, they arrive to contemplate the first and most simple being, free from all matter and composition. This is that οὐσία ὄντως οὖσα of Plato, which employeth mind alone; which alone governs the world, and the soul is that which immediately informs and animates nature."

We have, however, been so liberal of quotation, that we must confine ourselves only to one additional extract; and we have selected it, because it indicates the sources whence the author derived his tenet of the non-existence of matter."

"Neither Plato nor Aristotle by matter, ὕλη, understood corporeal substance, whatever the moderns may understand by that word. To them, certainly, it signified no positive actual being. Aristotle describes it as made up of negatives, having neither quantity nor quality, nor essence. And not only the Platonists and Pythagoreans, but also the Peripatetics themselves, declare it to be known, neither by sense, nor by any direct and just reasoning, but only by some spurious or adulterine method, as hath been observed before. Simon Portius, a famous Peripatetic of the sixteenth century, denies it to be any substance at

all, for, saith he, *nequit per se subsistere, quia sequeretur, id quod non est in actu esse in actu.* If Jamblichus may be credited, the Egyptians supposed matter so far from including ought of substance or essence, that, according to them, God produced it by separation from all substance, essence or being, ἀπὸ ὑσιότητ῀ ἀποσχισθέισης ὑλότητ῀. That matter is actually nothing, but potentially all things, is the doctrine of Aristotle, Theophrastus, and all the ancient Peripatetics.

"According to those philosophers, matter is only a *pura potentia*, a mere possibility. But Anaximander, successor to Thales, is represented as having thought the supreme Deity to be infinite matter. Nevertheless, though Plutarch calleth it matter, yet it was simply τὸ ἄπειρον, which means no more than infinite or indefinite. And although the moderns teach, that space is real and infinitely extended; yet, if we consider that it is no intellectual notion, nor yet perceived by any of our senses, we shall, perhaps, be inclined to think with Plato, in his Timæus, that this also is the result of λογισμὸς νόθ῀, or spurious reasoning, and a kind of waking dream. Plato observes, that we dream, as it were, when we think of place, and believe it necessary, that whatever exists should exist in some place. Which place, or space, he also observes, is μετ' ἀναθησίας ἁπλῶν, that it is to be felt as darkness is seen, or silence heard, being a mere privation.

"If any one should think to infer the reality, or actual being of matter, from the modern tenet, that gravity is always proportionable to the quantity of matter, let him but narrowly scan the modern demonstration of that tenet, and he will find it to be a vain circle, concluding, in truth, no more than this, that gravity is proportionable to weight, that is, to itself. Since matter is conceived only as defect and mere possibility; and, since God is absolute perfection and act; it follows, there is the greatest distance and opposition imaginable between God and matter; insomuch, that a material God would be altogether inconsistent.

"The force that produces, the intellect that orders, the goodness that perfects, all things, is the Supreme Being. Evil, defect, negation, is not the object of God's creative power. From motion, the Peripatetics trace out a first immoveable mover. The Platonics make God author of all good, author of no evil, and unchangeable. According to Anaxagoras, there was a confused mass of all things in one chaos, but mind supervening, ἐπιλθὼν, distinguished and divided them. Anaxagoras, it seems, ascribed the motive faculty to mind, which mind, some subsequent philosophers have accurately discriminated from soul and life, ascribing it to the sole faculty of intellection.

"But, still, God was supposed the first agent, the source and original of all things, which he produceth, not occasionally or instrumentally, but with actual and real efficacy. Thus, the treatise, *De secretiore parte divinæ sapientiæ secundum Ægyptios*, in the tenth book, saith of God, that he is not only the first agent, but also that he it is who truly acts, or creates, *qui verè efficit.*"

We have thus endeavoured to convey a few intimations of the great mass of knowledge, and of the acuteness of reason-

ing, which are to be found in *Berkeley's Treatise on Tar-water.* He was no slight admirer of the wisdom and literature of antiquity, and his understanding received a strong impulse from these habitual and beloved studies. Hence it was, that he adopted on several occasions the delightful form of dialogue-writing, particularly in his *Minute Philosopher*, a disquisition that well deserves to be reprinted. Probably the same examples invited him to his excursions from tar-water into the remote speculations of theology and metaphysics, for, with the ancient writers, disquisitions on physical science were frequently blended with the highest and most abstruse subjects of contemplation. His own apology is, that an Essay is not tied down to method and system. "It may, therefore," he says, "be pardoned, if this rude Essay doth, by insensible transitions, draw the reader into remote inquiries and speculations, that were not thought of, either by him, or the author, at first setting out." But what critic can except to the diffusion of Berkeley's exuberant mind in a tract, which usuriously repays us for its laxity by such ample stores of learning and meditation, expressed in a style, easy, perspicuous, and elegant, and above all, truly English;—or complain that its excellent author did not make it a barren dissertation upon the uninviting subject of Tar-water.

ART. IV.—*A Short View of the Long Life of that ever-wise, valiaunt, and fortunat Commander* Rice ap Thomas, *Knight, Constable, and Lieutenant of Brecknock; Chamberlaine of Carmarthen, and Cardigan; Seneschall and Chauncellor of Haverfordwest, Rowse (Ross,) and Buelth; Justiciar of South Wales, and Governour of all Wales; Knight Bannerett and Knight of the most Honourable Order of the Garter, a Privie Councellor to Henrie VII. and a favourite to Henry VIII. MS.*

In one of our earlier numbers,* we intimated that it was our intention to notice works, which, from different causes, have never been printed, but are lying in public or private collections, unseen and unknown to any but the antiquarian scholar, or the enthusiastic Bibliomaniac. The title which we have prefixed to the present Article designates one of these neglected

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* See No. VIII. in an article on "The *Sháh Námeh* of Ferdusi," a Persian MS.

manuscripts, which has been mouldering on the dusty shelves of an unfrequented library, but which, from the historical value of its contents, and from the quaint and amusing manner in which those contents are registered, merits the especial attention of all those who are attached to the study of the earlier history of our country.

This learned composition—and learned indeed it is—was never intended for publication. Like the History of the Gwedir Family, it was written by a descendant to commemorate the mighty exploits of an ancestor, who, as we may learn from his numerous titles, was a man of no ordinary importance in his day. The writer lived and flourished under the erudite reign of James the First; and we have every reason to believe that the documents made use of in the compilation were perfectly authentic: indeed, we have cause to know that several of the incidents which are recorded—although trivial in themselves—are borne out by facts of greater importance, and so placed beyond the reach of doubt. It must not be supposed that a man of Rice ap Thomas's rank and consequence left no traces of his glory among the mountain-wilds of the Principality: there are still in existence several traditions of his prowess, his wisdom, his wealth, and his valour; and although, in many points, these traditions differ from the grave details of his biographer, the variation is only such as we might expect to find between the distant traditions of an untutored and partial peasantry, and the deliberate reflections and records of a learned historian.

We pass over the "Proëme or Apparatus," as it is called, and come at once to the introduction of our hero.

"Oh! there was a time when we had our Mutii, our Fabritii, and our Reguli, as well as Rome; and we had our Socrates, and our Catos, too, men little dreading fine, poverty, torment, prison, or death, when the saving or upholding of their country's honour were once in question. That we may not suffer the fame of our noble progenitors utterly to perish, let us but imagine this spacious goodly island to be a fair triangular garden, and out of each corner thereof, among the many sweets there growing, let us select some choice flower of chivalry to solace and refresh our too-much dejected spirits. Fix we our eyes first upon that noble chieftain the stout Earl Percy, and then upon his no less noble antagonist, the renowned Earl Douglas. Examine we their brave actions and doughty performances in that memorable combat of bravery and of *gayté de cœur*, as the French term it. In Chevy Chace, there may we behold Hector against Ajax, and Ajax against Hector, both conquerors, both conquered—equal combatants. Had England and Scotland been wagered for the garland there as Rome and Alba were in time past, there had been champions for them indeed! Now, to add unto these

two worthies (and so make up my triangle) give me leave to point out a third in Wales; for Wales, as that famous commander himself said of the Carthaginians, had its Hannibal too, even the great *Rice*, the subject of the ensuing discourse,—nay, more than a Hannibal, carrying yet this advantage with him, that he never met with a Marcellus to teach him in martial affairs. He was, to do him right, both a Marcellus and a Fabius Maximus; for, as they of Rome, so he of Wales, might truly be called their sword and buckler. You shall seldom read in martial story of any man adorned with such high attributes and epithets of honour as this Rice was, both by English historiographers, and especially among our Welsh bards; who, in their rhymes and carols, magnify him above all that ever were in those parts."

His various cognomina then follow, and very grand and sonorous they are. Thus—Tudor Alud, "a famous poete in those days," calls him the sword and buckler of his country; another bard terms him the shield of Britain; a third, the champion of Wales; while others have chronicled his fame under the titles of the head of the world; the scourge of the obstinate, the protector of the innocent, the heart of the soldier, the flower of Cambro-Britons; and, lastly, Camden doth him the honour to call him, *Deliciæ Henrici Octavi.* "Thus you may see," quoth our annalist, "by clapping these eulogiums and favours upon him, of what high estimation that noble gentleman was in those days, when his virtues hammered and hewed him out these glorious titles. Now, should these three brave champions (Percy, Douglas, and Rice to wit) have met and encountered in a fight, this, of necessity, must have followed, England had been England still, Scotland Scotland, and Wales Wales. But peace, and the God of peace, hath produced those effects by conjoining these three in one, which (perhaps) otherwise the doubtful valour of their invincible swords might have perpetually severed—*trino uni sit gloria.*"

Notwithstanding the high honour and excellent fame of his hero, our biographer considers it incumbent upon him to explain, very particularly, why he has been induced to presume to write his life; and these, he says, are my reasons:

"First, to revive an ancient custom of writing the lives of worthy men, that so their fame might not perish. My second reason proceeds from a desire I have to dash in pieces some false forged traditions concerning this Rice, which daily (so apt, for old affection, we are to believe wonders of that man) increaseth among the credulous multitude, and may, hereafter, if not prevented, bring his name, as of others, into suspect. And, lastly, in discharge of the reverence I owe to his memory (for I may not deny but I have an interest in his blood) I could not chuse but let my pen play the part of a spade, to dig him out of the pit of oblivion. Truth,

then, is the thing I do earnestly aim at, which cannot be attained but by conference with old records. If the gentlemen of Wales, especially they of the North, who are best preservers of antiquity, will peruse their moth-eaten writings, and communicate their knowledge with mine, they shall do great honour to Rice ap Thomas his ashes, and, perhaps, thereby revive the memory of their own noble ancestors, who ran the fortune of the wars with him."

Having thus satisfactorily explained the reasons of his presumption, our historian proceeds with his narrative, commencing with a brief survey of the birth, exploits, lineage, and death, of Griffith ap Nicholas, the grandfather of Rice; a man of great wealth and considerable consequence, "having for power and command, together with fastness of kindred and friends, few equals or superiors; having, also, an estate at least of seven-hundred pound a year, old rent of assize, seven strong castles, and seven houses. For his descent, he was in the fourth degree to Sir Glyder, surnamed the Black Knight of the Sepulchre." As the said Griffith ap Nicholas was actively engaged in the civil commotions, which were occasioned by the rivalry of the houses of York and Lancaster, when

> "here a snow-white rose,
> And there a red, with fatal blossoming
> And deadly fragrance madden'd all the land,"

we shall briefly epitomise his valorous deeds before we proceed to the narration of the exploits of his gallant grandson; commencing with our author's own quaint and curious introduction to those deeds of "high emprize," and stormy turbulence.

"In the niffling days of Henry the Sixth and Edward the Fourth, when we were at our *cujus est terra?* Abner's question: and no Œdipus then living to resolve the same. When the fair face of this flourishing kingdom was so unnaturally scratched and disfigured by the uncivil hands of its own inhabitants. When our crown lay between the anvil and the hammer, *in extremo discrimine*, neither York's nor Lancaster's; fortune, still like herself, playing at fast and loose with them both, sometimes raising, sometimes depressing the beams of sovereignty with a false finger. When our king was a true lawful king to day, and a traitor to morrow, and so adjudged to be by act of Parliament. Woeful times! when a parliament, the mouth of justice, wrested from its own true bias, durst speak in no other language (true or false) but such as the sword did dictate. When our princes of the blood, and our nobles, had no way of appeasing the fury of Bellona, but with a sacrifice of their own blood. When our commons, and the whole body of this realm, either fearing the event, or perplexed with the tedious debatement of the title, or tired with the heavy pressures of their lingering calamities, were ever ready to split upon a desperate rock, and to conclude (if we guess not

amiss) among themselves *juxta vocem illam meretriciam, nec Eboraco soli, nec Lancastriæ soli, sed dividatur.* Oh! the days! In those days, I say, tumultuary, tempestuous days, there was of Wales, among the many that fished in those troublous seas, one Griffith ap Nicholas, a man, for power, riches, and parentage, beyond all the great men in those parts."

Like other great and renowned heroes, the gallant career of Griffith ap Nicholas was predicted to his mother, before he was born.

"The child (now Griffith ap Nicholas) growing in years, proved to be a man of hot, fiery, and choleric spirit; one whose counsels were all *in turbido*, and, therefore, naturally fitly composed and framed for the times. Very wise he was, and infinitely subtle and crafty, ambitious beyond measure, of a busy, stirring brain, which made many to conjecture (as Themistocles his school-master did of him) that sure some great matter hanged over his head."

A person of Griffith's consequence was not long an object of disregard to the opposing factions in England: each was anxious to obtain his alliance; but he cunningly remained neuter. He had, however, his own private quarrels, and with men of the first rank in England.

"Richard, Duke of York, quarrelled with him, for detaining from him one half of two plough lands and a half of land with the appurtenances, lying and being in the Marches of Wales, for which the said Duke brought a *præcipe quod reddat* against him, to which he refused to appear, being often called upon and warned by the sheriff's summonitors thereunto. Griffith ap Nicholas was captain of the strong castle of Cilgeran, in Pembrokeshire, and held the same by letters patent from the King; which captainship Jasper, Earl of Pembroke, taking a liking to, wrought so by his power at court, that the said latters patent were torn, cancelled, and damned, and a new grant thereof made to the said Earl: and this was the cause of a perpetual heart-burning in them to each other. The quarrel between the Duke of Buckingham and him was the quarrel of old between great one's neighbourhood, and jealousy of each other's power and commandery; and that ceased not between their posterity, till Richard the Third's time, when the Duke of Buckingham and Rice ap Thomas were wrought to lay aside private spleen for the public good."

But notwithstanding the high rank and power of his enemies, Griffith entertained no fears of their vengeance; but remained unshaken and unmoved among the mountain-fastnesses of the country. "The more they bestirred themselves, the more fixed and immoveable was he, not unlike a tree, subject to wind and weather: *quæ ipsa vexatione constringitur, et radices certius figit.*"

Although these great noblemen could not excite him into

open hostility, the sedulous exertions of his own countrymen compelled him sooner than he originally intended to make one of the actors in the busy scene. Griffith, like most of the Welch chieftains at that time, hated the English generally; and his countrymen took advantage of this, "persuading him the times were now fit and seasonable for revenge. Whereupon divers of them, building upon his countenance and protection, made somewhat bold with those of the Marches (a usual thing between the Scotch and English in the borders, upon the like disturbances), robbing and stealing from them their cattle, and what else they could lay hands on, to the great detriment, loss, and endamagement of those neighbouring counties, which Griffith ap Nicholas from time to time passed over, and took no notice." But these enormities grew more extensive, and complaints were at length made to the English government, who deputed a commission to inquire into the circumstances, the chief of which was Lord Whitney. Our amusing biographer shall relate the reception of the commissioners, and the result of their visit.

"Coming to Llanandifry, a town twenty miles distant from Carmarthen, Griffith ap Nicholas (for so goes the tale, which I the rather set down, because I have heard the same sweetened in the relation by that great light and ornament of our church, Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, at his own table; a man much given to the study of the British tongue in his later days, and so (perchance) by way of discourse with some of that country, might catch up this tradition) Griffith ap Nicholas, I say, having notice thereof, met them a mile or two beyond, upon the top of a hill, having four or five in his company raggedly attired, and poorlier horsed, leaving the rest of his train at a distance to follow him, and to be ever ready at his beck and call upon occasion. In the mean while, he salutes the commissioners, makes himself known unto them, and, withal, desires to attend them, for their better guidance and conduction, to the end of their journey. The Lord Whittney, hearing his name, and glad (as he thought) to have him in his toil, yet observing the poorness of his condition, and how beggarly he was attended, it would not sink into the Lord Whittney's head, that this was that great Nicholas, so much famed at court for the extraordinary power and authority he had in his own country; but rather some excursor or boot hailer, in those unquiet times, flying abroad for prey; or, at the best, but some scouts, or espialls, sent out to discover his approach, and so to give notice to malefactors to stand aloof. Well, on they go till they come to Abermarlais castle, and there all these doubts and fears were dispelled, and the true Nicholas ap Griffith discovered; for Thomas ap Griffith the younger, a stout and hardy gentleman, meeting his father in that place, with a hundred tall men bravely mounted, descended there from his horse, and kissed his father's stirrup, and desired to receive his commands, which the Lord

Whittney perceiving, new doubts and jealousies began to tumble in his brains: for, thought he, if Griffith ap Nicholas appear thus in a hostile manner unto us, with multitudes of men prepared and fitted as for the field, it is not likely he will obey our commission, or stand at all to the trial of justice, unless he be innocent. They had not gone above five miles further, to a house of his called Newton, but Owen ap Griffith, the second son, saluted them in a far braver equipage, having two hundred horse attending, well manned and well armed. This Owen had much of his father's craft and subtilty in him; he was bold, besides, and active; he could, like the Camelion, or Proteus-like, take all shapes, turn himself into all colours; an excellent artisan he was in discovering men's secrets, and observing their dispositions. The commissioners had not rested themselves above an hour or two, but he dived so far into their counsels as gave him assurance his father was the chief man shot at in that commission, a thing they were ignorant of before. Whereupon, consultation was taken for to steal away the commission, which this Owen undertook, and performed accordingly. To Carmarthen, at last, they came, where in their way at Abergivilly, a small village about a mile this side the town, Thomas ap Griffith, the elder, a man of a sweet, mild, and gentle disposition, presented his services first to his father, and then to the commissioners: he had five hundred tall men, following him, and they well disciplined, whom, before, in good order, on foot he leads, even till they come to the commissioners' lodgings, and there Griffith ap Nicholas left them for that night, commanding his three sons to attend them at supper, and to see them fairly entreated."

With this injunction, these dutiful sons complied to the very letter. The commissioners "were so well liquored, that, for that night, they forgot quite the errand they came for;" and Owen ap Griffith succeeded in gaining possession of the commission. The next morning, Griffith ap Nicholas was formally summoned to appear before the commissioners, the mayor, and sheriffs, and he was arrested, in the king's name, to answer certain accusations preferred against him. Griffith, well aware of the loss which the commissioners had unwittingly sustained, submitted with a shew of much obedient humility, at the same time observing, that "he held himself not bound to stand to the arrest, or to make any answer to the charge," unless the commission was publicly read, and every thing managed in a fair and legal manner. "Reason good," said the Lord Whittney, "and you shall both see it, and hear it read:" and so putting his hand up the sleeve of his cloak for the commission, he found that there it was not, neither did any of his fellows or followers know what was become of it, or whom they might charge. It was now Griffith's turn to act the great man, and accordingly he "starts up in a fury, clapping his hat upon his head, and looking about upon his sons and friends. 'What,' says he, 'have we cozeners and cheaters come hither to abuse

the king's power, and to disquiet his true-hearted subjects?' Then, turning about to the commissioners, he raps out a great oath, and says, 'ere the next day were at an end, he would hang them up all for traitors and impostors,' and so commands hands to be laid on them and to carry them to prison." By this manœuvre the Welchman made his own terms, and my Lord Whittney and his colleagues were fain to make their exit out of the country, without insisting upon any compliance with the terms of their commission. "What was the issue of this great affront," observes our author, "or how digested by the state, I could never learn, only it is to be imagined that it was hushed up and smothered, as fearing, in those wavering and tottering times, to proceed in a rough and harsh way, with one so potent among the Welsh as this man was."

One consequence of this adventure, however, was the termination of the cautious neutrality, which the Welch chieftain had hitherto maintained, with regard to the "rival roses," and he "directly and resolutely thrust himself into the Yorkish cause," to the great satisfaction of the adherents of that party.—The hostility which had existed between Griffith and the Duke of York was speedily ended, and the new ally entered, with heart and hand, into the plans and operations of the Duke's party. But the time was now approaching, when the valorous Griffith was to be gathered to those fathers, whose honour he had so highly magnified. After the battle of Wakefield, where the Duke of York was slain, the Earl of March, his eldest son, collected all the force in his power to revenge his father's death.

"Among the many that resorted unto him, Griffith ap Nicholas was of most eminent note, having seven or eight hundred men following of him, well armed, well ordered, goodly of stature and hearts answerable thereunto. The Earl of March's design was, to have met and encountered with the Queen, and his father's murderers, in the field, but Jasper, Earl of Pembroke, stood as a block in his way, who, for his honour's sake, at that time had been better employed elsewhere; although he proved somewhat cross to the Earl of March's purposes, yet Griffith ap Nicholas was much joyed thereat, hoping now to be fully revenged of the Earl of Pembroke for old displeasure. To be brief, both armies met on a plain, near Mortimer's Cross. After large demonstrations of prowess and magnanimity on either side, Griffith ap Nicholas receives a mortal wound. Owen ap Griffith, his second son (the eldest being left at home to secure his own fortunes) stands at the head of his father's troops, maintains the fight, and pursues the Earl of Pembroke even to flight: so the day fell to the Yorkish side. Then Owen ap Griffith, making search for his father, found him lying on the ground, panting and breathing for life, to whom he made a short relation of the Earl of

March's good fortunes, and his enemies' overthrow, 'Well then,' said Griffith, 'welcome death, since honour and victory make for us;' and so shaking off his clog of earth, he soared up in a divine contemplation to heaven, the place of his rest. And this is more than ever came to the knowledge of Hollingshed, Hall, Grafton, and others *ejusdem furfuris.*"

Griffith ap Nicholas was succeeded in his title and fortunes by his eldest son, Thomas, the father of our hero, Rice.—Thomas was of "mild, meek, and gracious disposition; very much retired, full of thoughts, and ever meditating alone, or canvassing with those who might best inform his conscience." Yet he was a perfect proficient in all the manly and vigorous exercises of the age, being the best horseman in the county; "and for true skill at his weapon, he was inferior to none; being commonly called the *Fair Man at Arms.*" But, notwithstanding this, "Thomas ap Griffith could, at no hand, away with the fractures and hurtments then in the state; calling it an unnatural sway, where the father fought against the son, the brother against the brother, the servant against his master, and the subject against his sovereign, he being otherwise composed by nature and education, and ever wishing peace." But to "stand as neuter" in such tumultuous times was neither consistent with the chieftain's reputation, nor, indeed, with his safety; and so he quitted his native land, and served "for many years in the Burgundian wars." From Burgundy, however, he was compelled to return, in consequence of a love affair with a near kinswoman of the Duke. "Cupid, it seems," observes his biographer, "claiming an interest in him as well as Mars;" but he found "no true peace or contentment" at home, being engaged "in feuds, and divers single combats, which he ever performed on horseback, an exercise, in those days, wherein he was singular and ever victorious." His known skill and dexterity in the "*Monomachie,*" or single combat, militated very much against the quiet of our chieftain: for all the turbulent braggarts of the country were anxious to try their fortune with him. After relating several instances of his skill and prowess, our author records the following amusing adventure, which would make an admirable scene in the hands of the Northern Novelist:—

"At another time, there fell out some difference between Thomas ap Griffith, and William, the First Earl of Pembroke, of the noble family of the Herberts, but for what cause I cannot learn; and, it seems, they were flown to such high terms, that one Turberville must needs combat Thomas ap Griffith, on the Earl's behalf. This Turberville was an arrogant cracker, and a notable swash-buckler, one that would fight on any slight occasion, not much heeding the cause.

He, on a time, sends his cartel, or letter of defiance, to the said Thomas, with the rhodomontade, that if he did not suddenly do him reason, he would ferret him out of his cunnie barrie, the castle of Abermarlais. Thomas ap Griffith smiled at the message; and, shaping his answer, suitable to his humour, that, for his part, he knew him not, neither had he ever cause for quarrelling with him; and, therefore, prayed him that, if he had a desire to be killed, he would make choice of some other, rather than himself, for, at that time, he had neither will nor leisure to undertake so butcherly an office. This scornful return so much incensed and provoked the insufferable pride and haughty stomach of Turberville, that forthwith, in a headlong fury, he hies him to Abermarlais, and coming in at the gate, the first man he saw was Thomas ap Griffith himself, sitting by the gate, in a gray frock gown, whom he took for the porter, demanding of him, whether Thomas ap Griffith were within or no? 'Sir,' said Thomas ap Griffith, 'he is not far off, and if you would ought with him, let me receive your commands.'—'Then, prithee, fellow,' said he,—twirling his mustachoes, and sparkling out fire and fury from his eyes,—'tell him, here is one Turberville would speak with him.' Thomas ap Griffith, hearing his name, and observing his deportment, had much ado to hold from laughing outright, yet, containing himself, he said he would acquaint his master; and so going into his parlour, presently sends two or three of his servants to call him in. Turberville no sooner saw Thomas ap Griffith, but, without any apology made for his mistaking, he tells him of his unmannerliness, and that he was come thither to correct him for his sauciness towards so great a person as the Earl of Pembroke. 'In good time, Sir,' said Thomas ap Griffith; 'I pray,' said he, 'is not my Lord of courage sufficient to undergo that office of correction, without the help of others?' 'Yes, certainly; but you, too mean a copesmate for one of his place and dignity, he hath left to my chastisement,' said Turberville. 'Well then,' said Thomas ap Griffith, 'though I might justly except against my tutor, where is't your pleasure to have me to school?'—'Nay, where thou wilt, or dar'st,' said Turberville. 'A harsh compliment,' said Thomas ap Griffith. 'I am not ignorant, as I am defendant, that both time, place, and weapons are in my choice: but, speaking in the person of a schoolboy, (for no higher account you seem to make of me,) I ween, it is not the fashion for scholars to appoint where their masters shall correct them; yet seeing you leave it to me, let it be at Arthurstone, in Herefordshire, a place indifferent to both, (for in Glamorganshire, perhaps, you may think it is not safe for me, and here in Carmarthenshire I am sure 'tis not for you) there I will attend with my sword at my side, and my lance in my rest, on such a day.'—'A match,' cried Turberville; and so, abruptly, for the present they parted. To be short, both these combatants met according to appointment, where, at the very first encounter, 'twas Thomas ap Griffith's fortune to break the other's back, and there leave him. This overthrow caused a notable heart-burning for awhile between their houses: witness that memorable battle at Trampton Field, in Glamorganshire, fought between the Matthews's and the Turbervilles', in

the quarrel of Sir Rice ap Thomas, wherein the Matthews's got the better of the day, as appears by their pardon, yet extant, for that day's bloody service."

These, in good truth, were not times when a man could ensure to himself a peaceable exit from the world; and, however much he might be inclined to lead a life of quiet and tranquillity, the hurly burly about him was an insurmountable obstacle to such felicity. The strongest arm and the stoutest heart carried the supremacy; and even a private quarrel became immediately the signal of an extensive family feud. There was not a more peaceably-disposed person in the whole country than Thomas ap Griffith, and gladly would he have worn out the remainder of his life in inactive tranquillity, and have died in his bed under the substantial roof of his ancient castle. But this was denied him. In a combat with one David Gough, a man in disposition somewhat similar to Turberville, he received so many wounds, that although he slew his antagonist, he himself was unable to move from the spot. He was lying on the ground, "flat on his face, to breathe himself after a tedious and wearisome encounter. In the mean time (woe worth the while) there comes behind him some base fellow and runs him through, whereat, turning him about, and looking upon his murderer, he used these words:—'Ah! my friend, had I remembered to have lain upon my back, thou durst not thus cowardly have killed Thomas ap Griffith:' intimating, thereby, that with the very light of his countenance he would have terrified him from so foul a fact. And so he died."

We now come to our hero, Rice ap Thomas, who accompanied his father to Burgundy, and who was educated at that court, under the especial patronage of Duke Philip, with whom the young Welshman was soon a great favourite. He began, at an early age, to display the germs of that activity, and talent, to which his subsequent rise in the honours of the state is to be chiefly attributed. The court of Duke Philip was composed principally of warriors, and, accordingly, young Rice was initiated into all the hardy pastimes of the soldier. His biographer tells us, that "to be in continual action was his chief delight: for he was ever either practising of arms, or playing at his weapons, running, wrestling, riding, swimming, walking, and undergoing all the military duties imposed upon him, with cheerfulness and alacrity." When his father quitted Burgundy, his son accompanied him to Wales, and soon after succeeded to the estates of the family; his father, as we have already seen, being killed after a combat with David Gough, and his two elder brothers, Morgan and David, falling victims to the turbulence of the times. The wealth and influence which

our hero's ancestors had enjoyed, were increased in him, for his own natural abilities had been much improved by education. He no sooner, therefore, became possessed of his patrimony, than he turned his chief attention to the improvement of the manners and condition of his dependants, and of the people around him. His marriage with Eva, the daughter of Henry ap Gwilym, extended his power and was of considerable service to him in his design of civilizing the people. In the turbulent anarchy with which the whole kingdom was agitated, religion, to use the words of our author, "was forced to fly to some desart place, leaving neither sanctity, nor innocence, nor faith, nor justice behind her;" but, with the assistance of "the good and wise" Bishop of St. David's, he established "both her and her virtuous companions again, and restored them to their pristine state and glory." He introduced, also, several amusing pastimes and games, appointing certain "festival-days," for the meeting together of the people, thereby directing their minds to peaceful occupations, and exciting a laudable and friendly emulation among the little community, of which he might be considered as the ruler. By these means, and by mingling courteously among his dependants, he gained their good will and affection so completely, that they bestowed upon him the cognomen of Great; and his bard, Rys Nanmor, only echoed the opinion of his companions and friends, when he somewhat hyperbolically sang—

Y Brenin biau'r ynys
Ond fy o ran i Syr Rys,—

That is to say—

All the kingdom is the King's
Save where Rice doth spread his wings.

But, however consonant this mode of life might have been to the ideas of Rice ap Thomas, he was destined to become a very conspicuous actor in the events which led to the total overthrow of the House of York, and to the establishment of the throne of England, under the dynasty of the Tudors. The weak and indolent habits of Edward the Fourth were not unheeded by the young Welchman. He foresaw that they would lead to some alteration in the state; and without deciding upon the part which he should play, he was assiduous in training up his young tenants to arms, and to strict military discipline.—Whether the Duke of Gloucester received intimation of Rice's occupations, is not certain; but so soon as his own power began to totter, and he found that the Earl of Richmond was likely to become a formidable enemy, he despatched some commissioners

to Rice ap Thomas, at Carmarthen, "there to take of him an oath of fidelity, and further requiring his only son, Griffith Rice, as a gage for the true performance of his future loyalty." The answer which Rice returned is a curious specimen of a compulsory declaration of loyalty and allegiance. Much influence was used to win over the interest of Rice ap Thomas, and we shall presently see how skilfully the Welchman contrived to compromise his conscience on the occasion; but the sentiments in the letter are so decidedly at variance with his subsequent actions, that we must confess a little scepticism as to our hero's sincerity.

"Rice ap Thomas, his letter to Richard the Third, penned by the Abbot of Talye."

Sir,—I have received letters mandatory from your Majesty, wherein I am enjoined to use my best endeavours for the conservation of your royal authority in these parts, and to apply likewise my soundest forces for the safe guarding of Milford Haven, from all foreign invasion; especially to impeach and stop the passage of the Earl of Richmond, if so, by any treacherous means, he should attempt our coasts: and, withall, Sir, an oath of allegiance hath been tendered me in your Majesty's name by certain commissioners, deputed, as it seems, for that purpose, requiring also my only son, as an hostage and pledge of my fidelity. Touching the first, Sir, now an enemy is declared, I hold myself obliged, without further looking into the cause, faithfully to observe the same by a necessary relation my obedience hath to your Majesty's commands, to which I deem it not unseasonable to annex this voluntary protestation: that, whoever, ill-affected to the state, shall dare to land in those parts of Wales, where I have any employments under your Majesty, must resolve with himself to make his entrance and irruption over my belly. As for my oath, Sir, in observance to your Majesty's will, which shall ever regulate mine, I have (though with some heart's grief, I confess, and reluctance of spirit,) as was required, taken the same before your Majesty's commissioners; and if stronger trials, than either faith or oath, might be laid upon me to confirm my most loyal affection, I should make no delay to enmanacle and fetter myself in the strictest obligations for your Majesty's better assurance. * * * * Whatever, Sir, other men reckon of me, this is my religion—that no vow can lay a stronger obligation upon me in any matter of performance than my conscience. My conscience binds me to love and serve my king and country; my vow can do no more. He that makes shipwreck of the one will (I believe) make little account of the other. For my own part, Sir, I am resolutely bent, while I can, to spin out my days in well-doing; and so, God willing, to conclude the last actions of my life. Now, Sir, for the delivering of my son to your Majesty's commissioners, as a gage of my fealty, I have as yet presumed on this short pause, not in way of opposition to your commands, but to fit myself with such reasons, as shall, I hope, in no

sort seem discordant with your will. The years, Sir, my poor child bears on his back are but few, scarce exceeding the number of four, which, I conceived, might well privilege him, being more fit, for the present, to be embosomed in a mother's care, than exposed to the world; nature, as yet, not having the leisure to initiate him in that first lecture of feeding himself. Again, Sir, be pleased to consider, he is the only prop and support of my house now in being; and, therefore, may justly challenge, at my hands, a more tender regard than I can in any way expect he shall find among strangers, and in a place so far remote from his natural parents. And, lastly, Sir, I may well call him the one half of myself; nay, to speak more truly, the better part of me; so that if your Majesty should deprive me of this comfort, I were then divided in my strength, which, united, might, perhaps, serve as most useful, were I called to some weighty employments for the good of your service. I humbly beseech your Majesty to reflect upon these necessities with an impartial eye, and, in the mean while, to be fully assured, that without these hard injunctions, I really am, and will, how badly soever I be entreated, still continue,

Sir,

Your most faithful Servant, and Subject,

RICE ap THOMAS."

From Carmarthen Castle, 1484.

Soon after this, Rice ap Thomas was induced, by the unremitting persuasions of the Bishop of St. David's, and the aforesaid Abbot of Talye, to forswear his allegiance to Richard, and to aid them in seating upon the throne of England its true and lawful inheritor, Henry of Richmond. But this was not accomplished hastily, nor without divers knotty scruples on the part of the chieftain. He had avowed his fidelity too candidly and unequivocally, in the letter to Richard, and boasted too much of the integrity and firmness of his conscience. But he was in the hands of those who were most fitly calculated to absolve him from the sin and danger, which might, but for their pious interference, have resulted from a violation of his moral or political vows. The Bishop, with the skill and eloquence peculiar to churchmen of yore, convinced him, that to break a rash or unworthy vow was much more commendable than to observe it; and he concluded his speech by saying, that, as his spiritual and ghostly father, he there and then freed him of all his bonds to Richard, and gave him full and free absolution on all points relating thereto. Still the Welchman was not perfectly satisfied: there was another obligation, to the performance of which he had vehemently and solemnly pledged himself; that was, not to suffer any ill-affected person to enter those parts of Wales wherein he had any influence, excepting he made such entrance over the chieftain's prostrate person. The Bishop soon satisfied his disciple of the practicability of this achieve-

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ment without any violation of principle, or the subjection to any act derogatory to Rice's dignity. "And—"says the churchman, "for that particular branch of your letter where you undertake, by oath, that none (ill-affected) shall enter at Milford, without he make his passage over your belly, my answer is, that the Earl of Richmond can be no ill-affected man to the state, coming in pursuit of his own right, and withall to release us of our heavy bondage: or if you be further scrupulous herein, I shall never hold it for any disparagement to your humility *to lay yourself prostrate on the ground*, for the true and indubitable Lord of us all, to make an easy entrance over you."

By such arguments as these, enforced, as they must have been, by the clerical rank and abilities of the speakers, the priestly delegates succeeded in securing the interests of Rice ap Thomas; and Richmond was no sooner acquainted with their success, than, by the desire of the Countess, his mother, he wrote to Rice, "seasoning his compliments with large promises of honour, and setting down the true state of the cause;" for they were all well aware, that had Rice determined to oppose them, the Earl's grand scheme of entering England from Brittany by way of Wales would have been totally frustrated, and his chance of success very materially weakened. Having succeeded thus far, the Earl resolved to commence operations, and prepared, therefore, to leave Brittany. His approach was duly announced to his new ally, who prepared to receive him in a manner befitting so illustrious a personage.

"Rice ap Thomas musters up all his forces, calls all his friends about him, and where he found any want among them, either of arms or other necessaries for the wars, he supplied with his own store, whereof he had sufficient, as well for ornament as use, so that in few days he had gathered together to the number of two thousand horse and upwards, of his own followers and retainers, bearing his name and livery. His kinsmen and friends, who came besides, with brave companies, to do him honour, were Sir Thomas Perrott, Sir John Wogan, and John Savage, a man of no less valiantness than activity, and much employed by the Earl after he came to be King, in the wars of France and elsewhere; Arnold Butler, Richard Griffith, John Morgan, and two of his own brothers, David the younger, and John, all of them worthy soldiers, and very expert commanders, with divers others, *Qui omnes urgentur longâ nocte, quia caruêre vate sacro.* There came likewise out of North Wales to this service many worthy gentlemen both of name and note, especially of the Salisburies, under the conduct of Robert Salisbury, a fast friend to Rice ap Thomas in the French wars, and who, for his well deservings there, was knighted in the field by Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. ..... Rice ap Thomas being in this brave equipage, encompassed with most able commanders, and furnished with all things necessary, as well for armour as horse (whereof a hundred and

upwards were out of his own stables) word was brought him by his *conspicillos*, or spies, who kept continual watch on the coast for that purpose, that they had descried a small fleet of ships making toward the haven's mouth; whereupon, incontinently, he beat up his drum, put his men in order, and mounted on a goodly courser, called *Llwyd Bacseu*, or Grey Fetter-locks, he set forth in most martial manner towards the Dale, a place not far from the castle of Carew, from whence at that time he led his army. There, meeting with the Earl of Richmond, ready to take land, he received him ashore, to whom he made humble tender of his service, both in his own, and in all their names who were there present; *and, laying him down on the ground, he suffered the Earl to pass over him;* so to make good his promise to King Richard, that none should enter in at Milford, unless he came first over his belly."*

After such a reception, many flocked to the standard of Richmond, who forthwith prepared to march on towards England. At this interval of time, it is interesting to remember even the most trivial occurrences of so important an expedition; and, accordingly, tradition has preserved with tolerable accuracy the route pursued by Richmond and his friends, with the names of those persons by whom he was received on his march. David ap Evan, of Llwyn Dufydd, in Cardiganshire, entertained him for a night, and the Earl acknowledged the kindness by several presents, particularly a drinking horn, richly mounted on a silver stand: this was subsequently presented to Richard, Earl of Carbery, and is now in the possession of a branch of that family, the Vaughans, namely of Golden Grove, in Carmarthenshire. The following night, Einion ap David Llwyd of Wernewyd, in the same county, received the Earl in a style of

* There is a tradition in that part of the country, which seems to contradict the fact as here stated, and records that Rice ap Thomas did not literally suffer the Earl to pass over his belly; but that, in consequence of the declaration he had made in his letter to Richard, as a salvo to his conscience, he went under the arch of a small bridge, called Molloch Bridge, near the Dale, over which the Earl's passage lay, and there remained till Richmond crossed it. But we have something far more satisfactory than tradition to prove, that the Welchman did actually lie down as mentioned in the context. In the collection of Mr. Gwennap, of Suffolk Street, there is a very rare and beautiful portrait of Henry VII. painted by Jean de Mabeuse, soon after the Earl's accession to the throne. The portrait is valuable in every respect; but, we will confess, that it is rendered more valuable in our estimation, by the button on the hat, on which is represented, of course very minutely, the actual prostration of the Cambrian chief, and the passage of Richmond over his body. This proves not only that this occurrence took place, but that Rice ap Thomas occupied a very prominent station in the King's esteem.

XUM

hospitality, suited to the high rank of his guest; and, after this, David Llwyd of Mathafarn, in Montgomeryshire, was honoured in like manner. David had been one of the earliest of the Earl's adherents, and, in his capacity of Bard, had used his utmost skill to influence the people in Richmond's behalf. A curious and characteristic occurrence took place on this occasion. In his anxiety for the issue of his hazardous enterprise, Richmond privately requested the opinion of his host, who was esteemed by his contemporaries a most distinguished Prophet. The seer cautiously replied, that a question of such importance could not be immediately answered; and that he would give his reply in the morning. He was greatly perplexed by the question, and his wife observed an unusual and inexplicable gravity in his manner during the remainder of the evening. She inquired the cause; of which when she was informed, she exclaimed, with much astonishment, "How can you possibly have any difficulty about the answer? Tell him that the issue of his enterprise will certainly be most successful and glorious. If your prediction be verified, you will receive honours and rewards; but if he fail, depend upon it he will never come here to reproach you." Hence originated the Welch Proverb "*Cynghor gwraig heb ei ofyn;*" that is, A wife's advice without asking it.

Richard, being duly apprised of his rival's approach, prepared to meet him. He began now "to think it high time to look about him; therefore, in all haste, he sends for his most trusty friends, Norfolk, Northumberland, and others. And so raising a puissant army, like an expert commander (as, indeed, in feats of arms, and matters of chivalry, to give the devil his due, he was nothing inferior to the best,) falls, forthwith, to dispose them with a great deal of judgment. Then, calling for his horse, a goodlie white courser,* with as much speed as the down-pressing plummets of his villainies would give leave, attended by his footmen, and guarded with wings of horse, with a meagre and dreadful countenance he comes to Leicester."

The battle of Bosworth Field ensues, where, according to our biographer, his hero, Rice, is the chief actor.

"And now the time was come, appointed by God in his secret judgment to determine for the garland, so that, without any further delay, these two royal combatants, by their prayers, recommended themselves to the protection of the Highest, whetting the valorous spirits of their followers, with cheerful orations, large promises, and their own personal bravery. And so, upon summons from the death-menacing trumpet, they encounter and fall to blows.

* "Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow." *Shakspeare.*

——— Pede pes et cuspide cuspis
Arma sonant armis, vir petiturque viro.

While the avant-guards were in this hot chase, the one of the other, King Richard held not his hands in his pocket; but grinding and gnashing his teeth, up and down he goes in quest of Richmond, whom, no sooner espying, than he makes at him, and, by the way, in his fury, manfully overthrew Sir William Brandon, the Earl's standard-bearer, as also Sir John Cheney, both men of mighty force and known valiancy. In Wales we say, that Rice ap Thomas, who, from the beginning, closely followed the Earl, and ever had an eye to his person, seeing his party begin to quail, and the King's to gain ground, took this occasion to send unto Sir William Stanley, giving him to understand the danger they were in, and entreating him to join his forces for the disengaging of the Earl, who was not only in despair of victory, but almost of his life. Whereupon (for, it seems, he understood not the danger before) Sir William Stanley made up to Rice ap Thomas, and joining both together, rushed in upon their adversaries and routed them, by which means the glory of the day fell on the Earl's side, King Richard, as a just guerdon for all his facinorous actions and horrible murders, being slain in the field. *Our Welch tradition says, that Rice ap Thomas slew Richard, manfully fighting with him hand to hand;* and we have one strong argument in defence of our tradition, to prove that he was the man, who, in all likelihood, had done the deed; for, from that time forward, the Earl of Richmond, as long as he lived, did ever honour him with the title of FATHER RICE. And seldom, or never, shall we read that our Kings have given these *honorifica gratulationis cognomina* to their subjects, but for some singular and transcendant merit; and, therefore, we may probably conjecture that either Rice ap Thomas (as the speech goes) slew Richard, or else, without doubt, he performed some meritorious piece of service in that place, which made the Earl give so honourable addition to his name * * * * Well; now the tragedy being ended, and the tyrant slain, I shall fit him with an epitaph out of Doctor Case, in his Prolegomenon on Aristotle's politics, who notes him for one, *Qui vulpis caput, et caudem leonis habuit; sanguine suorum petiit sceptrum, sanguine suo amisit regnum,* and there I leave him. * * * After *Te Deum* sung, the Earl being saluted King, he resolved to lay some special marks of his favour upon certain gentlemen, who had that day well deserved for their fidelity and courage; wherefore, he began with Rice ap Thomas, and there knighted him in the place. The like honour he did to some few others, who were of prime note and noble blood. After which, he sets forward for London."*

* Another Welsh chieftain, an ancestor of Sir Edward Lloyd, Bart. of Pengwern, in Flintshire, came with a thousand men to Bosworth Field, and signalized himself with much bravery. When Henry was securely seated on the throne, he graciously invited the knight of Pengwern to Court; but he desired no such distinction, and meekly replied, " Sire, I love to dwell among mine own people."

XUM

Our hero, now *Sir* Rice ap Thomas, became speedily invested with those honours, which his beneficial services merited; and he became, also, an actor in all the busy scenes of his patron's reign. In the disturbances caused by the rebellion of "the Lord Lovell and the two Staffords," he was actively engaged by the King; as he was in the anarchy occasioned by the pretensions of the impostors Lambert Simnell, and Perkin Warbeck. He assisted the King in his wars with the French, and was of considerable service in the cabinet at home; and it was only during the latter part of Henry's reign, that the Knight found any repose from the toil and peril of the war. He, then, retired into Wales, where he lived among his dependants in a style of magnificence every way worthy of so eminent a personage. We regret that our limits,—already, we fear, by far exceeded,—will not permit us to show in detail the princely manner in which "Sir Rice feasted divers of his friends and kinsmen at his castle of Carew, in Pembrokeshire, where were held solemn jousts and tournaments, with other warlike pastimes, to the honour of St. George, chief patron of men of war." We know of nothing comparable to this splendid display of the wealth and hospitality of the Welch chieftain, excepting Leicester's festivities in honour of his august mistress, at the castle of Kenilworth. Magnificent, indeed, was the pageant, and the dinner was not the least superb portion of the ceremony. After "a world of show," the company was ushered into the great hall, "which hall was a goodly spacious room, richly hanged with cloth of Arras and tapestry." At the upper end, under a canopy of crimson velvet, was placed a table for the King, which, although not graced with his Majesty's presence, was duly reverenced by the company: the tables for the guests occupied the sides and middle of the hall. At the sound of the trumpet, the King's service was brought in by persons properly appointed, Sir Rice's son Griffith acting as Sewer, Sir William Herbert, of Colebrook, as carver, and "young Griffith of Penthyn, as pocillator or cup-bearer." The King's meat being laid on the table, the Bishop of St. David stood on the right of the King's chair, and Sir Rice on the left, "and all the while the meat was a laying down, the cornets, hautboys, and other wind instruments, were not silent." After the other tables were served, the Bishop made his humble obeisance to the King's chair, and then descended to say grace, returning again to his situation near the throne. "When the tables were voided, and the meat removed to the side-board for the waiters, then the King's chair was turned, and every man at liberty to put on his hat."

After dinner came the tournament.

"The first that appeared was Sir William Herbert, having

a trumpeter before him, and a page carrying his shield without any device, the motto *Et quæ non fecimus ipsi.* The next was Robert Salisbury, who had for an impress on his shield, a giant running at a pigmy, with this motto,—*Pudet congredi cum homine vinci parato.* Then came Jenkyn Mansell, the valiant, whose sentence was *Perit sine adversario virtus.* After, followed Vaughan, of Trelower, who took this for his dictum—*Ingens gloria calorem habet.* After these, the inceptors, or enterprisers, follow the no less brave defendants or propugnators. Their manner was the same. Sir Griffith Rice had written on his scutcheon, *Et vinci et vincere pulchrum.* Sir Thomas Perrott, in a more lofty language, made choice of this for his motto—*Si non invenio singulos pares, pluribus simul objicier.* Sir William Wogan, meaning to do honour to his noble adversaries, took a more humble motto, which was this—*Profuit hoc vincente capi;* and Sir Griffith Dunn, a man of an active spirit, used these words to express his inclination—*Industrioso otium pone.* These gallant gentlemen, in good order, rode twice or thrice about the tilt, and, as they passed along, they by their pages presented their shields to the judge, which done, both parties severed, and took their stand, the one at one end, and the other at the other end of the tilt. Then the trumpets sounded, whereupon the two first combatants put their lances into their rests, and so ran each their six courses."

While the magnates were thus bravely employed, their friends and followers were not idle:

"Some were wrestling, some hurling of the bar, some tossing of the pike, some running at the quinteine, every man striving in a friendly emulation to perform some act, or other, worthy the name of soldier. With these, and the like delights, the day vanished."

But we must conclude. After a long life of labour and renown, our knight was peaceably gathered to his fathers. An exemplary temperance, a regular distribution of his time, and a discreet husbanding of his vital powers, had secured to him a serenity of mind, and its constant concomitant, the blessing of health; "nor do I learn," observes his annalist, "that his last glass was hurried by any violent or painful disease, but was, by the favour of heaven, suffered to run out gradually and smoothly, after a course of seventy and six years." He was buried with all due pomp, first in the monastery of the Friars, at Carmarthen, but his remains were afterwards removed, and re-interred in the eastern aisle of St. Peter's church, in that town, where a monument was erected to his memory. This monument is still extant, and bears the effigies of the knight and his lady: but being composed of a soft and crumbling free-stone, it has long ceased to exhibit any further marks of the sculptor's art or original design, except such as are barely sufficient to distinguish the recumbent figures.

In conclusion, we would add, that a publication of the

curious manuscript, whence we have derived the foregoing particulars, would furnish a great treat to the admirers of our national history, and to those who delight to inform themselves of the manners and occupations of by-gone times.

ART. V.—*Il Rinaldo del Sig.* Torquato Tasso, *nella Parte seconda delle Rime e Prose del* Tasso. *Venezia, Aldo,* 1583.

In the daily increasing taste for Italian literature, perhaps few of our readers know by name, and still fewer, we imagine, have read, the poem, which will form the subject of this article, and which, even in Italy, is only known by the curious in literary history. Were it only out of respect for the name of the great author, we think a slight essay on the work will not be unacceptable, and that our friends will agree with us, that if we do not feel, in the youthful poet, the full heat and shady splendour of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, we may, at least, see the rising of that great orb, which, at its meridian, poured forth floods of fire and light. In a few comparisons, that we propose making, of Tasso, in his younger days, with Tasso seated by the side of Homer and Virgil; of Tasso, in the infancy of his genius, "lisping numbers," with Tasso, in his prime, treading, with a firm step, and erect mien, the path of glory and immortality, it cannot be an unpleasing task, to mark the progress of this extraordinary man, just as it is a source of delight, to the lovers of painting, to compare the Muletti of the boyish Coreggio, with the "night scene," and "Saint Jerome," of his riper years.

Whoever has read the life of Tasso, must allow, that of few, perhaps of none, can it so justly be said, that he was *born* a poet. Setting aside the wonders which his friend, the Marquis Manso, has recounted in his life of him, it is an undoubted fact, that such was the power of his astonishing genius, such, and so great, his taste and sensibility for the beautiful and sublime during his childhood, that, at the age of barely ten years, there was not a Greek or Italian author that he could not understand, and that he composed Latin verse and prose with equal ease. But it will appear still more extraordinary, that the poem we are going to notice was conceived at the age of seventeen, finished in the course of ten months, and published before the author had attained his eighteenth year. A poem, containing eight thousand verses, at the age of eighteen! written at moments stolen from more serious studies. His father, Bernardo, who, by sad experience, had seen and felt how profit-

less poetry, and the office of a courtier, had been; how still more ruinous his faithful adherence to the party, which, as a man of honour, he was bound to follow; wished to educate his beloved son to the law, a study, to which Boccacio, Petrarca, and Ariosto had also reluctantly devoted themselves, and which the inspirations of genius soon led them to abandon. It was the same with Tasso, as he himself has recorded: the natural bent of his mind, and a generous thirst for fame, weighing more with him than parental admonitions, he threw aside the Pandects and the Decretals; and the poem that he had begun in stealth, he afterwards finished with the approbation of a kind father, who now no longer opposed his wishes, at the recommendation of some of the first scholars of the day, the friends of both. At the conclusion of his poem, Torquato, thus elegantly, and with a noble pride, alludes to some of these interesting particulars:—

" Così scherzando, io risonar già fea
Di Rinaldo gli ardori, e i dolci affanni,
Allor che ad altri studi il dì togliea,
Nel quarto lustro ancor de' miei verdi anni;
Ad altri studi, onde poi spéme avea
Di ristorar d'avversa sorte i danni:
Ingrati studi, dal cui pondo oppresso,
Giaccio ignoto ad altrui, grave a me stesso!"

C. XII. st. 90.

This poem, divided into twelve cantos, is of the metrical romance kind, not so much, however, so, that, as we shall see, our young poet did not dare to depart from it when it suited him. It would be tedious to give a complete analysis of the story, and our limits will not admit of it: we will, however, state, that Rinaldo, the hero of the poem, is a noble youth, who, smitten with a love of glory, leaves Paris, as the Rinaldo of the *Gerusalemme* leaves his aunt Maude, to go and fight the Saracens; differing from the latter hero in birth, not being the son of Bertoldo, but of Amone, as the Rinaldo of Boiardo and Ariosto, and, consequently, cousin of Orlando. The young hero, being out in quest of the steed Baiardo, which he knows to be running wild in a certain wood, meets with Clarice, and falling in love with her, leaves her with reluctance, after having given her proofs of his valour; he masters Baiardo by seizing him by the two hinder legs, and throwing him on his back. Accompanied by Isoliero, who had become his friend, after an encounter, according to the custom of those days, Rinaldo arrives in a place where two statues were standing of Lancelot and Tristan, in the attitude of fighting; the statue of the

latter gives him up his lance, as to a knight surpassing him in valour. The two knights proceeding on their way, meet Galerana with Clarice, who had been sought in marriage by Francardo, of Charlemagne, who was disposed to bestow her upon him. The two ladies were sailing down the river Seine, attended by a numerous train of gay damsels and gallant knights. Clarice, as the reader may imagine, was a beauty of the first order, and appeared still more beautiful in the midst of so many other charms which only served to heighten hers,

"*Qual* nel seren d'oscura notte suole,
Per le strade del cielo aperte e belle,
Sul carro gir la suora alma del Sole,
Intorno cinta di lucenti stelle:
Qual Tetide menar dolci carole,
Con le sue ninfe leggiadrette e snelle
Tirata dá delfin per l'ampio mare
Quando son l'onde più tranquille e chiare."

C. IV. st. 7.

Such, then, was Clarice. The love-lorn and youthful Rinaldo suspecting some scheme to deprive him of so much beauty, can bear it no longer, but, giving the signal to his companion, he puts his lance into the rest, challenges, and routs the whole escort of Queen Galerana and his beloved Clarice.

"Come allor che nell' arsa ed arenosa
Libia, stuol di pastori e di molossi
Viene a battaglia orrenda e sanguinosa
Con due Leon da fame a predar mossi;
Si duol la greggia timida e dubbiosa
Tra pastoral ripari e brevi fossi,
Nè sa fuggir nè star, che la paura
Di fuggir o di star non l'assicura;

Così dipinte di color di morte
Triste, sospese e sbigottite stanno
Le belle donne, e nelle faccie smorte
Gl 'interni affetti loro expressi elle hanno:
E come varia del pugnar la sorte,
Varia la tema in lor, varia l'affanno;
E come varia il duol, varia il timore,
Dipinge il volto ancor vario colore."

C. IV. st. 30-1.

The escort being at length put to flight, Rinaldo, with all the courteousness of a true knight, turns to the ladies, and after complimenting Galerana, seizes Clarice, mounts her on the

horse of one of the slain knights, and, to calm her fears, makes himself known to her. Clarice was at first alarmed.

"Come allor che tra nubi i rai lucenti
Mostran di Leda i figli, amiche stelle,
Si quetan l'onde irate e violenti
E le dianzi crucciose atre procelle;
Così, al vago apparir degli occhi ardenti
Onde usciro d'Amor vive facelle,
Il mar del duolo e i venti del timore,
Si tranquillâr nel tempestoso core."

C. IV. st. 50.

But Rinaldo's joy was of short duration; for a knight (who, as it in the sequel appears, was the Magician Malagigi, his cousin) deprives him of his Clarice, and carries her off in a wonderful sort of a chariot. The young hero, parting with Isoliero, pursues the chariot in vain, and whilst he is proceeding on, brooding over his loss, he finds a shepherd, fair as Endymion, when Diana became enamoured of him, or—

"*Qual* fuor dell' oceàn sovente apparve
D'un candido splendor le gote accese
La Stella cara all' amorsa diva
Che il giorno estinto innanzi tempo avviva,"

C. V. st. 14.

who was weeping bitterly. Florindo, (for that was the shepherd's name,) relates his misfortunes, which, it may be easily imagined, are the fruit of love; they pledge friendship, and set out together to find Charlemagne, from whose hands Florindo wishes to receive the sovereign order of knighthood. Rinaldo, arriving with his companion,—

"all' almo terreno
Ancor di riverenza e d'onor pieno,"

cannot withold his admiration, and the young Italian poet passes the following eulogy upon his native land:—

"Salve d'illustri palme e di trofei
Provincia adorna e d'opre alte e leggiadre!
Salve d'invitti eroi, di semidei
D'arme e d'ingegni ancor feconda madre,
Che stendesti agli Esperj ai Nabatei
L'altere insegne e le vittrici squadre;
E d'ogni forza ostil sprezzando il pondo
E giusta e forte, desti legge al mondo."

C. VI. st. 3.

XUM

Pleased with his address and gallant bearing, Charlemagne somewhat hastily bestows knighthood on Florindo:

"Cavalier fèllo, àncor che non sapesse
Dirgli appieno ond 'origine ei trasse."

Meanwhile, our readers must acknowledge Florindo for a knight; in the sequel they will learn who he is. Rinaldo, desirous of breaking a lance with the doughtiest champions of Charlemagne's host, after having vanquished several, without making known his name, encounters Orlando, who "wearing a charmed life," as every one knows, that has read Boiardo and Ariosto, and they never tell a falsehood—cannot be wounded himself, but yet slightly wounds Rinaldo, who, unfortunately, had a skin like every body else; so, coming to the scratch with equal daring and bottom, Charlemagne, who has conceived a high esteem for the noble stranger, interrupts the set-to. Rinaldo, after exchanging marks of knightly courtesy with Orlando, refuses to reveal his quality, and sets out with Florindo, in quest of new adventures, and their mistresses. They arrive at a wood, as gloomy and drear as Ismeno's enchanted forest, in the *Gerusalemme*, and there find a transparent tomb, in which lay the corpse of a beautiful female.

"Ell' era morta, e così morta ancora
Arder parea d'amor la terra e' l cielo,
E dal bel petto, per la spalla fuora
Le uscia pungente e sanguinoso telo:
Sembrava il volto suo neve, che allora
Scuota Giunon dall' agghiacciato velo;
Gli occhi avea chiusi, e benchè chiusi, in loro
Si scopriva d'amor tutto il tesoro."

C. VII. st. 18.

And round it stood some knights, weeping; one of whom, having defied Rinaldo, and being, as might be expected, mortally wounded, states, before breathing his last, that the corpse was that of his wife, whom he had accidentally slain, and that, in expiation of the dreadful deed, he had made a vow, to oblige every knight, that passed that way, to drink of a certain fountain, hard by, which made the unlucky wight, that tasted it, unable to move from the spot, where he was kept continually shedding tears, so potent was the spell that bound him. The spell being thus broken, after the usual compliments, every one left the spot by different roads. Rinaldo and Florindo are, however, left together, and go in quest of adventures until they reach a place where

"Videro il mar tirren placido e piano
Il bel lito ferir tacitamente,"

and where they find a garden, the equal of which was never before seen. Two beautiful creatures step up and invite them to a palace, and the adventurers soon find out that it is Pausilippo; such an invitation, from two such charming beings, could not be refused by any body, much less by knight-errants, who, as all the world know, are the most courteous fellows under the sun; therefore, walking on with the sweet fair ones, they reach the palace, which, they were told, was called the Palace of Courtesy, a place that certainly must be enchanted, where they found all the courteous folks that ever were to be met with upon earth, whom the ramblers did not see forthwith, as it was night. Being fully satisfied, in their own minds, that that was not the time for examining likenesses, they determined, that every one should betake himself to his bed.

"Già svegliata l'aurora al dolce canto
Dé lascivetti augei vaga sorgea;
E con le rosee mani il fosco manto
Della notte squarciava e dissolvea:
I suoi tesori vagheggiando intanto,
L'aria, l'acqua, il terren lieto ridea,
E giù versava dal bel volto il cielo
Formato in perle il mattutino gielo."

C. VIII. st. 1.

When our heroes proceeded, the following morning, to look at the portraits; among which the hapless Tasso gives a prominent place to that of the execrable tyrant of Ferrara, who, afterwards, pent him up in a prison, or rather a mad-house, for upwards of seven years, and whose name has been "embalmed in hate and canonized in scorn," by Byron and Goethe. After viewing the portraits, the venturous knights embark, loaded with presents, on board an enchanted yacht, furnished by the courteous damsels, and which, without sail, oar, or steam, bears them whithersoever they will, in quest of new pleasures and perils, till they, at length, reach a haunt of ruffianly fellows belonging to the famous Mambrino, who hold, in durance vile, a number of damsels and unfortunate knights: these, Rinaldo and his companion chivalrously liberate, after killing a few dozens of the poor devils who had them in charge, and who had taken up the cudgels in defence of their leader, so unceremoniously sent to the other world by Rinaldo:—

"Come s'avvêntan susurrando al viso
L'irate pecchie insieme unitamente

Al villanel ch'abbia il re loro ucciso,
Per vindicarlo di morir contente."

C. VIII. st. 30.

Returning to their enchanted yacht, it conveys them into Asia, and then returns, empty, of itself, to its fair owners. The knights then met with a statue, and Rinaldo recognizes,

"gli occhi, il crine
La chiara fronte e l'aria del bel viso,
La bocca e 'l dolce lampeggiar del riso."

Ibid. 51.

He, in short, recognizes Clarice, and the very moment he is earnestly gazing on the beloved object of his every thought, Francardo, who was there worshipping its charms, waiting for the original, as aforesaid, wishes Rinaldo to pay his vows to it, and to confess, that none but Francardo deserves to possess such a lovely mistress. Rinaldo was, in his own mind, disposed even to idolize it, but could not bring himself to confess what the Tartar wished. A challenge was the consequence; Rinaldo, however, generously refuses to fight with Francardo, who was provided with a sword only; but the latter discourteously aims a thrust at him, so that Florindo, who had fewer scruples, reproaches Francardo with taking an unknightly advantage of his antagonist's generosity.

"Qual orso che colui che l'ha percosso
Di sbranar con gli unghion rabbioso tenta,
S'altri in questo lo fiede, ei tosto addosso
Il primiero lasciando, a lui s'avventa:
Tale il Pagan verso Florindo mosso, &c."

Ibid. 60.

immediately falls upon Florindo, who soon despatches him, whilst Rinaldo is engaged with Chiarallo, and, after, hastens to the assistance of Florindo, who, severely wounded, was defending himself against an unequal number of small fry, that were soon cut up or dispersed; and Rinaldo, taking possession of the statue, covered it with kisses, as was natural enough, and then proceeded to look after Florindo's wounds. On the recovery of the latter, they performed numerous wonderful achievements, to which our poet only makes allusion, without giving us any particulars.

At length, on a charming plain, the roving pair fall in with the fair Floriana, who, after the defeat of the knight that had her in charge by Rinaldo, conducts the latter to her palace;

and our readers may easily surmise what followed, when we inform them, that Rinaldo and Floriana are close copies of Eneas and Dido. Rinaldo, like Eneas, has a dream "in the dead silence of the night," not of his father's spectre, but of that of Clarice herself, and, consequently, flees from Floriana, who attempts to lay violent hands on herself, but is diverted from it by the enchantress Medea, her aunt. Our hero then goes to France, where, to give a proof of his prowess, he unhorses a knight, in the twinkling of an eye, and receives a hearty welcome from all but Clarice, who becomes a prey to jealousy, at seeing a beautiful lady enchased on Rinaldo's shield, whom she suspects to be some new flame of his;—than which nothing could be more untrue, the shield being the spoils of a knight, whom he had vanquished near Rome, and which he did not bear for the sake of the device upon it, (as a knight-errant must often, from the chances of battle, put up with any he can get,) nor for the exquisite workmanship, but because his own, being worn out by the service it had seen, could not, probably, be replaced, from his want of funds; he had, therefore, thought it best to arm himself with the only one in his way—that of his discomfited antagonist. Clarice was, however, loth to believe that such was the case. Rinaldo, at a grand ball given by the Emperor, determined to make interest with the fair Alda, a friend of Clarice, to intercede for him, and, in order to obtain an opportunity of speaking to her, he solicits the honour of her hand, in a dance, but, at that very moment, she is asked by Anselmo di Maganza. The family of Maganza were always in open feud with that of Chiaromont, to which Rinaldo belonged. Anselmo insults Rinaldo; the latter loses patience, and

> "Con la sinistra mano Anselmo stringe
> Nella gola; il trar fiato a lui contende;
> E con l'altra il pugnal di punta spinge,
> E trapassando il petto il cuor gli offende."
>
> C. II. st. 29.

The Maganzesi take the part of their kinsman, and fall on Rinaldo, who is defended by the Chiaramontesi, and slowly retires from the hall where he had drawn blood, wrapping his mantle over his left hand, and grasping his drawn falchion with his right. The Maganzesi want heart to follow him; they merely

> "Si mostravan da lungi assai feroci.
> Così di can timido stuol sovente
> Ch' incontra 'l toro arde di sdegno e d' ira
> Corre per assalirlo e poi si pente
> E latrando lo guarda e si ritira,
> Mentre in feroce aspetto alteramente
> Quel muove i passi e gli occhi intorno gira,

E dove ei volge il tardo e grave piede
La vile schiera paventando cede."

C. II. st. 35.

Rinaldo retires; Clarice gives a bad reception to one of his letters; he is banished by Charlemagne; and, after having shed tears abundantly, and recovered his spirits, he at length reaches a spot where he hears the clashing of arms: no sweeter sound could fall upon his ear, so that he hastens like

" Affamato leon che l' unghie e i denti
Insanguinato, già più dì, non s' abbia,
S' ode il muggito de' cornuti armenti,
Desta nel fiero cuor desire e rabbia;
Fiamme riversa da' torvi occhi ardenti,
Fumo dal naso, e spuma dalle labbie,
Batte la coda, e 'l folto crin rabuffa
E lieto corre a sanguinosa zuffa."

C. II. st. 68.

He finds several warriors assaulting a knight: the latter with difficulty defends himself, and Rinaldo flies to his assistance. The assailants are put to flight, and the stranger proves to be Florindo, who relates how he had escaped shipwreck, how he had been received at Ostia by a certain knight who acknowledged him as his son; and, in short, that he is no longer Florindo, the poor shepherd, but Selio, an illustrious descendant of the Cornelian family. They are soon informed by the last dying words of one of the assailants, that Mambrino has carried off Clarice, and is only a short way off. Rinaldo does not speed like the bounding roe, but flies like a Parthian arrow, in company with Florindo, to rescue his mistress. Their horses, though fleet as the air, appear too slow to the impatient youths. Had you seen them,

" Tu sospesi per l'aria ir gli diresti,
Or chini e bassi, or alti e 'n su drizzati;
Nè dimora nè requie in lor vedresti,
Nè pur i calli da 'lor piè segnati:
Fuman le membra sotto i colpi infesti,
Che dagli sproni ognor son raddoppiati;
I petti di sudor, di spuma i freni,
D' arena i piedi son aspersi e pieni."

C. XII. st. 9.

By the way they are joined by Rinaldo's cousin, the famous magician Malagigi. Mambrino and his crew being overtaken,

a description is given of them, their arms, devices, &c. Battle is instantly given. Mambrino, observing that his people have the worse of it, orders them all to retire, and pits himself singly against Rinaldo, who salutes him with such a furious blow, that had not Mambrino's helmet been enchanted, our hero would have cut him through, as though he had been a blade of trefoil. Mambrino is stunned by the blow, but soon recovers, and roars like a mad bull.

"Nè sì di rabbia il tauro ardendo mugge,
Nè sì percosso il mar da' venti geme,
Nè sì ferito a morte il leon rugge,
Nè sì sdegnato il ciel tonando freme:
All' orribil gridar s' asconde e fugge
Ogni animal, e pur è in dubbio e teme;
Si rinselvan le fere a stuolo a stuolo
E rivolgon gli augelli indietro il volo."

C. XII. st. 55.

After exchanging a number of blows, and whilst Mambrino is half stupified by three or four thundering hits on his enchanted helmet, Rinaldo hastens to Clarice, leaves Mambrino with an odd inch or two of nose,* mounts his mistress on horse-

* M. Ginguené, in his *Histoire Litteraire de l' Italie*, which deserves great praise, and which every Italian, that knows the difficulties under which a foreigner must labour in such an undertaking, readily awards him, gives an analysis of the Rinaldo, and states, that "Mambrin lui-même est *tué* par *Renaud* après un combat long et *sanglant*."—*Partie II. chap.* 17*me*. In which the excellent historian mistakes. The combat between those two knights is long, but not bloody, for neither of them is wounded. Mambrino was clad in enchanted armour, which was the reason that Rinaldo could only stun him by dint of heavy blows; and, of course, could not *kill* him. Rinaldo was preparing to unlace his stunned antagonist's helmet and then despatch him:

"E ben *avrebbe*, il suo desir a riva
Guidando, il fier gigante *a morte posto;*
Ma vide il grosso stuol che ne veniva
A vendicar il suo signor disposto;
Onde l' ira temprò, che in lui bolliva,
Ed a miglior *pensier* s' apprese tosto," &c.

C. XII. st. 68.

And this *thought* was to go and look after Clarice, leaving Mambrino *half dead only* from the *blows* he had received. He is not afterwards mentioned: it is plain, therefore, that he was not *killed*.

back and conveys her to a palace of his cousin Malagigi's, who recommends the lovers to tie the nuptial knot with all speed—for which they did not require any persuasion—and the poet leaves them to their bliss with the following apostrophe.

" Or che sì destro il cielo a voi si gira,
Godete O coppia di felici amanti!
Godete il ben che casto amor v' ispira,
E l' oneste dolcezze e i gaudi santi;
Ecco che tace omai la rauca lira
Che cantò i vostri affanni e i vostri pianti."

C. XII. st. 89.

Such is the Rinaldo of Tasso, written at the age of eighteen. It is plainly of the same class as the Orlando Furioso; in the plan, however, it is not a servile imitation of that poem. The young poet has departed from it; and in a short but solid preface prefixed, he states his reasons for so doing: and so much the more interesting is this preface, as it fully evinces that, at that early period, he was fully aware of the necessity of unity, to constitute a real epic poem, and that his mind was already deeply imbued with the principles of sound criticism. This preface is, besides, pleasing if we consider the extreme modesty with which the young poet gives his opinion, stating his reasons not as absolutely good, but as approved by Veniero, Molino, his father Bernardo Tasso, and by Speroni, names still respected. He gives his reasons for not beginning each canto with a piece of moralizing, as Ariosto in his *Furioso*, and his father in his *Amadigi*, have done. He observes that Ariosto, probably owing to his being obliged to recite his cantos, at intervals, to the Court, was under the necessity of prefixing a sort of proëme in order to connect them. He then shews that the various stories, of which Ariosto's poem and the *Amadigi* are composed, were another reason for so doing; a reason which did not apply to his Rinaldo, the subject of which was the exploits of a single knight, to which he had endeavoured, according to the rules of Aristotle, liberally interpreted, to give an epic unity; not, however, in the strict sense of the word: for although some parts of the poem may seem superfluous, nevertheless, every one must see, that they cannot be said to be so, when considered all together; since, though it might be said, that taking away any one of these parts would not spoil the poem, yet they must not, on that account, be considered unimportant when viewed as a whole. This position he then confirms by a quaint illustration—" appunto come sebbene, un capello levato dal capo non rende deforme, pure deforme renderebbe il toglierli tutti." He proceeds to entreat that his

work may not be tried, either by the rigorists of the Aristotelian school, who constantly keep their eyes fixed on the perfect models of Homer and Virgil, or by the partial admirers of Ariosto.

It was thus that Tasso argued at eighteen. Tasso being deeply imbued with the reading of Virgil, whom he used to call his own poet, and with that of Homer and the other classics, could not but frequently imitate them, as may, indeed, be seen from some of the stanzas we have cited,—and a thousand other instances might be pointed out—but his imitations are not servile copies, nor are they simple translations enchaced in his work as misplaced ornaments: they are always, on the contrary, spontaneous and naturally rising from the subject; they are beauties suggested by poetic inspiration in a given circumstance, which he seizes on with pleasure, shapes and colours with a master hand, and, without ever recollecting that another had used them, renders them completely his own. Nor is he always an imitator; he oftener creates; and, on equal terms, vies with the great bards of antiquity, and with Ariosto, among the moderns, more than with any other. If his style in the Rinaldo has not the magnificent colouring and elevation so conspicuous in the *Gerusalemme*, it must, at least, be admitted, that it has fewer *concetti* and *seicentismi:* in fact, there is but a single *one* in all the stanzas we have given, and that we have marked in italics. C. IV. 50.

If the octaves have not that epic gravity, and that full and sounding swell, which afterwards rendered Tasso incomparable in that measure, they run spontaneously, and, at times, with the flow and ease of those of Ariosto, and give the ideas with astonishing force and beauty. The comparisons are frequent; original very often, and striking: the descriptions rich, full of fire, delicate, hit off with all the truth of nature, and without the least apparent art. If the characters are not sufficiently individualised, he has this defect in common with all the writers of the romantic epic; he, on all occasions, gives a heightening to his hero above all his other personages; and the reader's interest for him never for a moment slackens; the adventures are ingenious, well connected, arising out of each other, and full of variety; Rinaldo figures in some, even when he does not participate in them; although it is mortifying not to let us know what becomes of Isoliero, of whom we hear no more after the fourth canto, nor of the loves of Florindo, to which the oracle promises a happy result, at the end of the fifth. Lastly, the unity is as fully preserved as the young poet intended; but this unity cannot remedy the capital defect of the action, which is not *great*,—an essential quality in a real epic—the whol consisting in the marriage of Rinaldo with Clarice

two personages who, notwithstanding the matchless valour of the one, and the peerless beauty of the other, are quite insufficient to render the action deeply interesting.

We proceed to observe upon some passages, strewn, if we may so phrase it, with the seeds of some of the beauties which afterwards sprang up so richly in the *Gerusalemme*, and which we will, in general, content ourselves with alluding to, and dwelling but for a moment on a few. The forest of Ismeno, at least in its qualities, seems to have originated in the Forest of Sighs, in the *Rinaldo*. Floriana, a copy of Dido, is the Armida of the *Gerusalemme:* the gardens of Armida are much improved, but still of the same kind as those in which the Palace of Courtesy stood, and those in which Rinaldo finds himself on leaving the Forest of Sighs. In the tomb of Ireno that suddenly rises up, we recognise that of the warrior slain by Rinaldo, in the seventh canto. The description of the death of Clorinda, of her face after death, of the grief of Tancredi on recognising it, seems sketched out in Clizia, and in her husband's account of her untimely end. The death of Lesbino, the Sultan's page, in the *Gerusalemme*, is an embellished copy of the death of Acteon, in the *Rinaldo*. Rinaldo slaying the proud Anselmo is the Rinaldo of the *Gerusalemme* who kills the proud Gernando; as the single combat between Rinaldo and Mambrino, is the rough draught of that between Tancredi and Argante, in the latter poem. Let us make a short comparison of the two pictures and their fellows in the *Gerusalemme*.

In both poems, Rinaldo is a young man full of fire and blood, who cannot put up with the shadow of an insult; in both cases, he takes ferocious vengeance: but whilst the youthful poet represents him as avenging himself with a poniard, without giving Anselmo an opportunity of defence, the hero of the *Gerusalemme* not only uses a sword, but does not aim a thrust till he has given his antagonist the lie in formal words, as much as to bid him defend himself; and in fact, Gernando, although he saw no chance of escaping his fate, preserves an intrepid mien.

> " E il gran nemico attende, e 'l ferro tratto
> Fermo si reca di difesa in atto."
>
> *Gerus. Lib.* C. V. st. 27.

Rinaldo, in the *Gerusalemme*, coolly and quietly retires without a hand raised to oppose him, in the midst of the fellows of his fallen foe: and who would have dared to stop him? But Rinaldo, in the poem before us, waits the assault of the whole host of the Maganzesi, and, at length, retires in the noble attitude we have above read, and which gives rise to the com-

parison of the bull beset by dogs. This simile is repeated in the *Gerusalemme*, when Clorinda retires with her face to the enemy, at this moment assailing, the next assailed, then flying, then putting to flight, so that it is impossible to say whether she pursues or flees.

" Tal gran tauro talor nell' ampio agone,
Se volge il corno di cani ond'è seguito,
S'arretran essi; e se a fuggir si pone,
Ciascun ritorna a seguitarlo ardito."

Gerus. Lib. C. III. st. 32.

We here see Tasso, when his judgment was matured, saying more in four verses than he had before done in double the number, exactly assimilating to the bull the warlike maid, now advancing, now retreating, whilst, in the *Rinaldo*, the bull is represented as advancing towards the dogs, and the latter retiring; besides, Rinaldo does not put the Maganzesi to flight as the bull does the dogs, but retreats himself, so that they could not run away in terror whenever he wheeled about. The verses are very picturesque and fine.

In the combat between Mambrino and Rinaldo, if the young poet does not shew that profound acquaintance with swordmanship, in which he afterwards excelled, and which has led the Italian professors of that art to introduce his verses into their books, as precepts, he, however, both here, and in the seventh canto, in the fight between Rinaldo and Orlando, shews he was no stranger to it, and the latter description deserves the perusal of amateurs.

Gentili, speaking of the very beautiful comparison of Tancredi and Argante to two vessels of war engaging, observes, that Tasso's comparison surpasses that of Virgil, in the fifth book of the *Eneid*, v. 539, &c. where Dares is compared to some great captain carefully eyeing every place round a fortress, to discover a favourable point of attack. To be convinced that Gentili is right, it will be sufficient to read the following stanza.

" Così pugna naval, quando non spira
Per lo piano del mare Africo o Noto,
Fra due Legni ineguali egual si mira
Ch'un d'altezza preval, l'altro di moto;
L'un con volte e rivolte assale e gira
Da prora a poppa; e si sta l'altro immoto;
E quando il più legger gli s'avvicina
D'alta parte minaccia alta ruina."

Gerus. Lib. C. XIX. st. 13.

XUM

Guastavini adds, that the comparison of a battle between a lion and an elephant would have been more striking and original, and not less elegant and apposite, and cites the testimony of Plato. But it is sufficient to observe, and Gentili might have done it, that Tasso here uses the simile of the ships, after having said, whilst describing the combat between Bremondo and Argante,

" Qual capitan, che oppugni eccelsa torre
Infra paludi posta o in alto monte,
Mille aditi ritenta e tutte scorre
L'arte e le vie: cotal s'aggira il conte.
Gerus. Lib. C. VII. st. 90.

So that Tasso has used his own very fine comparison after having availed himself of that of Virgil. If Guastavini, then, had read *Rinaldo*, he might have cited Tasso himself, without troubling Plato.

" Chi visto ha mai nell' Affricane arene,
Quando il leon l'alto elefante assale,
Com' egli destro ad affrontarlo viene,
Come dell' arte e del saltar si vale,
Che mai fermo in un luogo il passo tiene,
Ma gira sempre e par che alfianco abbia ale:
Mambrino a questo, e' l gran Rinaldo a quello
Potria rassomigliar nel fier duello."
Rinaldo, C. XII. s. 59.

In the *Gerusalemme*, in order to describe the progress that the spirit of revolt was making, and which afterwards broke out, among the Crusaders, at the instigation of Argillano, in imitation of Homer and Virgil, he employs the following simile:

" Così nel cavo rame umor che bolle,
Per troppo fuoco entro gorgoglia e sfuma;
Nè capendo insè stesso alfin s'éstolle
Sovra gli orli del vaso e inonda e spuma."
Gerus. Lib. C. VIII. st. 74.

In the *Rinaldo*, when the hero discovers that he is slighted by Clarice, who will not receive even a letter from him, his grief so overpowers him, that he can neither utter a word nor shed a tear; afterwards,

" Qual suole spesso chiuso umor fervente
In cavo rame a cui sott 'arda il fuoco,
Con rauco suon, con gorgogliar frequente
Girsi sempre avvanzando a poco a poco;

Poi con impeto ratto e violente,
Versarsi uscendo dell' angusto loco;
Tal versossi in lamenti il rio dolore
Di cui non era più capace il cuore."

C. XI. st. 43.

It is apparent, that this comparison is as much out of place here, as it is appropriate in the *Gerusalemme*. For, as the heat increasing expands the water, and forces it over the edges of the vessel, in like manner seditious speeches inflame the passions of some, who still, from old grudges, keep their hatred rankling in their breasts against the French and Godfrey, and lead the misguided multitude to open revolt; but it cannot be said that tears flow as the intensity of the grief increases. Tears come when reason and time have somewhat softened and diminished the excess of suffering; and the comparison of water boiling over is then false; for it would seem that this might occur when the fire becomes lower. Ariosto was so fully aware of this, that, after describing Orlando, when he was betrayed by Angelica, as bereft of motion and speech, and unable to shed a tear, he does not compare the poor knight to water boiling over from excessive heat, but to water confined in a capacious vessel with a narrow neck, from which, when turned upside down, the water cannot escape, but drop by drop, and with much difficulty.

"Così veggiam restar l'acqua nel vase,
Chè largo il ventre e la bocca abbia stretta,
Chè nel voltar che si fa in su la base
L'umor che vorria uscir tanto s'affretta,
E nel angusta via tanto s'intrica
Che a goccia a goccia fuori esce a fatica."

Orlando Fur. C. XXIII. st. 113.

The last line is one of the very best specimens of imitative harmony.

These observations, which are very far from being a full critical analysis of the *Rinaldo*, will suffice to shew that the poem deserves a perusal, as containing passages of great beauty and truly wonderful execution, when we consider the author's youth, who, perhaps, more than any thing else contributed to the oblivion in which it lies, by the unequalled splendor of his *Gerusalemme*.

The name of the author, and the excellencies we have pointed out in this youthful work of one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived, are a sufficient apology for bringing it before the notice of the lovers of Italian literature. We cannot conclude, without apprising our readers of another stanza in the

poem, from which it appears that Tasso, even at that early age, felt what a fine subject for an Epic the Crusades were: for, in the first canto, he proposes to sing the glories of the Cardinal Luigi d'Este, when, on his exaltation to the papal throne, he shall proclaim a Crusade for the deliverance of Jerusalem.

> " Ma quando il crin di tre corone cinto
> V'avrò l'empia eresia domar già visto,
> E spinger, pria da santo amor sospinto,
> Contra l'Egitto i prencipi di Cristo,
> Onde il fiero ottomanno oppresso e vinto
> Vi ceda a forza il suo a malfatto acquisto,
> Cangiar la lira in tromba, e in maggior carme
> Dir tenterò le vostre imprese e l'arme."
>
> C. I. st. 6.

ART. VI.—*Psyche: or Love's Misterie. In Twenty Cantos: Displaying the Intercourse between Christ and the Soule.*

> Ὁ Θεὸς Ἀγάπη ἐστί,
> —Οἱ πάλαι προσῃδον ἐμμελεῖς λόγους,
> τὸ τερπνὸν, οἶμαι, τοῦ καλοῦ ποιούμενοι
> ὄχημα, καὶ τυποῦντες ἐκ μελῶν τρόπους.
>
> S. Greg. Naz. de Carminibus suis.

By Joseph Beaumont, *Master in Arts, and Ejected Fellow of S. Peter's College, in Cambridge. London, Printed by John Dawson for George Boddington, and to be sold at his Shop in Chancery-lane, near Serjeant's-Inn.* 1648.*

Psyche: or Love's Mystery, in XXIV. Cantos: displaying, &c. By Joseph Beaumont, *D.D. late King's Professor of Divinity, and Master of St. Peter's College in Cambridge. The Second Edition, with corrections throughout, and Four new Cantos, never before printed. Cambridge, printed at the University-Press, for Thomas Bennet, at the Half-Moon in St. Paul's Church-Yard, London,* 1702.

The " Psyche " of Dr. Beaumont, and the " Philosophical Poem " of Dr. Henry More (reviewed in our Tenth Number,

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* In some copies another title-page is pasted over the first, without motto or publisher's name, containing the date 1652, and the name of Francis Beaumont, without any addition, as the author. This has obviously been an artifice of the bookseller's, to pass off an

p. 223) deserve to be associated together, as the two most considerable efforts of English poetry during the era of the Commonwealth. There are, indeed, many other points of resemblance between the two poems. Both were the work of retired scholars, devout and simple-minded men, in whose minds learning and piety formed an amicable union; both were written under the inspiration of a high moral purpose, with little view to profit or reputation, or to any thing but the promotion of truth and virtue. They resemble each other, too, in their didactic prolixity, of which they are almost unique specimens. In other points, however, there is considerable difference between the two works. The tone of Beaumont's poem is more purely devotional; in that of his contemporary, the philosophical or argumentative preponderates. More's general manner is dry and hard, with but little of that sparkling though ill-regulated fancy which enlivens the poetry of Beaumont. His stream rolls in a deeper channel, but it is ever and anon losing itself in the swamps of metaphysical disputation; that of Beaumont, though somewhat shallow, is always visible, always clear, and always sparkling. On the other hand, More, in the few passages where his genius finds an unobstructed field to exercise itself in, shews himself the far higher poet. There is nothing in Beaumont equal to some of the extracts quoted in the article abovementioned, and which are not unworthy of an English Lucretius. Thus, too, in minor points; though Beaumont's language and rhyme are in general more correct than More's, yet, in select passages, the latter displays a beauty and variety of both, far surpassing that of his rival.

"Psyche," however, is deserving of notice on various accounts; among others, it possesses the singular distinction of being (to the best of our knowledge) the longest poem in the English language. The number of lines it contains is nearly forty thousand; or rather (to speak with all possible accuracy on so important a point) 38,922, and, including the metrical arguments, 39,066; being considerably longer than the "Faërie Queene," nearly four times the length of "Paradise Lost," or Henry More's poem; five or six times as long as the "Excursion," and reducing the versified novels of modern times to utter insignificance. We have purposely limited the remark to our own language, and the range of our own personal reading: what krakens may lie in the unexplored ocean beyond, it is

unsaleable work by attributing it to the more celebrated Beaumont. There were also two other Francis Beaumonts of the same family, both poets, contemporary with the dramatist.—Some copies of "Psyche" have also the date 1651 (with some other trifling variations), probably to give the book an appearance of novelty.

impossible for us to guess. In the continental languages, which are, for the most part, more fruitful in ponderosities than ours, it is not improbable that many instances of rival, or even superior prolixity, may be found. Conrad of Würzburg, an early German poet, is said to have written an epic on the Trojan war, of which the first twenty-five thousand verses brought the action down to the sacrifice of Iphigenia. A similar story is told of Antimachus, of Colophon. And the "Shah-nameh" of Ferdusi, according to the estimate given in our account of that poet, (No. VIII. p. 204–5) contains no less than a hundred and twenty thousand verses; an aggregate sufficient, if bulk were the criterion of excellence, to weigh down the whole collective body of our western heroics.

In our own days, when brevity (at least in these matters) is so generally considered indispensable, we are apt to wonder how our forefathers could find time or patience for the perusal, much more for the composition, of such productions as the one before us. True it is, that they had much fewer books to read, and could, consequently, tolerate a greater degree of diffuseness in those which they were called upon to peruse. Moreover, copiousness was as much the fashion in those days, as brevity (we hesitate to say conciseness) is in ours; nor was extraordinary length considered objectionable in a poem, any more than in a sermon or a system of philosophy. Their taste, too, was purer—we speak of the readers of poetry as a body, and as compared with the corresponding class in our own times. —They required no interest of story, or other adventitious aid, to make poetry palatable; it was enough for them that it was poetry. A poem, according to their ideas, (we will not say how far they were right,) was nothing more than a series of verses written under the genuine influence of the imaginative power; it was a line, not a circle—and the line might stretch out to infinity for any thing they cared, provided only the materials were golden throughout. Among modern poems, Keate's "Endymion" is the most complete case in point; a work belonging to the seventeenth century, full of inspiration, and altogether destitute of factitious allurements. It may be safely maintained, for the reasons here mentioned, that this poem could never have attained general popularity in our own age, even had it escaped the tender mercies of the critics in office. So, too, with the writers of poetry; they felt little solicitude as to the track they should select, or the lengths to which it might lead them, so long as they proceeded under the visible guidance of the animating god; they followed whithersoever their fancies invited them, and wrote on, and on, with a tranquil and well-placed confidence in the patience of their readers. Books of such a kind possess this peculiar advan-

tage, that we may lay them aside and resume them at any stage of the journey, without inconvenience. The student might browse upon a large portion, and lay up the rest in store for future occasions. To use the homely illustration of a methodist preacher on another subject, it was "cut and come again." Scarcely any one in these days, except a student of poetry in the abstract, or a Retrospective Reviewer, would think of toiling through the four-and-twenty immense cantos of "Psyche;" and yet we cannot doubt that its composition afforded its worthy author many thousand hours of innocent and salutary pleasure, and that it found, in its own time, a class of readers to whom it was acceptable both for the sake of its subject, and its own merits. Nor can it be denied that, in point of taste, they were (to say the least) as well employed in its perusal, as their grandchildren, in conning over Blackmore's "Creation," or Wesley's "Life of Christ."

Dr. Joseph Beaumont, little as his name is now remembered, was, in his own time, no undistinguished member of the literary and learned world. He was of a poetical stock, being descended from a collateral branch of the ancient family of the Beaumonts, from whence sprang Sir John Beaumont, the author of Bosworth Field; Francis, the celebrated dramatist; and others. He was born at Hadleigh, in Suffolk, and educated at the University of Cambridge, where we find him, at the time of the Civil war, fellow and tutor of Peterhouse. Being ejected from his offices by the republicans, he retired to his native place, and employed the compulsory leisure thus occasioned, in the composition of his "Psyche." On the return of the monarch, he was reinstated in his former dignities, with the addition of some valuable pieces of preferment which were conferred on him by his patron, the munificent Bishop Wren. He afterwards exercised, in succession, the offices of Master of Jesus and of Peterhouse, and King's Professor of Divinity, which latter situation he held from 1670 to 1699, the year of his death. One of his biographers describes his character in a long sentence of antithetical eulogy, beginning with "religious without bigotry," and ending with "humble without meanness." We are not inclined to question the latter assertion, but the former is more than problematical; although his bigotry was, probably, more of the heart than the head. He appears, in truth, from his writings, to have been one of a class of characters not uncommon in that age, and which it is impossible to contemplate without a mixture of reverence for their high worth, and regret for the human prejudices and infirmities which rendered that worth, in a great measure, useless; a truly religious and upright, though narrow-minded man, capable of undergoing any sacrifice in defence of principles which he, perhaps, only imper-

fectly understood; tenacious, to an excess, of the outward forms and observances of religion, yet strenuous in the performance of active duties to a degree not always united with this species of punctiliousness.

Besides "Psyche," which appeared first in 1648, and of which a second edition was published, by his son, in 1702, three years after his death, with numerous corrections and the addition of four cantos by the author, he wrote several smaller poems, English and Latin; a polemical tract in reply to Dr. Henry More's "Mystery of Godliness;" and a number of theological works, the bulk of which are still in manuscript, owing to a provision in his will to that effect.

The story of "Psyche" has little in common with the old philosophical fable of that name, except that, in both, the mystical union between God and the soul is represented by the same symbol, that of conjugal affection. It is a religious allegory, describing the progress of the divine life in man, and conducting the soul through the various trials of sensual allurement, pride, heresy, persecution, and spiritual desertion, to its final consummation in bliss. Several cantos are occupied with a poetical history of our Saviour's life and passion, by way of episode. As an allegory, "Psyche" is exceedingly meagre and inartificial; the heroine herself is a vague featureless personification, and her attendants, Logos and Thelema, (the reason and the will) are poor and lifeless, compared with the bustling and dramatic personages of our old friend Bunyan, in the Siege of Mansoul—my Lord Will-be-will, Mr. Recorder Conscience, and the rest. Phylax, the protector or guardian angel of Psyche, is the only character for whom we entertain any thing approaching to personal interest. Nor can much be said for the evil spirits, who form the adverse machinery of the poem; except, indeed, that they afford scope for a great deal of extravagant, but sometimes striking description. The poem is, in fact, little more than a tissue of reasonings, exhortations, and devotional effusions, pervaded by a slender thread of fiction, which appears to have been inserted merely because the author fancied that something of the kind was necessary to entitle his performance to the name of the poem. The true unity of the work consists in the predominance of one animating purpose, and in the continuity of thought and feeling thence ensuing; the allegory serves merely as a frame-work.

Were we to name the qualities which, in spite of all incongruities, redundancies, and defects, sustain the poem, and effectually prevent its interest from putrifying, we should say, the enthusiasm with which it is written, and the lively fancy which overgrows all its details and reflections like an efflorescence. The former attracts the sympathies of the reader, and

the latter relieves the uneasiness attendant upon protracted excitement of feeling. The religious zeal, which is the inspiring power of the work, is intense in the highest degree; it is impossible not to perceive that the writer is deeply and unfeignedly engrossed by his solemn and affecting subject; and it is not in the nature of man to remain unmoved by the ardent emotions of another. We may participate in his elevations, or we may feel humbled by our inability to accompany them; or we may treat them as altogether visionary; or, finally, we may be in a state of harassing doubt and misgiving; but unaffected we cannot be. This is the preserving life of the poem; giving warmth and freshness to common-place; dignifying the ridiculous; rendering the extravagant less offensive; and diverting our attention from critical defects, by absorbing it in higher matters. It is this which has sustained us through a task, the immeasurable length of which, nothing less could have rendered endurable. True it is, that his religion is not, in all points, suited to poetry. Its merits, as well as its defects, in this respect, are, in part, owing to the theological school in which he was educated. There is a strongly Catholic cast in his piety; by which we understand what Protestants consider a disproportionate regard to the outward things of religion, a subservience to rule and prescription, even in trifles, and a blind and undiscriminating horror of all separation from the visible church, and of all dissent in doctrine, however unimportant. Such an approximation to Popery was not uncommon in the earlier ages of the church, while the separation was comparatively recent. Religion, like all other things, even where it is essentially the same, in passing through the mind of man, receives a colouring from the disposition and circumstances of the individual; and, accordingly, while some of the fathers of our church approximate, in the *style* of their piety, to the great Puritan divines, others, of equal sincerity and fervour, and agreeing with the former in all the great points of faith and practice, bear a striking resemblance to the devouter Catholic writers. This is the case, even with many of those, who were, in their day, among the most decided and active opponents of the church of Rome. It is, indeed, curious, and, to one interested in the subject, highly gratifying and instructive, to observe, how similar are the features of genuine piety in men of hostile communions; men, who, to use Southey's words, must have been astonished, when they met each other in Paradise.

To return to Dr. Beaumont, we know no writer, in whom the character above described is more strongly, we had almost said so strongly, marked. With the exception of the title-page, and a few indirect notices, scattered through the volume, there is nothing from which it could be determined,

whether the writer was a Catholic or a Protestant. We mention this peculiarity, as it influences his poetry, in various ways. Hence, that proneness to embody religion in sensible forms, which frequently conduces to picturesque effect; and, hence, on the other hand, a narrowness of view, which contrasts disagreeably with the nobleness and grandeur of his aspirations. To this may be added, a propensity to obtrude petty points of dispute (owing, in part, to the polemical turn of his age) which renders him, like Cowper, occasionally too doctrinal for poetry. Poetry deals only with great general truths, not with their subdivisions and limitations. When once a poet descends to bandy subtleties with an opponent, and to raise and answer objections, his cause is lost. We are reminded that the truths, on which the superstructure of passion and imagination is founded, are, in certain particulars at least, not self-evident; doubts are suggested to our mind; and the very act of doubting is fatal to all illusion, even though the doubt should be susceptible of a satisfactory solution. This, however, can seldom be the case; even when we agree with the disputant in the main, there is generally some minute point of difference, some *peculium* of private belief, some diversity in the form of the opinion, though the matter may be the same; we hold the doctrine, but are not to be compelled to hold it in his way. Such prepossessions are usually too deeply rooted to be overthrown by a syllogism in verse; so that the poet abandons his own vantage-ground, without attaining the object for which he made the sacrifice. This, however, is only an occasional blemish in Dr. Beaumont's poetry. We ought not to omit, as one of the most prominent characteristics of his work, that it is deeply imbued with that mysticism (so called) which was in his time extensively prevalent, but which the extravagancies of the more fanatical Puritans, and of their successors, have since rendered unpopular in this country, as causes nearly similar led to its decline in France. This propensity is in his favour as a poet; for poetry loves to reside in the dim light of those ideas, which, from their very immensity, can only be imperfectly discerned. Dr. Beaumont deserves an honourable place among the mystic poets, for the spirit and fullness with which he has developed their system. He is, moreover, free from many of the besetting sins of his brethren; he incurs no superfluous obscurity by the use of technical terms; he never disjoins practice from meditation, nor does he introduce into devotion the language of sensual passion.

Dr. Beaumont's poetical faculty may be defined in few words, as a power of conceiving vividly, and of embodying his conceptions with facility, by the aid of a rich store of expressive words, and a fancy inexhaustibly fruitful in illustrative

imagery. This, we own, is a somewhat vague description, and contains little in it to distinguish him from many other poets of his class, all bearing the same family face. There is, in fact, little distinction among them. Our sagacious readers, however, will be able to form a better notion of Dr. Beaumont from the subjoined extracts, than from any thing we could say. In "Psyche" every thing, however slight in itself, is presented in a lively and palpable form. Minute touches are beyond his art, but his colours are gorgeous and glowing, and his figures, though rudely drawn, stand out distinct and striking. His power of language is considerable, and frequently comes in aid of deficient matter.* He had his full share in the prevailing rage for uncommon and far-fetched combinations of ideas, called, in the language of criticism, conceits; that propensity which marred the happy genius of Cowley, and which the sturdy intellect of Donne, unable to escape, contented itself with bending to its own purposes. Such an inclination was not likely to starve for want of food, in so fertile a brain as Beaumont's. Accordingly, his poem is full of the most fantastic conceptions, both in the way of occasional metaphor and detailed allegory; although the gravity of his subject preserves him from falling into the extreme absurdities of some of his contemporaries, and religious passion gives to his conceits a life and meaning of which they would otherwise be destitute. The allegorical fancy-pieces, above alluded to, are among the most elaborate parts of the poem. They are, in general, personifications of evil passions, such as are common in most of our old narrative poets; a species of portrait, of which Ovid, in his description of Envy and Famine, supplied the idea, and Sackville, in his Induction, the immediate model. Those who remember the picture of Cruelty, in Crashaw's translation of *Marino*, may form a tolerable notion of Dr. Beaumont's style of delineating these subjects. He delights in heaping together images of terror and disgust, and tasks his invention for additional circumstances of deformity. It was among the peculiarities of his school of religionists, not merely to draw a broad and indelible distinction between moral good and evil (a distinction which must exist under every form of religion worthy of the name) but to inculcate the doctrine of a mysterious union between moral and physical good, and *vice versâ*. Hence, the strong and decisive colours which writers of this class employ, when they embody their conceptions, whether of

* Pope's remark on "Psyche" is exceedingly characteristic of its author. "There are in it a great many flowers well worth gathering, and a man who has the art of stealing wisely will find his account in reading it."

good or evil, in a visible shape. Milton is cited as an example of the contrary tendency; nor can these remarks be better illustrated than by a comparison of Milton's hell, as well as of his Satan, with that of Dante. To Dr. Beaumont, of course, the above observations apply in all their force. With him, whatever is evil, is evil in every way, and in all degrees. We are reminded of the good and bad man in the story-books; or of Swedenborg's definition of hell, as what this earth would be, if all moral good were withdrawn from it, and the evil left to putrefy; or of the sublime conception, on the same subject, in Marlow's *Faustus*,

> "————————when all the world dissolves,
> And every creature shall be purified,
> All places shall be hell which are not heaven."

The most striking instance of this, is the picture of Heresy, in the eighteenth canto, stanza CLXXXV. a piece of combined horror and loathsomeness, too disgusting to be quoted here, and which might be supposed the joint production of Dante and Dean Swift.

Our readers, probably, think that we have allotted a disproportionate space to the discussion of Beaumont's merits, and it is not impossible that they may consider us equally unconscionable in the quantity of our extracts. It ought, however, to be recollected, that they are made from a poem of forty thousand lines, and which, from the peculiar cast of the author's talent, abounds with producible passages.

The poem opens with a grand infernal council, in which Satan proclaims his designs against Psyche, and arranges the entire plan of the campaign. We quote the description of the infernal palace and its lord.

> "Hell's Court is built deep in a gloomy vale,
> High wall'd with strong Damnation, moated round
> With flaming Brimstone: full against the hall
> Roars a burnt bridge of brass: the yards abound
> With all envenom'd herbs and trees, more rank
> And fruitless than on Asphaltite's bank.
>
> The gate, where Fire and Smoke the porters be,
> Stands always ope with gaping greedy jaws.
> Hither flock'd all the States of misery;
> As younger snakes, when their old serpent draws
> Them by a summoning hiss, haste down her throat
> Of patent poison their aw'd selves to shoot.

The hall was roof'd with everlasting Pride,
Deep paved with Despair, checker'd with Spite,
And hanged round with torments far and wide:
The front display'd a goodly-dreadful sight,
Great Satan's arms stamp'd on an iron shield,
A crowned dragon, gules, in sable field.

There on's immortal throne of Death they see
Their mounted Lord; whose left hand proudly held
His globe, (for all the world he claims to be
His proper realm,) whose bloody right did wield
His mace, on which ten thousand serpents knit,
With restless madness gnaw'd themselves, and it.

His awful horns above his crown did rise,
And force his fiends to shrink in theirs: his face
Was triply-plated impudence: his eyes
Were hell reflected in a double glass,
Two comets staring in their bloody stream,
Two beacons boiling in their pitch and flame.

His mouth in breadth vied with his palace gate
And conquer'd it in soot: his tawny teeth
Were ragged grown by endless gnashing at
The dismal riddle of his living death:
His grizly beard a sing'd confession made
What fiery breath through his black lips did trade.

Which, as he op'd, the centre, on whose back
His chair of ever-fretting pain was set,
Frighted beside itself began to quake:
Throughout all hell the barking hydras shut
Their awed mouths: the silent peers, in fear,
Hung down their tails, and on their Lord did stare."

Phylax, by way of preparative against the attacks of sensual temptation, relates to his charge the history of Joseph. Joseph's dream is told with much fancy.

"When this last night had sealed up mine eyes,
And open'd Heav'n's, whose countenance now was clear,
And trimm'd with every star; on his soft wing
A nimble vision me did thither bring.

Quite through the store-house of the air I past
Where choice of every weather treasur'd lies:

Here, rain is bottled up; there, hail is cast
In candy'd heaps; here, banks of snow do rise;
There, furnaces of lightning burn, and those
Longbearded stars which light us to our woes.

Hence tow'r'd I to a dainty world: the air
Was sweet and calm, and in my memory
Wak'd my serener mother's looks: this fair
Canaan now fled from my discerning eye;
The earth was shrunk so small, methought I read,
By that due prospect, what it was indeed.

But then, arriving at an orb whose flames
Like an unbounded ocean flow'd about,
Fool as I was, I quak'd; till its kind beams
Gave me a harmless kiss. I little thought
Fire could have been so mild; but, surely, here
It rageth, 'cause we keep it from its sphere.

There, reverend sire, it flam'd, but with as sweet
An ardency as in your noble heart
That heavenly zeal doth burn, whose fostering heat
Makes you Heaven's living holocaust: no part
Of my dream's tender wing felt any harm;
Our journey, not the fire, did keep us warm.

But here my guide, his wings' soft oars to spare,
On the moon's lower horn clap'd hold, and whirl'd
Me up into a region as far
In splendid worth surmounting this low world
As in its place: for liquid crystal here
Was the tralucid matter of each sphere.

The moon was kind, and, as we scoured by,
Shew'd us the deed, whereby the great Creator
Instated her in that large monarchy
She holdeth over all the oceans' water:
To which a schedule was annex'd, which o'er
All other humid bodies gives her power.

Now, complimental Mercury was come
To the quaint margin of his courtly sphere,
And bid us eloquent welcome to his home:
Scarce could we pass, so great a crowd was there
Of points and lines; and nimble wit beside
Upon the backs of thousand shapes did ride.

Next Venus' face, heaven's joy and sweetest pride,
(Which brought again my mother to my mind,)
Into her region lur'd my ravish'd guide:
This strew'd with youth, and smiles, and love we find
And those all chaste: 'tis this foul world below
Adulterates what from thence doth spotless flow.

Then rapt to Phœbus' orb, all pav'd with gold,
The rich reflection of his own aspect:
Most gladly there I would have staid and told
How many crowns and thrones his dwelling deck'd,
What life, what verdure, what heroic might,
What pearly spirits, what sons of active light.

But I was hurried into Mars his sphere,
Where Envy (O how curs'd was its grim face!)
And Jealousy, and Fear, and Wrath, and War
Quarrel'd, although in heaven, about their place.
Yea, engines there to vomit fire I saw,
Whose flame and thunder earth at length must know.

Nay, in a corner, 'twas my hap to spy
Something which look'd but frowardly on me:
And sure my watchful guide read in mine eye,
My musing troubled sense; for straightway he,
Lest I should should start and wake upon the fright,
Speeded from thence his seasonable flight.

Welcome was Jupiter's dominion, where
Illustrious Mildness round about did flow;
Religion had built her temple there,
And sacred honours on its walks did grow:
No mitre ever priest's grave head shall crown,
Which in those mystic gardens was not sown.

At length, we found old Saturn in his bed;
And much I wonder'd how an he so dull
Could climb thus high: his house was lumpish lead,
Of dark and solitary corners full;
Where Discontent, and Sickness dwellers be,
Damn'd Melancholy, and dead Lethargy.

Hasting from hence into a boundless field,
Innumerable stars we marshall'd found
In fair array: this earth did never yield
Such choice of flowr'y pride, when she had crown'd

The plains of Shechem, where the gaudy Spring
Smiles in the beauties of each verdant thing."

The next is from the opening of the second canto.

"No foolish tinder ever strove to catch
In its soft amorous arms the treacherous spark,
And with such zealous rashness joy'd to hatch
Its own destruction, as fond man doth mark
And treasure up those fair-fac'd counsels, which,
With fatal charms, his heedless heart bewitch.

No wretched adder ever solder'd up
His wilful ear with trustier cement, than,
With retchless obstinacy, he doth stop
His memory's unhappy portals, when
Wholesome advice with sweetness woos it, and
Long knocking for admission doth stand.

Or if strong importunity (whereby
The tenderest drops are taught to pierce the flint,)
His sullen siffness constantly doth ply,
Perhaps he yieldeth to the dainty dint
Of such unwearied gentleness, which yet
Her conquest more by stealth than force doth get.

But though, at length, a wicket ope he sets,
His slighted guest in some out-room he lays:
But when vain Fancy, or Seduction, beats
Summons upon his gates, he straight displays
Their way, and lets them quite thrust out of the door
The former stranger, scarcely in before.

"For as the honey of heav'n's lovely hives,
The summer clouds, snugging in laps of flowers,
That correspondent dwelling quickly leaves
To churlish drops of less-deserving showers,
Or rankling mildew, which such venom sheds
As soon deflowereth all those virgin beds:

So far'd it now with Psyche's careless breast."

We quote a part of the description of Paradise in Canto VI. It is in the author's most fantastic style.

"Within, rose hills of spice and frankincense,
Which smil'd upon the flow'ry vales below,

Where living crystal found a sweet pretence
With musical impatience to flow,
And delicately chide the gems beneath
Because no smoother they had pav'd its path.

The nymphs which sported on this current's side
Were milky Thoughts, tralucid, pure Desires,
Soft turtles' Kisses, Looks of virgin brides,
Sweet Coolness which nor needs nor feareth fires,
Snowy Embraces, cheerly-sober Eyes,
Gentleness, Mildness, Ingenuities.

The early gales knock'd gently at the door
Of every flower to bid the odours wake;
Which catching in their softest arms, they bore
From bed to bed, and so return'd them back
To their own lodgings doubled by the blisses
They sipp'd from their delicious brethren's kisses.

Upon the wings of those inamouring breaths
Refreshment, vigour, nimbleness attended;
Which, wheresoe'r they flew, cheer'd up their paths,
And with fresh airs of life all things befriended:
For heav'n's sweet spirit deign'd his breath to join
And make the powers of these blasts divine.

The goodly trees bent arms their nobler load
Of fruit which blest oppression overbore:
That orchard where the dragon warder stood,
For all its golden boughs, to this was poor,
To this, in which the greater serpent lay,
Though not to guard the trees, but to betray.

Of fortitude there rose a stately row;
Here, of Munificence a thickset grove;
There, of wise Industry a quickset grew;
Here, flourished a dainty copse of Love;
There, sprang up pleasant twigs of ready Wit;
Here, larger trees of Gravity were set.

Here, Temperance; and widespread Justice there,
Under whose sheltering shadow Piety
Devotion, Mildness, Friendship planted were;
Next stood Renown with head exalted high;
Then twin'd together Plenty, Fatness, Peace.
O blessed place, where grew such things as these!

In the same canto, the Cave of Sleep is described.

" A lazy moat the grot encompassed
With waters which were never known to stir;
Upon whose bank secure Oblivion's bed
Was made of sluggish moss and caked fur:
The Remora's and Crampfish groping lay
About the bottom of the mud and clay.

Up from the water crept an heavy cloud
Of dusky vapours, on whose shoulders rid
Fat Drowsiness, who rubb'd her eyes and bow'd
Down to her bosom her unwieldy head.
Bats, owls, and other purblind birds of night
Stole through the swarthy shades their doubtful flight.

Mandrakes within the moat, and poppy grew,
Which nodded to their neighbour plump of trees:
Those were the willow, cypress, box, and yew;
Close at whose feet lay Quietness and Ease;
And nestling by their side, an half-dead crowd
Of dormice and of bears, all snorting loud.

Through these pass'd Pity to a door of jet,
Whose wary ringle round was cloth'd in wool:
The porter, Silence, with his finger at
His mouth, when by her looks he guess'd her full
Of more than common business with his queen,
Softly stole ope the lock, and let her in.

There found she, on a bed of ebony,
Sleep laid at length; her pillow, badgers' hair;
Thick Night, full Peace, and soft Security
Her rug, her counterpane, and blankets were.
Close by her couch's side dropp'd pipes of lead;
A swarm of bees were humming at the head.

But greater was the swarm of Dreams which walk'd,
In shapeless shapes, about the thronged room;
Who, though they laugh'd and sung, and cried, and talk'd;
No noise was heard in that confusion: some
Wanted an head, a cheek, an eye, a nose;
Some arms, some legs, some feet, and some their toes.

Some wanton seem'd, some chaste, some spruce, some coarse,
Some tame, some terrible, some black, some white,

Some men before, and yet, behind, a horse;
Some swan on one side, on the other kite;
Some love, some hate, some half-hope and half-fear,
Some heav'n, some hell, some both; most monsters were.

Indeed a few, who slighted all the rest,
Were limb'd and form'd by due proportion's art;
With sober gravity, their looks were drest;
Deep wonderous thoughts were hatching in their heart.
Sharp was their sight, and further could descry
Than any eagle's sun-affronting eye."

We must extract the description of Eve, when newly created.

"Her spacious polish'd forehead was the fair
And lovely plain where gentle majesty
Walk'd in delicious state: her temples clear
Pomegranate fragments, which rejoic'd to lie
In dainty ambush, and peep through their cover
Of amber-locks whose volumes curled over.

The fuller stream of her luxuriant hair
Pour'd down itself upon her ivory back;
In which soft flood ten thousand graces were
Sporting and dallying with every lock;
The rival winds for kisses fell to fight,
And rais'd a ruffling tempest of delight.

Two princely arches of most equal measures
Held up the canopy above her eyes,
And open'd to the heav'ns far richer treasures,
Than with their stars or sun e'er learn'd to rise:
Those beams can ravish but the body's sight,
These dazzle stoutest souls with mystic light.

Two garrisons were these of conqu'ring love;
Two founts of life, of spirit, of joy, of grace;
Two easts in one fair heaven, no more above,
But in the hemisphere of her own face;
Two thrones of gallantry; two shops of miracles;
Two shrines of deities; two silent oracles.

For silence here could eloquently plead;
Here might the unseen soul be clearly read:
Though gentle humours their mild mixture made,
They prov'd a double burning-glass, which shed

Those living flames which, with enliv'ning darts,
Shoot deaths of love into spectators' hearts.

'Twixt these, an alabaster promontory
Slop'd gently down to part each cheek from other;
Where white and red strove for the fairer glory,
Blending in sweet confusion together.
The rose and lily never joined were
In so divine a marriage as there.

Couchant upon these precious cushionets
Were thousand Beauties and as many Smiles,
Chaste Blandishments, and modest cooling Heats,
Harmless Temptations, and honest Guiles.
For heav'n, though up betimes the maid to deck,
Ne'er made Aurora's cheeks so fair and sleek.

Enamouring Neatness, Softness, Pleasure, at
Her gracious mouth in full retinue stood:
For, next the eyes' bright glass, the soul at that
Takes most delight to look and walk abroad.
But at her lips two threads of scarlet lay,
Or two warm corals, to adorn the way;

The precious way, where by her breath and tongue
Her odours and her honey travelled,
Which nicest critics would have judg'd among
Arabian or Hyblæan mountains bred.
Indeed the richer Araby in her
Dear mouth, and sweeter Hybla dwelling were.

More gracefully its golden chapiter
No column of white marble e'er sustain'd
Than her round polish'd neck supported her
Illustrious head, which there in triumph reign'd.
Yet, neither would this pillar hardness know,
Nor suffer cold to dwell amongst its snow.

Her blessed bosom moderately rose
With two soft mounts of lilies, whose fair top
A pair of pretty sister cherries chose,
And there their living crimson lifted up.
The milky count'nance of the hills confest
What kind of springs within had made their nest.

So leggiadrous were her snowy hands
That Pleasure mov'd as any finger stirr'd:

Her virgin waxen arms were precious bands
And chains of love: her waste itself did gird
With its own graceful slenderness, and tie
Up Delicacy's best epitomy.

Fair Politure walk'd all her body over,
And Symmetry rejoic'd in every part;
Soft and white Sweetness was her native cover,
From every member Beauty shot a dart:
From heav'n to earth, from head to foot I mean,
No blemish could by Envy's self be seen.

This was the first-born Queen of Gallantry,
All gems compounded into one rich stone,
All sweets knit into one conspiracy,
A constellation of all stars in one,
Who, when she was presented to their view,
Both paradise and nature dazzled grew.

Phœbus, who rode in glorious scorn's career
About the world, no sooner spy'd her face,
But fain he would have linger'd, from his sphere
On this, though less, yet sweeter, heav'n, to gaze
Till shame inforc'd him to lash on again,
And clearer wash him in the western main.

The smiling Air was tickled with his high
Prerogative of uncontrouled bliss,
Embracing with entirest liberty
A body soft, and sweet, and chaste as his.
All odorous gales that had but strength to stir
Came flocking in to beg perfumes of her.

The marygold her garish love forgot,
And turn'd her homage to these fairer eyes;
All flowers look'd up, and dutifully shot
Their wonder hither, whence they saw arise
Unparching courteous lustre, which instead
Of fire, soft joy's irradiations spread.

The sturdiest trees affected by her dear
Delightful presence could not choose but melt
At their hard pith; whilst all the birds whose clear
Pipes toss'd mirth about the branches, felt
The influence of her looks; for having let
Their song fall down, their eyes on her they set."

XUM

Canto VIII. opens thus.

" Sage Nature, how profound is thy discretion,
Enamelling thy sober courtesies
By seasonable useful intermission!
Thou lett'st us feel the want, to learn the price;
Thou check'rest every thing with such wise art,
That ease proves constant successor to smart.

When night's blind foot hath smeared heav'ns face, the day
With lovely beauty all the welkin gilds;
When winter's churlish months are thawn away,
The lively spring with youth cheers up the fields;
When clouds have wept their bottles out, 'tis fair;
When winds are out of breath, thou still'st the air:

When æstuating in her mighty toil
The sea has wrought up to her highest shore,
Her weary floods thou teachest to recoil
Back to that rest wherein they swum before.
And to all great and swelling labours thou
As sure an ebb dost constantly allow.

Yet sleep the gentlest of thy blessings is,
With which thou sweaty pains dost gratify:
When Phœbus through all heaven has speeded his
Long smoaking course, thou giv'st him leave to lie
Down on the pillows of the wat'ry main,
Till brisk Aurora wakens him again.

When trees all summer have been labouring hard
Their blossoms, leaves, and fruit in bringing forth,
The night of winter thou dost them afford,
And bidd'st their vigor go to bed in earth;
Down to the root straight sinks the tired sap,
And sleeps close and secure in Tellus' lap.

When rivers many tedious months have run
Through cragged rocks, and crooked peevish ways;
Thou mak'st stern Boreas pitiful, who on
Their necks a friendly-rigid bridle lays:
This locks them up in glass, and makes them rest
Till they are wak'd by summer's southern blast.

Yet other creatures little find in sleep
But that dull pleasure of a gloomy rest,

Which they themselves perceive not when they reap:
Man by this fuller privilege is blest,
  That sleep itself can be awake to him,
  And entertain him with some courteous dream.

O sweet prerogative! by which we may
Upon our pillows travel round about
The universe, and turn our work to play;
Whilst every journey is no more but thought,
  And every thought flies with as quick a pace
  Quite through its longest, as its shortest race.

No outward object's importuning rout
Intrudes on sprightful fancies operations,
Who, queen in her own orb, achieves with stout
Freedom her strange extemporal creations;
  And scorning Contradiction's laws, at ease
  Of nothing makes what worlds herself doth please.

Nor is the body more befriended than
The soul, in sound digestion's work, by sleep:
This is the undisturbed season when
The mind has leisure to concoct that heap
  Of crude unsettled notions, which fill
  The troubled brain's surcharged ventricle.

In this soft calm, when, all alone, the heart
Walks through the shades of its own silent breast,
Heav'n takes delight to meet it, and impart
Those blessed visions which pose the best
  Of waking eyes, whose day is quench'd with night
  At all spiritual apparitions' sight."

Our readers will agree with us that there is much valuable poetical matter here; and since the work is of so truly a Retrospective cast, since it contains so much of what is good, buried among so much that is obsolete, we propose to deviate from our ordinary plan, and to carry on our extracts in a future Number. Forty thousand lines are a large field for a botanist of any taste or industry—Our collection of flowers has far exceeded the compass of any reasonable anthological bouquet.

XUM

ART. VII.—Fynes Moryson's *Itinerary: or Ten Years' Travells through Great Britain and other parts of Europe. Folio, Part I. pp.* 295. *Part II. pp.* 301. *Part III. pp.* 292. *London,* 1617.

To the enlightened and sincere friend of the improvement of his fellow creatures, no inquiries can be so attractive and encouraging as those which enable him to mark their progress, at different periods, in knowledge, civilization, and happiness.—Such inquiries it is the peculiar nature and recommendation of our Review to enable him to make and to satisfy. We point out, by the books we notice, what was known and thought, the state of the imagination, judgment, and reasoning powers,—the condition of mankind, half a century, a century, or two centuries ago, and thus furnish materials, at once amusing and instructive, for the study to which we have alluded.

The contrast between the most highly improved nation, and one in a state of native barbarism and ignorance, may be made, either by looking to examples of each, at present existing, or by comparing the former powers, with what it was in remote periods of its history, But the conviction, that mankind is in a regular state of improvement will be impressed much more deeply by the latter method: this enables us to prove the actual fact, as well as to trace the times and many of the causes of the various stages of improvement. Britain, as it is at present, we see gradually rising out of the barbarism and ignorance in which Cæsar found it, and we can lay our fingers on most of the influential causes of this advancement. Whereas, we find it difficult to foresee or to imagine when, or by what causes, the degraded people of Asia or Africa, or the savages of America, will receive even the first permanent impulse towards civil and political knowledge and happiness.

History gives us little information on this interesting subject: it is too much occupied with less pleasant and instructive topics: glimpses of the state of the great bulk of mankind may, indeed, appear in its pages, but they are not of such duration, extent, or minuteness, as to be of much service in this inquiry. Books of travels afford the most ample and satisfactory materials: he who reads a chronological series of travels in any country will receive information on this subject, at once the most to the point, and the most amusing. After rising from a perusal of the most ancient, and the most recent travels in China and Hindostan, he will be puzzled to assign to each its respective era, such a close and striking resemblance will be found

between the pictures they respectively exhibit, of the inhabitants of these countries. It is unnecessary to multiply examples of the series of lessons that may be drawn from books of travels chronologically read. There is, however, one fact such a course of study will make us acquainted with, to which we must advert. If we peruse travels in Britain, France, Germany, or almost any other country in Europe, of a more remote date than a century or a century and a half, we shall be struck with the precedency in knowledge, comfort, and most kinds of improvement of almost every European nation over Britain.—This precedency seems to have remained till the commencement of the last century: then our country began to approach very close to the most improved continental states: she soon came up with them; then passed them, and, within the last fifty years, her superiority has advanced in the most rapid and astonishing manner. We know no subject so full of materials, at once interesting and instructive, as the contrast between Britain and its inhabitants at the beginning of the reign of George III., and at the beginning of the reign of our present sovereign.

Modern travellers possess several advantages over their predecessors; they can and ought to bring more science to their task. Hence, on all topics connected with science, especially natural history, modern travels must be infinitely more instructive: they are also superior in statistical information, and consequently unfold, more completely, the sources of national and individual wealth. But we doubt much, whether, in any other respect, modern travellers can be compared to their predecessors. They do not take so much time or pains; their objects are too various: they do not go into those minute details, furnished by old books of travels, from which the most accurate and complete picture of manners, and the state of society, may be drawn. We know much better from modern than from old travels, the plants, animals, minerals, geology, agriculture, manufactures, and commerce of Germany, but we question extremely, whether the latter do not introduce us to a more intimate and familiar acquaintance with the Germans themselves.

We speak advisedly, and within bounds, when we assert, that Fynes Moryson's work need not dread a comparison with any other book of travels, so far as amusing and instructive details, regarding manners, and the state of society, are concerned. There is, indeed, in his bulky volume, much that, to modern readers, is useless or uninteresting, and one portion that belongs to history and not to travels; but we cannot read many pages without being satisfied, that he was quick at observation, and that he had the faculty of selecting the most characteristic particulars of each nation, and of giving them with graphic force and liveliness.

Moryson was a student of Peter House, Cambridge, towards the end of the 16th century. In the year 1589, when he was twenty-three years old, he was appointed one of the travelling fellows. He seems to have spent nearly two years in pursuing such studies as would qualify him the better to travel, and in visiting his friends; and in May, 1591, he left England; in the same month, 1595, he returned to his native country. This journey had given him a strong desire again to visit foreign countries, and, especially, Jerusalem and Constantinople. We shall introduce him to our readers at this time.

"Being of this mind when I returned into England, it happened that my brother Henry was then beginning that voyage, having to that purpose put out some four hundred pounds, to be repaid twelve hundred pounds, upon his return from those two cities, and to lose it if he died in the journey. I say, he had thus put out the most part of his small estate, which, in England, is no better with gentlemen's younger sons, nor so good as with bastards in other places, as well for the English law most unmeasurably favouring elder brothers, as (let me boldly say it) for the ignorant pride of fathers, who to advance their eldest sons, drive the rest to desperate courses, and make them unable to live, or to spend any money in getting understanding and experience, so as they being in wants, and yet more miserable by their gentry and plentiful education, must needs rush into all vices; for all wise men confess, that nothing is more contrary to goodness than poverty. My brother being partner with other gentlemen in this fortune, thought this putting out of money to be an honest means of gaining, at least, the charges of his journey, and the rather, because it had not then been in England, that any man had gone this long journey by land, nor any like it, excepting only Master John Wrath, whom I name for honour, and more especially he thought this gain most honest and just; if this journey were compared with other base adventures for gain, which, long before this time, and were then in use. And I confess, that his resolution did not, at the first sight, dislike me. For I remembered, that this manner of gain had of old been in use among the inhabitants of the Low Countries, and sea coasts of Germany, (and so it is yet in use with them.) I remembered, that no mean Lords, and Lords' sons, and gentlemen in our court, had, in like sort, put out money upon a horse-race, or speedy course of a horse, under themselves, yea, upon a journey on foot. I considered, that those kinds of gaining only required strength of body, whereas, this and the like required also vigour of mind, yea, that they often weakened the body, but this, and the like, always bettered the mind. I pass over infinite examples of the former customs, and will only add, that Earls, Lords, gentlemen, and all sorts of men, have used, time out of mind, to put out money to be repaid, with advantage, upon the birth of their next child, which kind of gain can no way be compared with the adventures of long journies; yea, I will boldly say, it is a base gain, where a man is hired to that dalliance with his wife, and to kill a man, so he may get a boy, as if he were to be encouraged to a game of Olympus."

He, however, changed his mind, "observing," he says, "that these kind of adventures were grown very frequent, whereof some were indecent, some ridiculous, and that they were, in great part, undertaken by bankerouts, and men of base condition." He, therefore, only gave 100*l.* to receive 300*l.* at his return among his brethren and friends; and 100*l.* to five friends, on condition they should have it if he died, or, after three years, should give him 150*l.* if he returned. By the great expenses of this journey, however, his brother's death, and his own sickness, the 350*l.* he received, on his return, and the 100*l.* he and his brother carried with them, did not defray what they spent, which amounted to 500*l.* From this journey he returned, in July 1597. In the summer of 1598, he travelled through part of England, Scotland, and Ireland. In 1600, he went to this last country, as secretary to Lord Mountjoy, who was appointed Lord Deputy, by Queen Elizabeth. Of the person, apparel, diet, manners, &c. of his patron, he gives a very particular account, of which the following are specimens, and extracts:—"When his parents wished to have his picture drawn, in his childhood, he desired, that it might be with a trowel in his hand, and this motto, *ad re-edificandum antiquam domum*:" the family estate having been much reduced by his father's obstinate addiction to the study and practice of alchemy."

"His apparel, in court or cities, was commonly of white or black taffeties, or satins, and he wore two, yea, sometimes three pair of silk stockings, with black silk grogram cloaks, guarded, and ruffs of comely depth and thickness, (never wearing any falling band,) black beaver hat, with plain black band, a taffety quilted waistcoat, in summer, a scarlet waistcoat, and, sometimes, both in winter. But, in the country, and especially keeping the field, in Ireland, (yea, sometimes, in the cities) he wore jerkins and round hose, (for he never wore other fashion than round) with laced panes, of russet cloth, and cloak of the same cloth, lined with velvet, and white beaver hat, with plain bands; and, besides his ordinary stockings of silk, he wore, under boots, another pair of woollen, or worsted, with a pair of high linen boot hose, yea, three waistcoats, in cold weather, and a thick ruff, besides a russet scarf about his neck, thrice folded, under it." (Part II. p. 46.)

Before he went to Ireland, his usual breakfast was panada and broth, but, during the war, he contented himself with a dry crust of bread, and, in the spring time, with butter and sage, with a cup of stale beer, and sometimes, in winter, sugar and nutmegs mixed with it. At dinner and supper, he had the choicest and most nourishing meats and the best wines. He took tobacco abundantly; and to this practice our author ascribes his good health, while among the bogs of Ireland, and the relief of the violent head-aches which regularly attacked him, like an ague, for

many years, every three months. "He delighted in study, in gardens, an house richly furnished, and delectable for rooms of retreat, in riding on a pad, to take the air, in playing at showl-board, or at cards, in reading play-books, for recreation, and especially in fishing and fish-ponds, seldom using any other exercise, and using these rightly as pastimes, only for a short and convenient time, and with great variety of change from one to the other." His chief delight was in the study of divinity, and more especially in reading the Fathers and Schoolmen: some chapters of the Bible were each night read to him, and he never omitted prayers at morning and night. We imagine a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, at the beginning of the 19th century, bears very little resemblance, in any respect, to the portraiture drawn of the one at the beginning of the 17th century. In 1603, Lord Mountjoy returned to England along with the famous Tyrone: James I. created him Earl of Devonshire, but he did not long enjoy this dignity, dying in the year 1606. In 1613, our author was again induced to visit Ireland, by the entreaty of his brother, Sir Richard Moryson, Vice President of Munster; but it does not appear how long he remained there. Of the particulars of his future life, or of the time and circumstances of his death, we have no information.

In the address to the reader, after giving a short account of the nature and contents of his book, he adds, that he wrote it swiftly, yet slowly: "Swiftly, in that my pen was ready and nothing curious, as may appear by the matter and style: slowly, in respect to the long time past since I viewed these dominions, and since I took the work in hand. So as that the work may not, unfitly, be compared to a nosegay of flowers, hastily snatched in many gardens, and with much leisure, and yet carelessly and negligently bound together. The snatching is excused by the haste necessary to travellers, desiring to see much in short time. And the negligent binding, in true judgment, needs no excuse, being like rich embroidery laid upon a frieze jerkin." He uses, as an excuse for the delay in publishing his work, his connexions with Lord Mountjoy; and his intention to annex to it a history of the several countries he had visited. This intention, however, after three years' labour, he abandoned, not wishing, to use his own words, "to make his gate bigger than his city," which would have been the case, had he published these histories along with his travels, "in the bulk to which he found them to swell."

"And for the rest of the years, I wrote at leisure, giving (like a free and unhired workman) much time to pleasure, to necessary affairs, and to divers and long distractions. If you consider this, and, withal, remember, that the work is first written in Latin, then trans-

lated into English, and that in divers copies, no man being able, in the first copy, to put so large a work in good fashion: and if you will please, also, to take knowledge from me, that, to save expenses, I wrote the greatest part with my own hand, and almost all the rest with the slow pen of my servant, then I hope the loss of time shall not be imputed unto me. Again, for the work in general, I profess not to write it for any curious wits, who can endure nothing but extractions and quintessences; nor yet to great statesmen, of whose reading, I confess, it is unworthy; but only unto the inexperienced, who still desire to view foreign kingdoms, and these may, the rather, by this direction, make better use of what they see, hear, and read, than myself did. If active men never read it, I shall wish them no less good success in their affairs. If contemplative men shall read it, at leisure, making choice of the subjects fitting their humours, by the table of contents, and casting away the book when they are weary of reading, perhaps they may find some delight; only, in case of distaste, I pray them remember, to and for whom it was written. To conclude, if you be as well affected to me, as I am to you, howsoever I deserve no thanks, no doubt I shall be free from blame."

The volume consists of three parts: the first part is occupied with his travels; the second with an account of the wars against Tyrone, in Ireland; and the third, with discourses on the use and profit of travelling; precepts for travellers; opinions of old writers; proverbs that he observed in foreign parts; fit means to travel; sepulchres, monuments, and buildings in general; and the geographical description, situation, fertility, traffic, diet, and apparel of Germany, Bohemia, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Denmark, Poland, Italy, Turkey, France, England, Scotland, and Ireland, the countries through which he travelled. To the third book there are added chapters on the governments of Germany, Bohemia, Switzerland, and the Netherlands, their revenues, army, navy, courts of law, &c.; and these topics, as well as that of religion, arts, sciences, manners, language, literature, &c., he seems to have intended to treat of, as relating to the other countries, but this, he informs us, was not as yet fully finished. The first part, which relates to his travels, is chiefly occupied with a description of the places he visited, which description, whenever they presented antiquities, as in the case of Rome, Florence, Constantinople, and Jerusalem, is very full and circumstantial: as these cities are little altered, in these respects, and are better known from the accounts of modern travellers, we shall merely glean from this part such particulars as may be interesting to our readers. We shall omit all notice of the wars, in Ireland, which occupy the second part; our principal and longest extracts shall be from the third part.

We cannot read three pages before we meet with a decided

proof of a fact, to which we have already alluded: that London, two centuries ago, followed the improvements of the continental cities. At Hamburgh, he thinks it worthy of remark, that water is brought into the city, by means of pipes; and, at Lubeck, he notices the same circumstance, adding, "it is the more notable, because it was the first of that kind, which since hath been dispersed to London, and other places." Contrast London at present, with any of the continental cities, her supply of water, her gas-lights, her sewers, her footpaths, her M'Adamized streets; whereas, in none of them has much been done, for convenience or comfort, since our author visited them. Even in the beginning of the 17th century, English beer seems to have been highly prized on the continent; for our author, after mentioning the beer of Targ, which, he says, is much esteemed through all Misen, whereof they sell such quantity abroad, as ten water mills, besides wind mills, scarcely serve the town for this purpose; and informing us, that there were 300 brewers at Delf, adds, that the beer of the latter place, for the goodness, is called Delf's English: "but, howsoever they had brewers and the very water out of England, they could never make their beer so much esteemed as the English, which, indeed, is much bettered by the carriage over sea to these parts." His description of the Elector's stables, at Dresden, we shall extract.

"The Elector's stable is by much the fairest that ever I saw, which I will briefly describe. In the first court there is a horse-bath, into which they may bring as much or little water as they list; and it hath 22 pillars, in each whereof, divers arms of the Duke are graven, according to the divers families whose arms he gives. The same court serves for a tilting-yard, and all exercises of horsemanship; and there is also the horse-leach's shop, so well furnished, as if it belonged to a rich apothecary. The building of the stable is four square, but the side towards the Duke's palace is all taken up with two gates, and a little court yard, which takes up half this side, and round about the same are little cupboards peculiar to the horsemen, in which they dispose all the furniture fit for riding. The other three sides of the quadrangle contained some 136 choice and rare horses, having only two other gates leading into the city's market-place, opposite to those gates towards the court. These horses are all of foreign countries, for there is another stable for Dutch horses, and among these chief horses, one named Michael Schatz (that is, Michael the Treasure) was said to be of wonderful swiftness; before each horse's nose was a glass window, with a curtain of green cloth, to be drawn at pleasure; each horse was covered with a red mantle, the rack was of iron, the manger of copper; at the buttock of each horse was a pillar of wood which had a brazen shield, where, by the turning of a pipe, he was watered; and in this pillar was a cupboard to lay up the horse's comb and like necessaries; and above the back of each horse hung his bridle and saddle, so as the horses might, as it were, in a moment be

furnished. Above this stable is a gallery on one side, adorned with the statues of horses and riders, with their complete armours, fifty in nnmber, besides many armours lying by the walls. On the other side is a gallery, having forty like statues, and thirty six sledges, which they use in Misen, not only to journey in time of snow, but also for festival pomps. For in those cities, especially at Shrovetide, and when much snow falleth, they use to sit upon sledges drawn with a horse furnished with many bells; at the foot of which sledge they many times place their mistresses, and if, in running or sudden turning, the rider, or his mistress, slip, or take a fall, it is held a great disgrace to the rider.—Some of these sledges are very sumptuous, as of unpurified silver as it comes from the mines, others are fairly covered with velvet and like stuffs."

He visited the baths at Baden. "Women come hither as richly attired as if they come to a marriage; for men, women, monks, and nuns, sit altogether in the same water, parted with boards, but so as that they mutually speak and touch; and it is a rule here to shun all sadness, neither is any jealousy admitted for a naked touch. The waters are so clear as that a penny may be seen at the bottom; and because melancholy must be avoided, they recreate themselves with many sports, while they sit in the water; namely, at cards, and with casting up and catching little stones, to which purpose, they have a little table swimming upon the water, upon which, sometimes, they do likewise eat."

It was his design to proceed from Stode to Embden; but every one, in the former place, spoke of the Spanish thieves, who, stealing out of their garrisons in the Low Countries, rendered travelling dangerous: if he went by sea, there was no less danger from the pirates of Dunkirk. He therefore, resolved to clothe and otherwise disguise himself as a poor man, and proceed by land. The latter part of his journey we shall allow him to narrate in his own words:

"All this night and the next day, great store of rain fell, and the wind was so tempestuous, as we could not pass by water, neither would my companions hire a waggon, besides that, the way was at this time so dirty, as no waggon could pass it. Notwithstanding, since now only two miles remained of my dangerous journey, and I thought no thief could come out in such rain, I resolved to go on foot with my companions to Embden, being two miles, but of unspeakable length and difficulty to pass. In the highway we had three passages; one upon the top of the bank, lying upon an arm of the sea, or rather upon the River Emsz running into the Sea; and in this passage the tempestuous wind was like to bear us over, and blinded us with driving salt water into our eyes, besides that we went over the shoes in dirt. The second passage was on the side of the bank, from the water, somewhat fairer than the other, but in that most troublesome, that we were

forced continually to lean upon a staff, which every one had in his hand, lest, being not stayed with the staff, we should fall into the lower way, which was intolerably dirty. The lower way, or third passage, in the bottom of the bank furthest from the water, was for the passage of waggons, but the fields round about being overflowed in winter, this passage was now intolerably dirty. In this way we passed a very long mile, from the little city Leere, to the village Aldernsea, from seven o'clock in the morning to twelve. We came out, at first, ten companions in this journey, but at the very coming out of Leere, six of them left us, despairing to pass against a contrary wind, in a foul rainy day, and their feet sticking fast in the dirt, and they mocked at our obstinacy in going. Within a while, myself was wet to the skin, and my shoes, at every step, were almost torn off, so as I was forced to bind them on with four points, neither did any of us look back at his fellow, to help him if he could not follow; and if I should have fallen into the sea, I am confident none of them would have come back to succour me. After we had gone half a mile, one of our four companions, being a young man with a black beard, and able body, would not go one foot further, though he had but one stiver in his purse, and was forced to borrow money of us, that he might stay in a poor ale-house. When we came to Aldernsea, the free-booters' spies came to the inn and gaped upon us, so as though I were wet to the skin, yet I durst not pull off any thing to dry, lest my inward garments, better than my upper, should betray my disguise: neither durst I call for wine and spend freely, lest they should think I had store of money. Each of us paid seven stivers for his dinner. Here another of our companions left us, being so tired, as he went to bed without eating one bit; so as now I had only one companion left, called Anthony, a man of little stature, and a citizen of Embden. We, to be free of this dangerous journey, went forward, and as we came out of the village, the free-booters' spies came close to us, and beheld us narrowly; but seeing us all covered with dirt, they took us for poor men, and a prey unfit to be followed. We, gathering up strength, went on, till at last we were so weary, as having no strength to choose our way, we cast away our staves, and went almost up to the knees in dirt, in the lower way.

"At last, having gone one mile (as methought wonderous long) from one of the clock in the afternoon to five, we came to Embden, where myself entering the gate, could not stand till the soldiers wrote our names, but had lain down on the ground if they had not given me a seat."

It is well known, that the water of the Baltic Sea is less salt, and, consequently, of less specific gravity than that of the German Ocean, with which it communicates. The evidence and result of this difference are pointed out by our author, from the observation of a very obvious and decisive fact, which, however, we do not recollect ever to have seen noticed elsewhere,—direct experiments having been made to ascertain the comparative saltness and specific gravities of the two seas: "Neither

is the water of the Baltic Sea any thing so salt as otherwhere, so as the ships sailing therein do sink deeper three spans than in the German Ocean, *as manifestly appears by the white sides of the ships above water, when they come out of the sea and enter the said ocean.*" (p. 57.)—It is a generally received opinion, that the level of the waters of the Baltic is higher than that of the German Ocean, but that the elevation is gradually diminishing; and an hypothesis has very recently been formed to account for both facts. According to this hypothesis, the inferior specific gravity occasioned by the inferior saltness of the Baltic, required a greater mass, and, consequently, a greater elevation of water in that Sea, to counterpoise the heavier waters of the German Ocean: thus they were originally; but, in process of time, by the operation of sharp winds, especially west and south-west winds, which prevail most and set in directly from the German Ocean to the Baltic, the waters of the two seas became mingled, the difference in their specific gravity lessened, and, consequently, a smaller elevation of the waters of the Baltic requisite to counterpoise the waters of the German Ocean. The hypothesis is certainly ingenious; but, were this the proper place, we think we could prove it unsound.

Dantzic, at the time our author visited it, was, as at present, a grand depôt for the corn of Poland. After noticing a fair water-conduit in this city, where, by a mill, the waters are drawn up into a cistern, from whence they are carried by pipes into all the streets and private houses,—he mentions a mill for grinding corn, belonging to the Senate. "It hath eighteen rooms, and bringeth into the public treasure a golden guilder every hour; and another, without any help of hands, saweth boards, having an iron wheel which doth not only drive the saw, but hooketh it and turneth the boards to the saw. The garners for laying up corn, called *speiker*, are very fair, and very many lying together, in which the citizens lay up corn brought out of Poland, and, according to the wants of Europe, carry it into many kingdoms, and, many times, relieve fruitful provinces in case of casual dearth. The Queen of Poland came in disguised habit to see these garners; and they have a law, that no man may carry fire or a lighted candle into them."

How disgracefully and lamentably applicable is his description of the road between Rome and Naples, when he travelled it in 1594, to its present state. Banditti then, as at present, rendered it very dangerous by robbing and killing passengers. The chief of these banditti, as they were "vulgarly called," he informs us, "was the nephew (so they call Churchmen's bastards) of the Cardinal Cajetano." The only safe, or, indeed, allowed mode of travelling, was along with the carrier of letters; he was guarded by musqueteers appointed by the

Pope. With him, passengers might be safe, though they purchased their safety by excessive fatigue and inconvenience; for they were obliged "to rise before day and take horse, and so sitting all the day, yet not ride above twenty miles for the slow pace of the mules, and, at noon, they have no rest, only when they have the inn in sight, so as there is no danger of thieves, they are permitted to gallop before that they be permitted to eat a morsel, or rather devour it: for as soon as the mules are past, they must to horse again every man, not only making haste for his own safety, but the soldiers forcing them to be gone who are more slow than the rest. To conclude, the mules going a very slow pace, it was very irksome to the passengers to rise before day, and to follow them step by step."

He notices a curious trait of the people of Rome: "they who sold any thing in the market, used to look into the hands of the buyers to see whether they brought silver or brass coin, and then after made their price, whereupon many shewed silver till they had bought, and then paid in copper, which the people durst not refuse. And from hence it was, that in a solemn pomp, when the people fell on their knees before the Pope, and I thought they only expected his blessing, they all cried out: 'Holy Father, command that we have white bread; and that the gentlemen may be forced to take *our* brass quatrinis:' so as it seems they refused to receive them."

Our author made a point of conversing with, or, at least, getting a sight of any very celebrated man, who might be in the places he visited. Two men of this description, one a champion of the Reformation, Beza; the other, of the Catholic Religion, Bellarmine, he thus describes:

"I had an obstinate purpose to see Bellarmine. To which end, having first hired a horse, and provided all things necessary for my journey to Sienna, and having sent away my consorts to stay for me, with my horse and boots at an inn in the suburbs, that I might more speedily escape, if my purpose succeeded not, I boldly went to the Jesuits' College, and Bellarmine then walking in the fields, I expected his return at the gate, the students telling me that he would presently come back; which falling out as they said; I followed him into the College (being attired like an Italian, and careful not to use any strange gestures; yea, forbearing to view the College, or to look upon any man fully, lest I should draw his eyes upon me.) Thus I came into Bellarmine's chamber, that I might see this man so famous for his learning, and so great a champion of the Popes; who seemed to me not above forty years old, being lean of body, and something low of stature, with a long visage and a little sharp beard upon the chin, of a brown colour, and a countenance not very grave, and, for his middle age, wanting the authority of grey hairs. Being come into his chamber, and having made profession of my great respect to him, I

told him that I was a Frenchman, and came to Rome for performance of some religious vows, and to see the monuments, especially those which were living, and among them himself most especially, earnestly entreating, to the end I might from his side return better instructed into my country, that he would admit me at vacant hours to enjoy his grave conversation. He gently answering, and with gravity not so much swallowing the praises I gave him, as shewing that my company should be most pleasing to him, commanded his novice, that he should presently bring me in, when I should come to visit him, and so, after some speeches of courtesy, he dismissed me, who meant nothing less than to come again to him."

He had an interview with Beza, at Geneva:

"Here I had great contentment to speak and converse with the reverend Father Theodore Beza, who was of stature something tall, and corpulent, or big boned, and had a long thick beard as white as snow. He had a grave senator's countenance, and was broad-faced, but not fat, and, in general, by his comely person, sweet affability and gravity, he would have extorted reverence from those that least loved him. I walked with him to the church, and giving attention to his speech, it happened that, in the church porch, I touched the poor man's box with my fingers, and this reverend man soon perceived my error, who, having used in Italy to dip my fingers towards the holy water (according to the manner of the Papists, lest the omitting of so small a matter generally used, might make me suspected of my religion, and bring me into dangers of great consequence), did now, in like sort, touch this poor man's box, mistaking it for the font of holy water. I say, he did soon perceive my error, and taking me by the hand, advised me hereafter to eschew these ill customs, which were so hardly forgotten."

We are at a loss to ascertain what tree and fruit he alludes to, as being abundant between Sienna and Florence. "Pine trees, the boughs whereof are thick, and round at the top, but the rest of the tree has neither boughs nor leaves, and it yields a very great nut, with very many kernels in one shell, which are pleasant in taste, and much used here in banquets." (p. 143.)

The following is a curious hypothesis to account for the beauty of the men and women near Carara. After describing the mode of making the celebrated quarries there, he gravely adds: "When I beheld the beauty of the men and women in these parts, which seemed to me to be greater than in any other part of Italy, I remembered the Patriarch Jacob, who laid party-coloured rods in the watering troughs, when the ewes were in heat, to make them bring forth party-coloured lambs: and I thought, by the same reason and force of motive, that they who digged these white marbles, might have a more beautiful race." (p. 165.)

XUM

In few instances is the growth of wise and liberal ideas more apparent than in the comparative condition and treatment of the Jews at the period when our author travelled, and at present. At Mantua, however, even then, they were patronised and favoured by the reigning Duke; so as they were not obliged to dwell in any particular part of the city, (as in other parts of Italy,) nor to wear yellow or red caps, whereby they might be known, but only a little piece of yellow cloth on the left side of their cloaks, so as that they could hardly be distinguished from Christians, especially in their shops, where they wear no cloaks. This privilege, however, our author expressly ascribes to bribery, "through the insatiable avarice of our Christian princes."

We extract his short account of Cyprus, in which our readers will not fail to remark, that the manufacture of sugar seems to have been a great novelty to him:

"This island yieldeth to no place in fruitfulness or pleasure, being enriched with corn, oil, cheese, most sweet porks, sheep, (having tails that weigh more than twenty pounds) capers (growing upon pricking bushes) pomegranates, oranges, and like fruits; canes or reeds of sugar, (which they beat in mills, drawing out a water, which they seethe to make sugar,) with rich wines, (but gnawing or burning the stomach) odoriferous Cyprus trees, (whereof they make fires,) store of cotton, and many other blessings of nature. Near the Promontory Del' Gatto, so called of cats that use to kill serpents, they take falcons, which hawks the Governors are commanded to send to Constantinople. They sow corn in the month of October, and reap it in April. I know not how it comes to pass, that in this Island of Venus, all fruits taste of salt, which Venus loved well. And I thought that this was only proper to the place at which we landed, where they make salt, till many islanders affirmed to me, that the very earth, the sweet herbs, the beasts feeding there, and the fountains of waters, had a natural saltness. The houses are built after the manner of Asia, of a little stone, one roof high, and plain in the top, which is plastered, and there they eat and sleep in the open air."

At Constantinople, he had an opportunity of seeing that most beautiful and magnificent animal, a cameleopard, at that period excessively rare; he thus describes it:

"Here be the ruins of a palace upon the very walls of the city, called the Palace of Constantine, wherein I did see an elephant, called Philo, by the Turks, and another beast newly brought out of Africa, (the mother of monsters) which beast is altogether unknown in our parts, and is called Surnapa by the people of Asia, Astanapa by others, and Giraffa by the Italians, the picture whereof I remember to have seen in the maps of Mercator; and, because the beast is very rare, I will describe his form as well as I can. His hair is red coloured,

with many black and white spots; I could scarce reach with the points of my fingers to the hinder part of his back, which grew higher and higher towards his foreshoulder, and his neck was thin and some three ells long, so as he easily turned his head in a moment to any part or corner of the room wherein he stood, putting it over the beams thereof, being built like a barn, and high (for the Turkish building, not unlike the building of Italy, both which I have formerly described) by reason whereof he many times put his nose in my neck, when I thought myself furthest distant from him, which familiarity of his I liked not; and howsoever the keepers assured me he would not hurt me, yet I avoided these his familiar kisses as much as I could. His body was slender, not greater, but much higher, than the body of a stag or hart, and his head and face was like to that of a stag, but the head was less and the face more beautiful: he had two horns, but short and scarce half a foot long; and in the forehead he had two bunches of flesh, his ears and feet like an ox, and his legs like a stag. The Janisary, my guide, did, in my name, and for me, give twenty aspers to the keeper of this beast."

As the history of this singular animal is not generally known, we may be allowed to state a few particulars connected with it. The first notice we have of it is in Agatharcides, who was President of the library of Alexandria about 177 years before Christ: his works on the Red Sea, in which this notice occurs, is preserved in the Bibliotheca of Photius, and likewise in Diodorus. If the Prænestine Mosaic was brought into Italy by Sylla, as Bergier, in his *Histoire des Grands Chemins de l'Empire Romaine,* and Gibbon, suppose; this affords the next notice of the cameleopard; for on this mosaic is a delineation of it. By other authors, however, and especially by Barthelemy, in an express and learned dissertation, this mosaic is supposed to be an offering of a freedman of Adrian, in memory of that Emperor's visit to Egypt: of this opinion Dr. Vincent, in his Navigation of the Ancients, seems to be. As, however, the delineation of the cameleopard is very inaccurate, it can scarcely be ascribed to an age posterior to that when the Romans had had an opportunity of securing the animal itself. For we have the testimony of Pliny, that it was first exhibited at Rome, by Julius Cæsar, during the Circean games. Varro mentions it, as having been, nearly about the same time, first seen at Alexandria. It is also mentioned and shortly described by Strabo, who lived in the reigns of Augustus and Tiberius.

After its first exhibition at Rome by Julius Cæsar, it seems to have been frequently introduced: ten appeared at one time in the reign of the Emperor Julian: and, on the conquest of Palmyira, Aurelian exhibited one at his triumph Heliodorus, the Greek bishop of Sicca, who is supposed to have lived in the fourth century, in his singular but amusing Romance, called

Ethiopica, makes mention of it; and his description is more original and authentic than those of most of the old writers. According to him, it was brought from Axume, the capital of Ethiopia. (*Heliod. Ethiop.* lib. x. p. 509, Edit. 1611.) Oppian in his poem, called *Cynegeticon*, which was written in the reign of Caracalla, in the second century, gives a very full and accurate description of it. Dion Cassius, who lived in the third century, also mentions it. Heliodorus evidently writes from a personal inspection of this animal; and Cosmos, surnamed Indico Pleustes, or the Indian Navigator, who visited Ethiopia about the middle of the sixth century, remarks particularly that he observed with his own eyes the singular manner in which it is obliged to stoop down before it can drink. After this time we are not aware of any notice or description of it till it is mentioned by Politian, who lived at the close of the fifteenth century: he saw one of these animals in the possession of Laurentius de Medici, which had been sent him by the Dey of Tunis. About the middle of the sixteenth century, it is mentioned and described by Bolen, Gillius, Thevet, Prosper Alpinus, Gesner, Aldrovandanus, and Busbequius. Bolen, Gillius, and Thevet, saw the animal itself at Cairo; and Prosper Alpinus, at Alexandria. Gesner and Aldrovandanus describe one sent to the Emperor of Germany in 1559 by the Sultan of Babylon. Busbequius, who went on an embassy to Constanti nople, about the same period, informs us that there had been one in that city a short time before his arrival, but that it was dead. He, however, had the skeleton taken up, examined it carefully, and has given a short but accurate description of it (Busbequius, Epist. 1. p. 71.)*

Notwithstanding these testimonies to the existence of the cameleopard, great doubts were entertained on the subject even till the middle of the last century. In 1764, there was sent to the Academy of Sciences at Paris a drawing and description of this animal from the Cape of Good Hope; before this time it was not known to inhabit the South of Africa. Two years afterwards a young one, stuffed, was sent to Leyden. From these and other sources, Buffon was enabled to describe it accurately, and to give all its principal dimensions. It was

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* We cannot permit the opportunity afforded by this cursory and incidental notice of Busbequius to pass by, without referring our readers to the high and merited encomium passed by Gibbon on this Author, (Gibbon's *Miscellaneous Works*, vol. v. 8vo. Edition, p. 580.) We may, perhaps, before long devote an article to Busbequius. For some other notices of the cameleopard in the 16th and 17th centuries, see Buffon *Hist. Quad.* vol. vi.

made still much better known by the travels of Vaillant in Southern Africa; but it must be of rare occurrence there, as Mr. Burchel, one of our latest travellers, who explored this part of the world most thoroughly, and with great zeal for natural history, does not appear to have met with one alive, though he traced their steps.

Passing over altogether the account of the wars in Ireland against Tyrone, which, however, contains many particulars not noticed in any history of that country with which we are acquainted, we shall introduce our readers to the third portion of Fynes Moryson's volume, viz. the Discourse upon several heads through the said several dominions.

The title of the first chapter is, that the visiting of foreign countries is good and profitable—but to whom, and how far? There is a curious mixture (by no means uncommon, however, at the period our author lived) in this chapter, of quaint and far-fetched remarks, pedantic allusions to the classics, and strong good sense: of this, the following short sentence, with which he introduces the first chapter, is an instance. "I will not speak of the experience thereby attained, which instincteth the most dull and simple, as the sun by his beams colloureth the passenger intended nothing less than to be so coloured; and which neither by hearing nor any sense can so easily be gained, as by the eyes. For, since nothing is in the understanding, which hath not first been in some of the senses, surely, among the senses, which are (as it were) our sentinels and watchmen, to spy out all dangers, and conduct us through the thorny labyrinth of this life's pilgrimage, not any one is so vigilant, so nimble, so wary, nor by many degrees so trusty, as the sight, according to the saying of the poet:

> Segnius irritant animos delapsa per aures,
> Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.
>
> Less doth it move the mind that beats the ears
> Than what before the faithful eye appears.

He first enumerates those who ought not to travel: "women, for suspicion of chastity, are most unfit for this course; neither yet will I give unlimited liberty to married men." He is also against very old men, and children of unripe years, travelling in foreign countries. Is he correct in his account of the law at the time he wrote, when he says

"To conclude, I think with Plato, that before any man take this course, he must obtain leave of the magistrate, *as the custom is in England, where none but merchants may without leave go out of the island, to the end that suspected persons may be kept at home, lest not*

being well instructed in the true religion, they should be seduced by Papists!" (Part iii. p. 3.)

The concluding paragraph is very characteristic of the literary taste of the age in which our author lived: our readers will not fail to notice the strange introduction of Mercury.

"Let us imitate the storks, swallows, and cranes, which, like the nomades, yearly follow their circuits, and follow the sun, without suffering any distemper of the seasons; the fixed stars have not such power over inferior bodies, as the wandering planets. Running water is sweet, but standing pools stink; take away idleness, and the bait of all vice is taken away. Men were created to move, as birds to fly; what they learn by nature, that reason joined to nature teacheth us. Nothing can be added to the worthy praises of him, as the poet saith;

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, et urbes:

Who many men's manners hath seen,
And hath in many cities been.

"In one word, I will say what can be said upon this subject; every soil is to a valiant man his own country, as the sea to the fishes. We are citizens of the whole world, yea, not of this world, but of that to come; all our life is a pilgrimage. God for his only begotten Son's sake, (the true Mercury of travellers,) bring us that are here strangers safely into our true country."

The second chapter contains precepts for travellers which may instruct the inexperienced. His third precept exactly corresponds with his own practice as exhibited in the contents of his book, and may be of service even to travellers of the present day, too many of whom travel, they know not why, or for what object.

"Let a traveller observe the underwritten things, and of them some curiously, some slightly, as he shall judge them fit for his purpose. He shall observe the fruitfulness of each country, and the things wherewith it aboundeth, as the mines of metals and precious stones, the chief laws and customs of the workers in those mines, also baths and the quality of the water, with the diseases for the curing whereof it is most proper, the names, springs, and courses of rivers, the pleasant fountains, the abundance or rarity of pastures, groves, wood, corn, and fruits, the rare and precious plants, the rare and proper beasts, the prices of necessary things, and what he daily spends in his diet and horsemeat, and in hiring horses or coaches, the soil of every day's journey, the plenty of fishes or flesh, the kinds of meat or drink, with the sauces, and the rarer manners of dressing meats, the country's expense in apparel, with their constancy or fickleness in wearing it, the races of horses, as the gianets of Spain,

the coursers of Naples, and the heavy horses of Freizland, and how they manage and feed these horses, the situation of cities and provinces, the healthfulness of the air, the chorography, the buildings, the riches, the magnificence of citizens, their household stuff, and in general all special things, as statues, colosses, sepulchres with the inscriptions, libraries, with the most rare books, theatres, arches, bridges, forts, armories, treasuries, monasteries, churches, public houses, universities with their founders, revenues, and disputations. To conclude; let him visit the most learned, and those that excel in military art or any virtue, and let him confer with them, as his ends require. Thus did I visit Beza, at Geneva; thus did I visit Bellarmine at Rome, (being ready to take horse, and in the habit and person of a Frenchman). Thus, in my return, did I gladly see Henry the Fourth of Bourbon, King of France, famous for the feats of arms and wisdom; only Lipsius, whom I loved for his book of constancy, and much desired to see for his universal learning, did bereave me of this hope, when I came into the Low Countries, by his inconstant flight to the Spaniards. The traveller shall further observe the policy of each state, and therein the courts of each king or prince, with the courtiers' entertainments, fees, or offices, the statures of the princes, their revenues, the form of the commonwealth, whether the prince be a tyrant, or beloved of the people, what forces he hath by sea or land, the military discipline, the manners of the people, their vices, virtues, industry in manual arts, the constitution of their bodies, the history of the kingdom, and since the soul of each man is the man, and the soul of the commonwealth is religion, he shall observe the disposition of the people, whether it be religious, superstitious, or prophane, and the opinions of religion differing from his, and the most rare ceremonies thereof. He shall also observe the traffic of merchants, and therein the commodities which they carry out, and most want, the havens and roads for ships, their skill in navigation, and whether they use subjects or strangers for their mariners. Lastly, the value of the coins in each country, and the several current pieces, and whatsoever he shall think meet to add hereunto."

At the time he travelled, he informs us, 50*l.* or 60*l.* yearly was sufficient to bear the charge of a traveller's diet, necessary apparel, and two journeys yearly in the spring and autumn, and also to serve him for moderate expences of pleasure: he adds, however, that such as have servants to attend them must lay their account that each servant shall spend as much for their diet as himself, "especially in Germany, where passengers of all sorts set at the same table, and pay the like shot." He recommends Leipsic, Strasburg, and Heidelberg, as the places where the purest German is spoken, and Orleans where the purest French: and adds a piece of advice, even in these days too much neglected: "my counsel is, that the traveller shun, till he learns the language of the country, the conversation of his own countrymen, only visiting them in their lodgings, and

that not often or long, but that he live not in the house with them."

His advice to Englishmen is, that they first pass into Germany, and spend some time there,

"For since we use too much the help of our servants, so as we will scarcely make ourselves ready, and since we use to dispise the company of mean people at bed or board, there we may learn to serve ourselves, where he that comes into a shoemaker's shop, must find out the shoes will fit him, and put them on himself. There we may learn to admit the company of mean men, where many times poor fellows, yea, very coachmen shall be thrust to be our bedfellows, and that when they are drunk; and like men will often sit by us at the table, and in some places (as most part of Low Germany) they drink always round, so as we shall be sure to pledge like men, and drink to them in the same cup; and if we have a servant of our own, would rather have him sit next us, than any other. There we may learn to feed on homely meat, and to lie in a poor bed: there, among many other things, we may learn, to moderate our aptness to quarrel, whereof I will speak more in the proper place. To conclude; all in general that pass Germany as strangers, are free among that honest people from all cozenages and deceits, to which in other parts they are subject above others, especially inexperienced."

In our days, the English are very generally, and we are afraid justly, accused of an unaccommodating disposition when abroad: they do not seem to have been so when our author lived. "I have observed," he remarks, "the Germans and French in Italy, to live and converse most with their own countrymen, disdaining to apply themselves to the Italian language, apparel, and diet: and *the English, above all others, to subject themselves to the laws, customs, language, and apparel of other nations.*"

There is no error into which travellers are more apt to fall, than that of inferring the national character, or a general custom from individual cases, and often those cases very imperfectly observed and understood. On this topic our author may be listened to with advantage; and the extract we give is further curious, as pointing out customs which no longer exist:

"Thus the Italians err, who coming into England, and seeing the familiar conversation of our women, do repute them for harlots, who are much chaster than their women would be, having like liberty as ours have. Thus strangers may easily judge amiss, of the women in Friezland giving kisses to each man to whom they drink, and taking kisses of each whom they pledge. As also of the virgins in Holland, who hand in hand with young men, slide upon the ice far from their father's house, and there lodge in a strange town or village: for these old customs of particular places, are no certain signs of un-

chastity. The Italian Sansovinus grossly erreth in this kind, being otherwise a man of great wit and judgment, who affirms that parents in England take the pillows from the heads of their children ready to die, out of tender pity and charity, to put them out of their pain: because, perhaps, he heard that some women, hired to keep some that were sick of contagious diseases, and therefore sent with them into solitary places, had sometimes committed this notable villainy. What could he have said more? if he had lived among the Indians, who ate their parents, that the worms may not eat them. I have heard some complain of England, for the dear rates of diet, and for the people's inhumanity to strangers, because they had been ill used at Gravesend, where the very English are rudely and ill served), and by some obscure hosts of London, who used to entertain and wrong strangers, having otherwise never visited the citizens of London, the scholars of the universities, gentlemen, or learned men, nor having ever gone further than London into the country, which, if they had done, they should have found these men, and the very country people, not only courteous, but too much given to admire strangers, so they could make themselves understood, or had with them a guide skilful of the language and fashions. Others I have heard speak very ill of Italy; whereas there is no country in the world more commodious, to him (as they say) *Chi fa far'i fatti suoi*, that is, who knows to do his own business: we betray our ignorance or our self-love, when we dispraise foreign things without true judgment, or prefer our own country before others, without shewing good reason thereof."

The third chapter treats of old writers, and some proverbs which he observed in foreign parts by reading or discourse, to be used either of travellers themselves, or of divers nations and provinces. In the first part of this chapter he compares and contrasts what he calls the northern and southern men, in respect to voracity, fortitude and strength, wit and wisdom, cruelty, perfidiousness, covetousness and prodigality, jealousy, suspicion, madness, venery, long life, religion, softness of skin, cleanliness, luxury, levity, fortunateness, devils, and the possessed with devils. From the second portion of this chapter, on the proverbial speeches of nations in general, of travellers, and of particular nations, we shall select only the short paragraphs relating to England:

"England, in general, is said to be the hell of horses, the purgatory of servants, and the paradise of women.

"The Londoners pronounce woe to him, that buys a horse in Smithfield, that takes a servant in Paul's church, that marries a wife out of Westminster. Londoners, and all within the sound of Bow-bell, are in reproach called cockneys, and eaters of buttered toasts. The Kentish men of old were said to have tails, because trafficking in the Low Countries, they never paid full payments of what they did owe, but still left some part unpaid. Essex men are called calves, (because they abound there), Lancashire, egg-pies, and to be won by

an apple with a red side. Norfolk wiles (for crafty litigiousness:) Essex stiles, (so many as make walking tedious,) Kentish miles (of the length). Northumberland men (exercised inroads upon the Scots) are accounted best light horsemen. Cornish men, best horse-riders wrestlers, and most active men. Lincolnshire bells and bag-pipes, Devonshire whitepots, Tewkesbury mustard, Banbury cakes, King's-Norton cheese, Sheffield knives, Darby ale, are proverbially spoken of."

The first chapter of the second Book " of the fit means to travel, and to hire coaches and horses," exhibits the most curious and instructive particulars, by means of which we may contrast the style and facilities of travelling in different European countries in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and at present. Great as are the advances that England has made, during this period, before all the continental nations, in manufactures and national wealth, perhaps her advances in quickness, facility, and comfort of travelling, are the most extraordinary of all: and it would be an interesting enquiry, how far these advances have resulted from her progress in manufactures, and how far they have contributed to it: their action is undoubtedly reciprocal. We shall not extract any thing from this chapter respecting the means of travelling in foreign countries in the time of our author, because not much improvement has taken place, and we are not so well qualified to judge of that improvement, nor so interested about it: but we shall extract the passage which relates to travelling in England, and beg our readers carefully to compare it with our present means of travelling.

" In England towards the south, and in the west parts, and from London to Berwick upon the confines of Scotland, post-horses are established at every ten miles or thereabouts, which they ride a false gallop after some ten miles an hour sometimes, and that makes their hire the greater: for with a commission from the chief postmaster, or chief lords of the council (given either upon public business, or at least pretence thereof) a passenger shall pay two pence half-penny each mile for his horse, and as much for his guide's horse; but one guide will serve the whole company, though many ride together, who may easily bring back the horses driving them before him, who know the way as well as a beggar knows his dish. They which have no such commission, pay three pence for each mile. This extraordinary charge of horses' hire, may well be recompenced with the speed of the journey, whereby greater expences in the inns are avoided; all the difficulty is, to have a body able to endure the toil. For these horses the passenger is at no charge to give them meat, only at the ten miles end the boy that carries them back, will expect some few pence in gift. Some nobleman hath the office of chief postmaster, being a place of such account, as commonly he is one of the

King's council. And not only he, but other lords of the council, according to the qualities of their offices, used to give the foresaid commission, signed with their hands jointly or severally: but their hands are less regarded than the post-master's, except they be favourites, and of the highest offices, or the business be important. In the inns men of inferior condition used to eat at the host's table, and pay some sixpence a meal: but gentlemen have their chambers, and eat alone, except, perhaps, they have consorts and friends in their company, and of their acquaintance. If they be accompanied, perhaps their reckoning may commonly come to some two shillings a man, and one that eats alone in his own chamber with one or two servants attending him, perhaps upon reckoning may spend some five or six shillings for supper and breakfast. But in the northern parts, when I passed towards Scotland, gentlemen themselves did not use to keep their chambers, but to eat at an ordinary table together, where they had great plenty of good meat, and especially of choice kinds of fish, and each man paid no more than sixpence, and sometimes but four-pence a meal. One horse's meat will come to twelve-pence, or eighteen-pence the night for hay, oats, and straw; and in summer time commonly they put the horses to grass, after the rate of three-pence each horse, though some who ride long journeys, will either keep them in the stable at hard meat, as they do in winter, or else give them a little oats in the morning when they are brought up from grass.—English passengers, taking any journey, seldom dine, especially not in winter, and withall ride long journeys. But there is no place in the world where passengers may so freely command as in the English inns, and are attended for themselves and their horses as well as if they were at home, and, perhaps, better, each servant being ready at call, in hope of a small reward in the morning. Neither did I ever see inns so well furnished with household stuff. Coaches are not to be hired any where but only at London; and howsoever England is, for the most part, plain, or consisting of little pleasant hills, yet the ways far from London are so dirty, as hired coachmen do not ordinarily take any long journeys, but only for one or two days any way from London, the ways so far being sandy and very fair, and continually kept so by labour of hands. And for a day's journey, a coach with two horses used to be let for some ten shillings the day, (or the way being short for some eight shillings, so as the passengers paid for the horses' meat,) or some fifteen shillings a day for three horses, the coachmen paying for his horses' meat. Sixty or seventy years ago, coaches were very rare in England; but at this day pride is so far increased, as there be few gentlemen of any account, (I mean elder brothers), who have not their coaches, so as the streets of London are almost stopped up with them. Yea, they who only respect comeliness and profit, and are thought free from pride, yet have coaches, because they find the keeping thereof more commodious and profitable, than of horses, since two or three coach-horses will draw four or five persons, besides the commodity of carrying many necessaries in a coach. For the most part, Englishmen, especially in long journeys, used to ride upon their own horses. But if any will hire a horse, at

London they used to pay two shillings the first day, and twelve, or perhaps eighteen-pence a day, for as many days as they keep him, till the horse be brought home to the owner, and the passenger must either bring him back, or pay for the sending of him, and find him meat both going and coming. In other parts of England a man may hire a horse for twelve-pence the day, finding him meat, and bringing or sending him back; and if the journey be long, he may hire him at a convenient rate for a month or two. Likewise, carriers let horses from city to city, with caution that the passenger must lodge in their inn, that they may look to the feeding of their horse, and so they will for some five or six days journey let him a horse, and find the horse meat themselves for some twenty shillings. Lastly, these carriers have long covered waggons, in which they carry passengers from city to city: but this kind of journeying is so tedious, by reason they must take waggon very early, and come very late to their inns, as none but women and people of inferior condition, or strangers (as Flemmings with their wives and servants) used to travel in this sort.

"In Ireland, since the end of the civil war, some lords and knights have brought in coaches to Dublin, but they are not generally used, neither are there any to be hired, though the ways be most plain and generally good for coaches. They ride, for the most part, upon their own horses, but they are also to be hired for some twelve-pence, or eighteen-pence the day, finding the horses meat, which in the stable will cost some twelve-pence each night, and at last little or nothing. In every city there be some known houses, where an ordinary is kept for diet, and beds may be had, and the ordinary is commonly twelve-pence each meal. By the way, in poor hamlets, at this time of peace, there be English houses, where is good lodging and diet, and where no such are, passengers must go to the houses of noblemen, gentlemen, and husbandmen, English, and Irish-English, where they cannot want entertainment in some good measure, these inhabitants much loving hospitality; but all other houses are full of filth and barbarousness. But there are not any inns in the very cities, which hang out bushes, or any signs, only some citizens are known, who will give stable and meat for horses, and keep a table where passengers eat at an ordinary, and some citizens have cellars, wherein they draw wine, if not all the year, yet as long as their wine lasts: but they have no taverns with ivy bushes or signs hung out, save only some few at Dublin.

"In Scotland a horse may be hired for two shillings the first day, and eight-pence the day until he be brought home, and the horse-letters used to send a footman to bring back the horse. They have no such inns as be in England, but in all places some houses are known, where passengers may have meat and lodging: but they have no bushes or signs hung out; and for the horses, they are commonly set up in stables in some out-lane, not in the same house where the passenger lies. And if any man be acquainted with a townsman, he will go freely to his house, for most of them will entertain a stranger for his money. A horseman shall pay for oats and straw (for hay is rare in those parts) some eight-pence day and night, and he shall pay no

less in summer for grass, whereof they have no great store. Himself at a common table shall pay about six-pence for his supper or dinner, and shall have his bed free; and if he will eat alone in his chamber, he may have meat at a reasonable rate. Some twenty or thirty years ago the first use of coaches came into Scotland, yet were they rare even at Edinburgh. At this day, since the kingdoms of England and Scotland were united, many Scots, by the king's favour, have been promoted both in dignity and estate, and the use of coaches became more frequent, yet nothing so common as in England. But the use of horse-litters hath been very ancient in Scotland, as in England, for sickly men and women of quality."

Our readers will be still more astonished at our present means of travelling, when we inform them, that about the year 1746, as we learn from the Chevalier Johnstone's *History of the Rebellion*, the stage coach was eighteen hours in travelling from London to Huntingdon, a distance of about fifty-nine miles: and that about twenty years later, when Epsom was in great repute, and consequently there was great demand for coaches between it and London, the stage took nearly a whole day for its journey, and the passengers dined on the road. From the lady, still living, who, gave us this information from her own knowledge, having resided all her life near the road from London to Epsom, we have learnt another curious proof of the improvement of this country within the last sixty years. In her youth she used to look forward with much pleasure to the quarter days, when the tenants dined at her father's house, *because on these days only was she treated with a dish of potatoes!*

In the second chapter of the sepulchres, monuments, and buildings in general, we find nothing particularly worthy of extract or notice: the third chapter treats of the geography, situation, fertility, traffic, and diet of Germany, Bremenland, and Switzerland. We extract the account of the German diet:

"The diet of the Germans is simple, and very modest, if you set aside their intemperate drinking; for as they are nothing sumptuous, but rather sparing in their apparel and household stuff, so they are content with a morsel of flesh and bread, so they have store of drink, and want not wood to keep their stoves warm. And in general, since they affect not foreign commodities, but are content with their own commodities, and are singular as well in the art as industry of making manual works, they easily draw to them and retain with them foreign coins. The free cities use to have always a year's provision of victuals laid up in public-houses, to serve for homely food for the people, in case the city should happen to be besieged. They commonly serve to the table sour cabbages, which they call crawt, and beer (or wine for a dainty) boiled with bread, which they call swoope. In Upper Germany they moreover give veal or beef in little quantities, but in Lower Germany they supply the meal with bacon

and great dried puddings, which puddings are savory and so pleasant, as in their kind of mirth they wish proverbially for *Kurtz predigen, langeworsten*, that is, short sermons and long puddings. Sometimes also they give dried fishes, and apples or pears first dried, then prepared with cinnamon and butter very savourily. They use many sauces, and commonly sharp, and such as comfort the stomach offended with excessive drinking; for which cause in Upper Germany the first draught commonly of wormwood wine, and the first dish of little lampreys, (which they call nine augen, as having nine eyes) served with white vinegar; and those that take any journey, commonly in the morning, drink a little brant wein, (that is, their aqua-vitæ,) and eat a piece of pfeffer kuchen, (that is, gingerbread) which useth to be sold at the gates of the city. They have a most delicate sauce (in my opinion) for roasted meats, of cherries sod and bruised, the juice whereof becomes hard like marmalade; but when it is to be served to the table, they dissolve it, with a little wine or like moisture. And as they have abundance of fresh fish in their ponds and rivers, so they desire not to eat them, except they see them alive in the kitchen, and they prepare the same very savourily, commonly using aniseeds to that purpose, especially the little fishes, whereof they have one most delicate kind, called smerling, which in Prussen I did eat, first choked, then sodden in wine, and they being very little, yet sixty of them were sold for nineteen grosh. The aforesaid sauce of cherries they thus prepare and keep; they gather a dark or blackish kind of cherry, and casting away the stalks, put them into a great cauldron of brass set upon the fire, till they begin to be hot; then they put them into a less cauldron full of holes in the bottom, and press them with their hands, so as the stones and skins remain in this cauldron; but the juice by the aforesaid holes doth fall into another vessel. Then again they set this juice upon the fire, continually stirring it, lest it should cleave to the bottom, and after two hours' space, they mingle with it the best kind of pears they have, first cut into very small pieces, and so long they boil it and continually stir it, till it wax hard, and notwithstanding the stirring begin to cleave to the vessel. This juice thus made like a marmalade, may long be preserved from moulding in this sort. They which desire to have it sweet, mix sugar with it, and others other things according to the taste they desire it should have. Then they put it into earthen pitchers, and if it begin at any time to wax mouldy, they put these pots into the oven, after the bread is baked and taken out. Also these pitchers must be close stopped, that no air may enter, and must be set where no sun or continual heat comes. Lastly, when they will make ready this sauce, they cut out a piece of the said juice, and mingle with it a little wine to dissolve it, (with vinegar, or sugar, or spices, according to their several appetites), and so boil it again some half hour.

"In Saxony, Misen, and those parts, they sometimes serve to the table a calf's head whole and undivided into parts, which to us strangers at the first sight seemed a terrible dish gaping with the teeth like the head of a monster, but they so prepare it, as I never remember to have eaten any thing that more pleased my taste. They

use not for common diet any thing that comes from the cow, neither have I observed them to have any butter in Saxony, or the lower parts of Germany, but they use a certain white matter, called smalts, instead of it, not tasting like our butter. They do not commonly eat any cheese, neither remember I that I ever tasted good cheese there, excepting one kind of little cheese made of goat's milk, which is pleasant to eat: but salt and strong cheeses they sometimes use to provoke drinking, for which purpose the least crumb is sufficient. These cheeses they compass round with thread or twigs, and they begin them in the midst of the broad side, making a round hole there, into which hole, when the cheese is to be set up, they put some few drops of wine, that it may putrify against the next time, when they eat the mouldy pieces and very creeping maggots for dainty morsels, and at last the cheese becomes so rotten and so full of these worms, that if the said binding that compasseth it chance to break, the cheese falls into a million of crumbs no bigger than motes. They have a kind of bread brownish and sourish, and made with aniseeds, which seemed very savoury to me. They serve, instead of a banquet, a kind of light bread like our fritters, save that it is long, round, and a little more solid, which they call *fastnacht kuchen*, Shrovetide baking, because then and upon St. Martin's day, and some like feasts, they use to make it. They use not in any place almost, to offend in the great number of dishes, only some few inns of chief cities give plentiful meals. And for the Saxons, they for the most part set on the pot or roast meat once for the whole week: yet in the golden bull they have a law, that hosts shall not serve in more than four dishes, the price of them to be set by the magistrate, and that they should not gain in the reckoning more than the fourth or at most the third penny, and that the guests should pay severally for their drink, the Germans drinking so largely as it was impossible to prescribe the rate thereof. It were to be wished by strangers, that not only drink should be paid for apart from meat, but that each man should pay the share himself drinks, and no more, so the charges of sober passengers in Germany, having all things reasonably cheap, would not in such measure increase, as otherwise they do through their companions intemperancy. The said Saxons set the dishes on the table one by one, for the most part gross meats, whereupon I have heard some merrily compare them to the tyrants of Sicily, of whom one being dead, still a more terrible monster succeeded him. Here and in these parts of the Lower Germany, they use to serve in sour crawt or cabbage upon a void circle of carved iron standing on three feet, under which they serve in one large dish, roast flesh and pullets, and puddings, and whatsoever they have prepared, which dish a countryman of mine did not unproperly compare to the ark of Noah, containing all kinds of creatures. Also in Saxony, for the first dish they serve in stewed cherries or prunes, then toasted or sodden pullets, or other flesh, and last of all bacon to fill his belly that hath not enough. Almost all their tables are round, and of so great a compass, as each dish being served one by one, (not as we use to have the table fully furnished with meat), they that sit at the corners of the table, are forced to stand on their feet as often as they

cut any meat. The Germans seldom break their fasts, except it be in journeys, with a little gingerbread and aquavitæ. They sit long at table, and even in inns as they take journeys, dine very largely, neither will they rise from dinner, till though slowly, yet fully they have consumed all that is set before them. And they cannot speak more reproachfully of any host, than to say; *Ich hab mich da nicht satt gefressen*, that is, I did not eat my belly full there: yea, at Berne, a city of Switzerland, they have a law, that in feasts they shall not sit more than five hours at the table. And at Basle, when doctors and masters take their degrees, they are forbidden by a statute, to sit longer at table, than from ten of the clock in the morning to six in the evening, yet when that time is past, they have a trick to cozen this law, be it never so indulgent to them, for then they retire out of the public hall into private chambers, where they are content with any kind of meat, so it be such as provoketh drinking, in which they have no measure, so long as they can stand or sit. Let the Germans pardon me to speak freely, that in my opinion they are no less excessive in eating, than drinking, save that they only protract the two ordinary meals of each day, till they have consumed all that is set before them, but to their drinking they can prescribe no mean nor end. I speak of their ordinary diet, especially at inns by the way as they travel: in feasts their provision is rather full than sumptuous. At Leipsic, for mere curiosity, I procured myself to be initiated to a marriage feast, in one of the chief citizen's houses; the marriage was in the afternoon, and at supper they served in a piece of roasted beef hot, and another cold, with a sauce made with sugar and sweet wine; then they served in a carp fried, then mutton roasted, then dried pears prepared with butter and cinnamon, and therewith a piece of broiled salmon, then bloated herrings broiled, and lastly a kind of bread like our fritters, save that it is made in long rolls, and more dry, which they call *fastnacht kuchen*, that is, Shrovetide baking, together with cheese. And thus with seven dishes a senator's nuptial feast was ended, without any flocks of fowl, or change of fishes, or banquetting stuff, which other nations use, only was endless drinking, whole barrels of wine being brought into the stove, and set by us upon a table, which we so plied, as after two hours, no man in the company was in case to give account next morning, what he did, said, or saw, after that time. To nourish this drinking, they used to eat salt meats, which being (upon ill disposition of my body) once displeasing and unwholesome for me, and I complaining thereof to my host, he between jest and earnest replied, that the use of salt was commended in Scripture, alleging that text: Let all your speeches be seasoned with salt, and then said he, much more should our meats be thus seasoned. Salt thus pleaseth their pallet, because it makes the same dry, and provokes the appetite of drinking. For which cause also, when they meet to drink, as they dine with dried pork, and beef heavily salted, together with cheese sharp like that of Parma, so when the cloth is taken away, they have set before them, raw beans, waternuts, (which I did see only in Saxony), and a loaf of bread cut into shives, all sprinkled with salt and pepper, the least bit whereof will invite him to drink that hath least need. And

to say truth, pork dried, or bacon, is so esteemed of the Germans, as they seem to have much greater care of their hogs than of their sheep, or other cattle. For in the morning when they turn them forth, they scratch them with their fingers, as barbers do men's heads, and bless them that they may safely return; and in the evening when they are to come back with the herd, a servant is commanded to attend them, who washeth the dust from them as they pass by the fountain, and so follows them till they come home of their own accord, without any beating or driving. The price of a fat sow is at least five, sometimes fourteen guldens, yea, at Heidelberg, it was credibly told me, that a sow, being so fat, as she could not at one feeding eat a raw egg, all her entrails being closed up with fat, had lately been sold for fifty guldens. With this fat they lard many roasted and broiled meats, as well flesh as fish: and they never eat any pigs, but nourish them to full growth, so as myself and some of my countrymen at Wittenberg, desiring to eat a pig, hardly bought one for half a dollar, and were ourselves forced to kill, dress, and roast it, the servants abhorring from such a strange work, neither could we entreat any one to eat the least bit thereof. When they roast a shoulder of mutton, they beat the upper part thereof with the backside of an hatchet, or like instrument, before they put it on the spit, to make that part tender, which they carve as the most dainty part; yet use they seldom to carve any man, lest they should seem to desire that morsel themselves, for they hold it a point of civility not to take that that is carved, but to force it upon the carver. They dip their bread in sauces, but think it ill manners to dip meat therein, as likewise to reach bread with the point of a knife, and not rather to call for it by hand. Lastly, when the table is to be taken away, they think to offer him courtesy whose trencher they offer to take up, and put into the voyder, and will in courtesy strive to do it. He that will abide in any city, may easily obtain to be entertained for bed and board at a convenient rate, by some chief citizen or doctor, as I have formerly said."

At the inns in Lower Germany, he remarks, as something extraordinary, that a bell was hung above the table, "by sounding whereof they call the servants to attend." And at Wirtemberg, a bell was hung under the table, which is rung, if any man speak immodestly. The inns in this country hang out no signs at their gates, but generally may be known by the arms of noblemen and gentlemen: "for they hold it a point of reputation to pass other inns in the number of these arms, fixed in the front of their inn, and upon the walls of the common eating room, so as I have numbered three or four hundred such arms in one inn."

The fourth chapter relates to the geography, traffic, diet, &c. of the Netherlands, Denmark, and Poland. Butter, he informs us, is the first and last dish at the tables of the Netherlanders; whence they are called butter-mouths. The boors drink milk instead of beer, and in their journeys carrying

with them cheese and boxes of butter for their food; and nothing is more ordinary, than for citizens of good account and wealth to sit at their doors, (even dwelling in the market-place) holding in their hands and eating a great lump of bread and butter, with a luncheon of cheese. They eat early in the morning, even before day, and the cloth is laid four times a day for very servants, but two of these times they set before them nothing but cheese and butter. They eat mushrooms and the hinder part of frogs for great dainties, which frogs young men used to catch and present to their mistresses for great dainties. In villages and the poorer inns, they weigh the cheese when it is set on the table and taken away, being paid by the weight, "and I have known some waggish soldiers who put a leaden bullet in the cheese, making it thereby weigh little less than at first setting down, and so deceiving their hosts." He represents the Netherlanders as brutishly given to drunkenness. "At feasts they have a fashion to put a capon's rump in the salt-cellar, and to contend who shall deserve it, by drinking most for it. Some wanting companions to drink, lay down their hat or cloak for a companion, so playing themselves both parts, of drinking to and pledging till they have no more sense or use of reason than the cloak or hat hath."

From the fifth chapter on the geography, traffic, diet, &c. of Italy, we extract the following passage, as very curious:

"In general, the Italians, and more specially the Florentines, are most neat at the table, and in their inns from morning to night the tables are spread with white cloths, strewed with flowers and fig leaves, with ingestars or glasses of divers coloured wines set upon them, and delicate fruits, which would invite a man to eat and drink, who otherwise hath no appetite, being all open to the sight of passengers as they ride by the highway, through their great unglazed windows. At the table they touch no meat with the hand, but with a fork of silver or other metal, each man being served with his fork and spoon, and glass to drink. And as they serve small pieces of flesh (not whole joints, as with us), so these pieces are cut into small bits, to be taken up with the fork, and they seethe the flesh till it be very tender. In summer time, they set a broad earthen vessel full of water upon the table, wherein little glasses filled with wine do swim for coolness. They use no spits to roast flesh, but commonly stew the same in earthen pipkins, and they feed much upon little fishes and flesh cut and fried with oil. They have no skill in the art of cookery, and the meat is served to the table in white glistering and painted dishes of earth (whereof the finest are much esteemed with us.) They are not willingly invited to eat with other men, esteeming basely of those who live at other men's trenchers, calling them, vulgarly, *scroccatori d'i pasti*, shifters for meals. And the reason hereof is, that they would not be tied to invite others again, which, in their pride, they would do, if they should be invited to them, and this is the chief

cause that makes them nice to converse with strangers. Of the Florentines, though most courteous, yet sparing, other Italians jest, saying, that when they meet a man about dinner time, they ask *Vos' Signoria ha desinato*, Sir, have you dined? and if he answer, ay, they reply as if they would have invited him to dinner: but if he answer no, they reply *Andate Signor, ch'è otta*, Go, Sir, for it is high time to dine. They think it best to cherish and increase friendship by meetings in market places and gardens, but hold the table and bed unfit for conversation, where men should come to eat quickly, and sleep soundly. Thus, not provoking appetite with variety of meats, or eating with others for good fellowship, they must needs be more temperate than others enticed, by these means, to eat beyond hunger. In cities, where many take chambers in one house, they eat at a common table, but each man hath his own meat provided, the hostess dressing it, and serving each man with his own napkin, glass, fork, spoon, knife, and ingestar or glass of wine, which, after meat, are severally and neatly laid up by the hostess. And at the table, perhaps one man hath a hen, another a piece of flesh, the third poached eggs, and each man several meats after his diet: but it is no courtesy for one to offer another part of his meat, which they rather take to be done in pride, as if he thought that he that had a sallad or eggs, could not have a hen or flesh, if he listed, for want of money. To conclude, they hold it no honour or disgrace to live plentifully or sparingly, so they live of their own, and be not in debt, for, in that case, they are esteemed slaves. Thus, living of their own, they give due honour to superiors, so they return due respect to them, otherwise they despise him that is richer, saying, in scorn, 'Let him dine twice a day, and wear two gowns if he will, it is enough for me to have convenient diet and apparel.' They have a very delicate sauce for roasted meats, called *savore*, made of slices of bread, steeped in broth, with as many walnuts, and some few leaves of marjoram beaten in a mortar, and mingled therewith, together with the juice of gooseberries, or some sharp liquor put in when it is set on the table."

Passing by the chapter relating to Turkey, we come to France: of the diet and mode of living there, he gives the following account:

"The French are commended and said to excel others in boiled meats, sauces, and made dishes, vulgarly called *quelques choses*, but, in my opinion, the larding of their meats is not commendable, whereby they take away all variety of taste, making all meats savour of pork; and the French alone delight in mortified meats. They use not much whitemeats, nor have I tasted there any good butter, which our ambassadors cause to be brought unto them out of England, and they have only one good kind of cheeses, called angelots, pleasing more for a kind of sharpness in taste, than for the goodness. As well the gentlemen as citizens live more sparingly than the English in their ordinary private diet, and have not their tables so furnished with variety and number of dishes. They dine most with sodden and liquid

meats, and sup with roasted meats, each having his several sauce: but their feasts are more sumptuous than ours, and consist, for the most part, of made fantastical meats and sallads, and sumptuous compositions, rather than of flesh and birds. And the cooks are most esteemed, who have best intention in new made and compounded meats. And as in all things the French are chearful and nimble, so the Italians observe that they eat or swallow their meat swiftly, and add, that they are also slovenly at meat, but I would rather say they are negligent or careless, and little curious in their feeding. And to this purpose I remember an accident that happened to a Frenchman, eating with us at the master's table in a Venetian ship governed by Greeks, and sailing from Venice to Jerusalem, who turning his foul trencher to lay meat on the clean side, did so offend the master and all the mariners, as well the best as common sort, as they hardly refrained from offering him violence. For mariners in general, but especially the Greeks, are so superstitious, as they took this his negligence in turning his trencher, (being of like opinion for the turning of any thing in the ship upside down,) as if it had been an ominous sign, that the ship should be cast away.

"In a village of Normandy, half way between Rouen and Dieppe, called Totes, and, in like sort, in all the inns of these parts, before the civil war, as soon as passengers lighted from their horses, the host gave them water to wash, and bread and wine; for the French have not the patience to expect their supper without some refection. Then, at supper, the table was served with mutton, a capon or pullet, partridges and like meats, with a kind of banquet, as, in summer, apples, cherries, and grapes, and in winter, chestnuts, rice, raisins, and stewed prunes. Then they gave their guests clean sheets, drying them at the fire in their presence, and, in the morning, gave them for breakfast some buttered toasts, or morsel of meat, and for all this, together with horsemeat, each man paid some twenty-two or twenty-five sous; as likewise the bating at noon, for horse and man, cost each some ten sous. After the civil war I passed through these parts, and commonly, each meal, paid twelve or fifteen sous, with worse entertainment, and, for breakfasts, paid severally, but no great rate. Towards the confines of Flanders, the hosts only cover the table, and a side table, upon which every passenger hath his glass, for the French are curious not to drink in another man's cup, and the hosts are only to be paid for this service. Otherwise, at times of eating, they call the cooks dwelling near the inns, who bring the best meat they have, and when the guests have chosen their meat, and agreed for the price, they carry it back to dress it, and so send it warm, with sauces. In general, through the cities of France, passengers seldom dine at their inns, but, with some companions go to the taverns or cooks' shops: but, at night they must eat with the host that gives them beds, where they shall have clean sheets, and see them dried before their faces, but they are of coarse cloth, and very few chambers are private, but most have three or four beds, wherein they lie not single, but, for the most part, with bedfellows. Also the guests, as well merchants and gentlemen, as those of common sort, eat at an ordinary table, and for

supper, commonly large, with divers roasted meats, each man pays some fifteen sous. He that hires a chamber in cities, which he may have well furnished at Paris for some two crowns a month, he must buy his meat at cooks' shops, which are frequent and very cleanly, neither is it any disgrace, as with us, to buy a morsel of meat there, and to agree for the price before it be eaten. And they that hire chambers can have no better conveniency for diet, either at Paris, or in other cities. But he that stays long in a city, may agree in a citizen's house, or an inn for his diet and lodging by the year, which he may have at Paris in extraordinary sort for some one hundred and fifty crowns yearly, and ordinarily for less; and at Rome for one hundred twenty, or one hundred crowns, and in many cities for eighty crowns, and in many good inns for sixty crowns yearly. Drunkenness is reproachful among the French, and the greater part drink water mingled with wine, and always French wines, not sack or Spanish wines (which are sold as physic only by apothecaries), or other foreign wines, whereof I remember not to have seen any in the northern parts of France. Yet mariners, soldiers, and many of the common sort, used to drink perry and cyder to very drunkenness; yea, I have seen many drink wine with like intemperance, and when these kinds of men set at drinking, they use much mirth and singing (in which art they take great delight), as the French in general are by nature cheerful and lively. Women for the most part, and virgins always (except by stealth they offend against the cutom) used to drink water, except it be in the provinces yielding perry and cyder, which all sorts used to drink without exception. And at Paris I remember to have seen a poor woman to beg a cup of water, which being given her, she drunk it off and went away merrily, as if she had received a good alms."

The next chapter relates to England: from his description of the counties, it appears that several of them differed then, in many particulars, very much from their present characteristics. Cornwall then had such abundance of corn, that great quantity of wheat was annually exported thence to Spain. On the other hand, in no part of England did the ground require more expense then in Devonshire, "for in many places it is barren, till it be fatted with the ooze or sand of the sea, which makes it wonderfully fruitful;" at present Devonshire is more of a corn county than Cornwall; and sea sand is much more used in the latter than the former. He gives a different account of the junction of the sees of Bath and Wells, from that commonly received. After describing the medicinal waters at Bath, he adds, "The Bishop of Wells, buying this city of Henry I., removed his episcopal seat thither, yet still keeping the old name of Bishop of Wells, and there built a new cathedral church." Bristol, he represents, as next to London and York, being preferred to all other cities of England, on account of its fair buildings, and its public and private houses.

Malmsbury was, at this time, celebrated for its woollen

cloths: Rye, in Sussex, as the most frequented passage into France! "The town of Romney, one of the five ports, in our grandfather's time, lay close upon the sea, but now is almost two miles distant from the same." "The town of Stony Stratford, is well known for its fair inns and stately bridge of stone." "The little city of Westminster, of old, more than a mile distant from London, is now, by fair buildings, joined to it. The city of London hath the sumptuous church of St. Paul, beautified with rich sepulchres, and the Bourse, or Exchange, a stately house, built for the meeting of merchants; a very sumptuous and wonderful bridge, built over the Thames; rich shops of goldsmiths, in Cheapside, and innumerable stately palaces, whereof great part lie scattered in unfrequented lanes." Lynn, in Norfolk, he represents as famous for the safety of its haven, most easy to be entered, for the concourse of merchants, and the fair buildings." Cambridgeshire was famous for its barley, "of which, steeped till it spring again, they make great quantity of malt, to brew beer, in such quantity, as the beer is much exported even into foreign parts, and there highly esteemed." The ale of Derby is, for goodness, proverbially preferred before that kind of drink in any other town. Coventry "is, at this day, the fairest city within land, whereof the chief trade of old was, making round caps of wool, but the same being now very little used, the trade is decayed. Towards the South of Staffordshire there are pit coals, and some veins of iron; but the greatest quantity and best kind of pit coals is in Nottinghamshire. No other county has so many knights' houses as Cheshire: it is rich in pastures, and send great quantities of cheeses to London." "I know that Worcester cheeses are most esteemed, but there is not such quantity to transport them.—I know that Suffolk, and the fens of Essex, yield huge cheeses, in great number, to be exported, but they are not so pleasing to the taste as these. Whereas, Cheshire yields great quantity of very good cheeses, comparable to those of Holland, serving the greatest part of London therewith, and exporting the same into other parts." "Herefordshire so much aboundeth with all things necessary for the life of man, as it is not content, in that respect, to have the second place among all the counties of England. Leicester justly boasteth of the sheeps' wool, feeding in those grounds, with which no part of Europe can compare, excepting Apulia and Tarentum. It yields excellent flax, and so good wheat, as the bread of Leicester and drink of Weably (a neighbour town) are proverbially praised above all others." Red deer, which are now found only in the moors that border on Cornwall and Devonshire, in the New Forest, and in the woods and hills of Martindale, near Ulswater, and there in such numbers, our author represents, as existing in great herds in Rich-

mondshire, the northern district of Yorkshire. "Manchester is an old town, fair, and well inhabited, rich in the trade of making woollen cloth, and the cloths called Manchester cottons are vulgarly known." These cottons, however, were, in fact, woollen goods. The manufacture of real cotton goods was not begun there till about the middle of the 17th century (Anderson's History of Commerce ii. 415.) Cumberland has mines of brass and veins of silver, in all parts yielding black lead, used to draw black lines. "The empiric surgeons of Scotland come yearly to the fields near the Pict's Wall, to gather herbs, good to heal wounds, and planted there by the bordering soldiers of the Romans, the nature of which herbs they wonderfully extol."

But the length to which this article has run, warn us to bring it to a conclusion, (though there is much curious matter in store,) by giving our author's account of the mode of living and manners of the Scotch.

"Myself was at a knight's house, who had many servants to attend him, that brought in his meat with their heads covered with blue caps, the table being more than half furnished with great platters of porridge, each having a little piece of sodden meat; and when the table was served, the servants did sit down with us; but the upper mess instead of porridge, had a pullet with some prunes in the broth. And I observed no art of cookery, or furniture of household stuff, but rather rude neglect of both, though myself and my companion, sent from the governor of Berwick about bordering affairs, were entertained after their best manner. The Scots living then in factions, used to keep many followers, and so consumed their revenue of victuals, living in some want of money. They vulgarly eat hearth cakes of oats, but in cities have also wheaten bread, which for the most part was bought by courtiers, gentlemen, and the best sort of citizens. When I lived at Berwick, the Scots weekly upon the market day obtained leave in writing of the governor to buy peas and beans, whereof, as also of wheat, their merchants at this day send great quantity from London into Scotland.

"They drink pure wines, not with sugar as the English, yet at feasts they put comfits in the wine, after the French manner, but they had not our vintner's fraud to mix their wines. I did never see nor hear that they have any public inns with signs hanging out; but the better sort of citizens brew ale, their usual drink (which will distemper a stranger's body), and the same citizens will entertain passengers upon acquaintance or entreaty. Their bedsteads were then like cupboards in the wall, with doors to be opened and shut at pleasure, so as we climbed up to our beds. They used but one sheet, open at the sides and top, but close at the feet, and so doubled. Passengers did seek a stable for their horses in some other place, and did there buy horse-meat, and if, perhaps, the same house yielded a stable, yet the payment for the horse did not make them have beds free as in

England. I omit to speak of the inns and expences therein, having dilated the same in the itinerary of the first part, and a chapter in this part, expressly treating thereof. When passengers go to bed, their custom was to present them with a sleeping cup of wine at parting. The country people and merchants used to drink largely, the gentlemen somewhat more sparingly; yet the very courtiers, at feasts, by night meetings, and entertaining any stranger, used to drink healths not without excess, and, to speak truth without offence, the excess of drinking was then far greater in general among the Scots than the English. Myself being at the court invited by some gentlemen to supper, and being forewarned to fear this excess, would not promise to sup with them, but upon condition that my inviter would be my protection from large drinking, which I was many times forced to invoke, being courteously entertained, and much provoked to carousing, and so for that time avoided any great intemperance. Remembering this, and having since observed in my conversation at the English court with the Scots of the better sort, that they spend great part of the night in drinking, not only wine, but even beer, as myself will not accuse them of great intemperance, so I cannot altogether free them from the imputation of excess, wherewith the popular voice chargeth them."

ART. VIII.—*The Totall Discourse, of the Rare Adventures, and painefull Peregrinations of long Nineteene Yeares Travailles from Scotland, to the most famous Kingdomes in Europe, Asia, and Affrica. Perfited by three deare bought Voyages, in surveying forty eight Kingdomes, Ancient and Modern; twenty one Rei-publicks, ten absolute Principalities, with two hundred Islands. The particular Names whereof are described in each Argument of the ten Divisions or Parts of this History; and is also divided into three Bookes: being newly corrected, and augmented in many severall places, with the addition of a Table thereunto annexed of all the chiefe Heads. Wherein is contayned an exact Relation of the Lawes, Religions, Policies and Governments of all their Princes, Potentates and People. Together with the grievous Tortures he suffered by the Inquisition of Malaga in Spaine: his miraculous Discovery and Delivery. And of his last and late Returne from the Northern Isles, and other Places adjacent. By* William Lithgow. *Imprinted at London by I. Okes,* 1640.

William Lithgow belongs to a class of travellers which, though not exceedingly rare in his own times, had become extinct, until Captain Cochrane, and, later still, the blind traveller, Holman, have once more afforded specimens of it. Without

any peculiar qualifications for foreign travel; without any scientific or literary object, or, indeed, without any purpose whatever, such men as Tom Coryate and William Lithgow traversed every quarter of the globe. An inextinguishable restlessness alone seems to have been their moving principle; added to which, vagabond habits, and an unmeaning curiosity, and the perpetual motion of such men, is pretty well accounted for. Travelling, whether in Europe or in the more remote parts of the globe, in the reign of James I. and Charles I. of England, was not dull and common-place locomotion, as it has since become. All places are now pretty much alike; manners do not differ exceedingly; and personal safety is as common as it is comfortable. The change that has taken place in Europe, and in most parts of the world, within a couple of centuries, is most extraordinary and most encouraging. To a very attentive and sharp-sighted observer, men now are as various, or, perhaps, more distinctly marked, than they were in the rude times of which we are speaking: but the observation is a delicate one, and requires time and patience. The cursory traveller can have neither: he can observe but the surface; and that bears, at least in European quarters, a pretty even polish. It was very different when Lithgow travelled: every thing was striking, rude, and remarkable. Personal risk was run at every moment; manners every where were characterized by violence; and every turn of the road threw the traveller into some petty convulsion. Warfare is scarcely more adventurous or dangerous than was the voyaging and travelling of an unprotected pedestrian, in the good old times, which we so often hear regretted by poets and ignorant sentimentalists. Adventure and danger naturally produce considerable excitement; which was, doubtless, the reward and the inducement to encounter hair-breadth escapes and imminent risks, with such men as William Lithgow.

We are not exactly informed of the immediate cause which propelled Mr. Lithgow to 'forraigne travell.' He speaks very obscurely on this head, but would give us to understand, that political reasons induced him to fly from evil at home, to seek grace abroad. He writes thus mysteriously:

"And thus (have I) in the late dayes of my younger yeeres beene grievously afflicted? Ah, yea, and with more then disastrous injuries over-clowded, O heavy underprop'd wrongs. But hath not the like accident befalne to man before? yea, but never the like condition of murther: Nay, but then preponderate seriously this consequent. May not the scelerate hands of foure blood-shedding wolves, facily devoure, and shake a peeces one silly stragling lamb? yea, and most certaine, that, unawares, the harmelesse innocent, unexpecting evill, may suddenly bee surprized by the ambushment of life-betraying foes. All this I acknowledge; but whereupon grew this thy voluntary

wandring, and unconstrained exile? I answere, that being young, and within minority, in that occurrent time, I was not onely inveigled, but by seducements inforced, even by the greatest powers, then living in my country, to submit my selfe to arbitrement, satisfaction, and reconciliation. But afterward growing in yeares, and understanding better the nature of such unallowable redresses, and the hainousnesse of the offence; I choosed rather, *voti causa*, to seclude myselfe from my soyle, and exclude my relenting sorrowes, to be entertained with strangers, than to have a *quotidian occular* inspection, in any obvious object of disastrous misfortune; or, perhaps, any vindicable action, might from an unsettled ranckour bee conceived. O! a plaine demonstrate cause, and good resolution; for, true it is, that the flying from evill, is a flying to grace; and a godly patience is a victorious freedome, and an undaunted conquerour over all our wrongs. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay it. To this I answere, mine eyes have seene the revenging hand of God upon mine adversaries, and these night-gaping foes are trampled under foot; while I, from strength to strength, doe safely goe through the fiery tryall of calamities. My consolation arising from the eternall *dictum*, *quos amo castigo*, whom I love I correct."

However this may be, after two voyages to the Orcades and the Shetland Isles, and, after surveying, "in the stripling age of his adolescence," all Germany, Bohemia, Switzerland, and the Low Countries, he visited Paris. From Paris, he commences the description of his travels; and it is certainly the most extraordinary narrative we ever remember to have read. Every page has its adventure: he is beaten, robbed, and kicked, in each succeeding chapter. The interference of Providence always saves him from a fatal termination of the catastrophe. The mercy of God likewise shews itself in sundry benefactions and hospitable receptions. He depends, too, upon Heaven, generally, for his support; for he appears to be, in the first instance, very slenderly provided; is often reduced to extreme penury, and as often appears to be replenished: respecting the manner that the latter miracle is performed, he is not especially explicit. The expenses of his journeyings cannot, however, have been very considerable; for Lithgow was a Scotchman, who treated privation as a luxury, and who preferred the pedestrian mode of travelling. His pilgrimage was really performed on foot, and many instances occur in which he stubbornly refuses to ride; unlike Captain Cochrane, who has lately termed his undertakings a Pedestrian Tour in Siberia, whereas, it appears from the book itself, that the gallant Captain only walked when he could do nothing else.

In the year of God, 1609, March 7, Lithgow set forward from Paris, being accompanied three leagues on his way by three of his countrymen. "When his kindest thanks had overclouded their courtesies, and farewell was bid on both sides, he be-

queathed his proceedings to God, his body to turmoyling paines, his hand to the burthen, and his feete to the hard bruising way." He gives no description of the occurrences of his journey, until his arrival at Rome, on the ground, that the intervening countries were so well known. Concerning Rome, however, and its antiquities, he disserts at considerable length; and, if he had stayed longer, he would, probably, have written more. But, for some reason, he attracts the notice of the Inquisition, and has some difficulty in getting clear off.

"The period of time, after eight-and-twenty dayes abode, wishing my departure, I hardly escaped from the hunting of these blood-sucking inquisitors, of which the most part were mine owne country-men, the chiefest of whom, was Robert Mophet, a Jesuit, born in St. Andrewes, David Chambers, and of our colledge there, one Gordon, and one Cuningham, borne in the Cannon-gate of Edenborough; and to speake truth, if it had not beene for Robert Meggat, borne neere to Newbattle, then resident in Burgo di Roma with the old Earle of Tyrone, who hid mee secretly for three dayes in the top of his lord's pallace, when all the streetes and ports of Rome were laid for me, who conveighing me away at the fourth mid-night, and leapt the walles of Rome with mee, I had doubtlesse dyed as hot a death as a Lady Prioresse of Naples did afterward, in my second travells: and for better record, Patricke Baxster, now dwelling in Dundy, and then followed the Earle of Tyron, can justifie the same, my custody and mine escape being both within his knowledge. Yet I may justly affirme it, in these parts a man can find no worser enemie then his nationall supposed friend, religion being the cause of it, and, at home, none more false nor deceitfull than a bosome friend."

He is exceedingly particular in his geographical accounts of all the countries he passes through; he travelled on foot, and appears to have been a shrewd and industrious observer, these descriptions must have had a value in his own time. We shall pass them over, and dwell alone upon his personal adventures.

As he travelled towards Loretta, he appears to have been tempted by a carriage and good company. Captain Cochrane would have basely yielded.

"Before I came neare to Loretta, by tenne miles, I overtooke a caroch, wherein were two gentlemen of Rome, and their two concubines; who, when they espied mee, saluted me kindly, enquiring of what nation I was? whither I was bound? and what pleasure I had to travell alone? After I had to these demands given satisfaction, they intreated mee to come up in the caroch, but I thankfully refused, and would not, replying, the way was faire, the weather seasonable, and my body unwearied. At last, they perceiving my absolute refusall, presently dismounted on the ground, to recreate themselves in

my company; and, incontinently, the two young unmarried dames came forth also, and would, by no perswasion of me, nor their familiars, mount againe; saying, they were all pilgrimes, and bound to Loretta, for devotion sake, in pilgrimage, and for the pennance enjoyned to them by their father confessour. Truely, so farre as I could judge, their pennance was small, being carried with horses, and the apearance of their devotion much lesse: for, lodging at Riginati, after supper, each youth led captive his dearest darling to an unsanctified bed, and left me to my accustomed repose.

"When the morning starre appeared, wee imbraced the way, marching towards Loretta, and these virmillion nymphs, to let mee understand they travelled with a cheerefull stomacke, would oft runne races, skipping like wanton lambes on grassie mountaines, and quenching their follies in a sea of unquenchable fantasies. Approaching neare the gate of the village, they pulled off their shoes and stockings, walking barefooted through the streetes, to this tenne thousand times polluted chappell, mumbling *Pater nosters*, and *ave Mariaes* on their beads. When they entred the church, wherein the chappell standeth, I stood at the entry, beholding many hundreds of bare-footed blinded bodies, creeping on their knees and hands, thinking themselves not worthy to goe on foote to this idely supposed Nazaretan house."

From Ancona, he embarked for Venice, in what he calls a fregato, in company with one James Arthur. They arrive at Venice, and are immediately regaled with a very edifying spectacle.

"Mine associate and I were no sooner landed, and perceiving a great throng of people, and, in the midst of them, a great smoake, but we begun to demand a Venetian, what the matter was? who replyed, there was a gray frier burning quicke, at St. Markes Pillar, of the reformed order of St. Francis, for begetting fifteene young noble nunnes with child, and all within one yeare; he being also their father confessour. Whereat, I sprung forward through the throng, and my friend followed me, and came just to the pillar, as the halfe of his body and right arme fell flatlings in the fire. The frier was forty-six yeares old, and had bin confessor of that nunnery of Sancta Lucia five yeares. Most of these young nunnes were senators daughters, and two of them were onely come in to learne vertue, and yet fell in the midst of vice.

"These fifteene with child were all recald home to their fathers pallaces; the lady prioresse, and the rest of her voluptuous crew, were banished for ever from the precincts of Venice. The monastery was razed to the ground, their rents were allowed to bestowed upon poore families, and distressed age, and their church to bee converted to an hospitall. Most part of all which M. Arthur and I saw, before ever we either eate, dranke, or tooke our lodging in Venice; and I cannot forget, how, after all this, wee being inhungered, and also overjoyed, tumbled in by chance, *Alla capello Ruosso*, the greatest ordinary in all Venice, neare to which the friars bones were yet a burning; and calling

for a chamber, wee were nobly and richly served. After dinner they laid up our budgets and our burthens, and abroad went we to see the city. Night come, we sup'd, and sup'd alone; the next morne I begun to remarke the grandeur of the inne, and saw it was time that we were gone. I demanded our dependant, what was to pay? he answered, *Vn scudo all huomo par ciascun ripasto*, a crowne the dyet for each of us, being ten Iulets, or five shillings sterling. Mr. Arthur looked upon me, and I laugh'd upon him. In a word, our dinner and supper cost us forty Iulets, twenty shillings English, being foure crownes; whereat my companion, being discontented, bad the divell be in the friar ********, for wee had paid soundly for his leachery. Many like deaths, for like causes, and worser, have I seene in all my three voyages, if time could permit me to particularize them."

Lithgow is very wroth against the manners of Italy, at the time he visited that country. His indignation, however, breaks out in terms of such unmeasured invective, that the decency of modern times will not permit us to quote his language against practices, which, however, are probably as common now as they were then.

In our traveller's voyage from Venice to Dalmatia, he meets with a very sympathetic Captain of a Carmosalo, who attempts to induce him to desist from his perilous mode of life. This sets him upon vapouring about the necessary spirit of an adventurer, in which he certainly was not deficient.

"By the way, I recall the great kindnesse of that Dalmatian master, for offering my condition, I found him more then courteous, and would have no more but a halfe of that which was his bargaine at Venice. Besides this, hee also entertained me three dayes, with a most bountifull and kind acceptance. My solitary travelling he oft bewailed, wishing me to desist, and never attempt such a voyage; but I, giving him absolute and constant answers, appeased his imagined sorrow.

"True it is, that ignorance and sloth make every thing terrible unto us, and we will not, because we dare not; and dare not, because we will not. This makes us submit ourselves to any thing, that doth either flatter or threaten us; and some, like sottish weakelings, that give the reines of their government into the hands of their wives or servants, thinking then they buy their peace when they sell it. Thus doe they grow upon us; I meane ignorance and sloth, and by composition, not force, become masters of the place, being just so strong as we are weake. And, as contrary newes delivered at one time, maketh one to heare with joy, and remember with sorrow, even so an unresolved man, in high and heroicke designes, though seeming forward, is distracted heere, set one feare there, and rent asunder every where with the flashing frights of desperation. But a constant resolution can couragiously support all things. *Vbicunque homo est, ibi beneficio locus est.* And congratulating this skippers courtesie, I bad farewell to his counsell."

XUM

In the island of Lesina, he sees a monstrous child, which affords him a fine opportunity for description. It is precisely one of those sights which travellers of his time most loved to describe, and the vulgar of all ages are especially delighted to read. For the gratification of the vulgar part of our readers, (for even we cannot be supposed to be entirely exempt from them,) we extract it.

"The governour, who was a Venetian, after he enquired of my intended voyage, most courteously invited me three times to his table, in the time of my five dayes staying there; and, at the last meeting, hee reported the story of a marvellous mis-shapen creature, borne in the iland, asking if I would goe thither to see it, wherewith, when I perfectly understood the matter, I was contented. The gentleman honoured me also with his company, and a horse to ride on, where, when we came, the captaine called for the father of that monster, to bring him forth before us. Which unnaturall child being brought, I was amazed in that sight, to behold the deformity of nature; for below the middle part there was but one body, and above the middle, there was two living soules, each one separated from another with severall members. Their heads were both of one bignesse, but different in phisnomy; the belly of the one joyned with the posterior part of the other, and their faces looked both one way, as if the one had carried the other on his backe, and often before our eyes, hee that was behind would lay his hands about the necke of the foremost. Their eyes were exceeding bigge, and their hands greater than an infant of three times their age. The excrements of both creatures issued forth at one place, and their thighes and legges of a great grouth, not semblable to their age, being but sixe-and-thirty dayes old; and their feet were proportionably made like to the foote of a cammell, round and cloven in the middest. They received their food with an insatiable desire, and continually mourned with a pittifull noise. That sorrowfull man told us, that when one slept the other awaked, which was a strange disagreement in nature. The mother of them bought dearely that birth, with the losse of her own life; as her husband reported, unspeakable was that torment she endured, in that woefull wrestling paine. I was also informed afterwards, that this one, or rather two-fold wretch, lived but a short while after we saw them.

"Leaving this monstrous-shapen monster to the owne strange, and almost incredible nativity, we returned to Lesina. But by the way of our back-comming, I remember that worthy gentleman, who shewed me the ruines of an old house, where the noble king Demetrius was borne; and after I had yielded my bounden and dutifull thankes unto his generous minde, I hired a fisher-boat to goe over to Clissa, being twelve miles distant."

As he is passing Santa Maura, one of the Ionian Isles, he meets with his first regular adventure, in which he certainly behaved with becoming courage, if we may trust his own ac-

count. It is certainly narrated in a style worthy of the most lofty exploits.

"In the meane while of our navigable passage, the captaine of the vessel espyed a saile comming from sea, hee presently being moved therewith, sent a mariner to the toppe, who certified him she was a Turkish galley, of Biserta, prosecuting a straight course to invade our barke. Which suddaine affrighting newes overwhelmed us almost in despaire. Resolution being by the amazed master demanded, of every man, what was best to doe, some replyed one way, and some another. Insomuch, that the most part of the passengers gave counsell rather to render than fight; being confident their friends would pay their ransome, and so relieve them. But I, the wandring pilgrime, pondering in my pensive breast, my solitary estate, the distance of my country and friends, could conceive no hope of deliverance. Upon the which troublesome and fearefull appearance of slavery, I absolutely arose, and spoke to the master, saying:—The halfe of the carmosalo is your owne, and the most part also of the loading; (all which he had told me before;) wherefore, my counsaile is, that you prepare yourselfe to fight; and goe encourage your passengers, promise to your mariners double wages, make ready your two pieces of ordnance, your muskets, powder, lead and halfe-pikes; for who knoweth, but the Lord may deliver us from the thraldome of these infidels. My exhortation ended, hee was greatly animated therewith, and gave me thankes; wherupon assembling the passengers and mariners, he gave good comfort and large promises to them all; so that their affrighted hopes was converted to a couragious resolution, seeming rather to give the first assault, than to receive the second wrong.

"To performe the plots of our defence, every man was busie in the worke, some below in the gunner-roome, others cleansing the musket, some preparing the powder and balls, some their swords and short weapons, some dressing the halfe-pikes, and others making fast the doores above; for so the master resolved to make combate below, both to save us from small shot, and besides, for boarding us on a suddaine. The dexterous courage of all men was so forward to defend their lives and libertie, that truely, in mine opinion, we seemed thrice as many as wee were. All things below and above being cunningly perfected, and every one ranked in order with his harquebuse and pike, to stand on centinell of his own edefence, wee recommend ourselves in the hands of the Almighty, and, in the mean while, attended their fiery salutations.

"In a furious spleene, the first hola of their courtesies, was the progresse of a martiall conflict, thundring forth a terrible noyse of gally-roaring peeces. And wee, in a sad reply, sent out a back-sounding eccho of fiery flying shots, which made an Equinox to the clouds, rebounding backward in our perturbed breasts, the ambiguous sounds of feare and hope. After a long and doubtfull fight, both with great and small shot, night parting us, the Turkes retired till morning, and then were mindfull to give us the new rancounter of a second alarum. But, as it pleased him, who never faileth his, to send

downe an unresistable tempest, about the breake of day wee escaped their furious designes, and were enforced to seeke into the bay of Largastolo, in Cephalonia, both because of the violent weather, and also for that a great leak was stricken into our ship. In this fight there was of us killed, three Italians, two Greekes, and two Jewes, with eleven others deadly wounded, and I also hurt in the right arme with a small shot. But what harme was done by us amongst the infidels, we are not assured thereof, save only this, wee shot away their middle mast, and the hinder part of the poupe, for the Greeks are not expert gunners, neither could our harquebusadoes much annoy them, in respect they never boarded. But, howsoever it was, being all disbarked on shore, we gave thanks to the Lord for our unexpected safety, and buried the dead Christians in a Greekish church-yard, and the Jewes were interred by the sea side."

He proceeds to Zante, where a Greek chirurgeon undertakes the cure of his arm, and "performed condition within time." Passing into the Morea, he arrives at a place he calls Peterasso, (Patras,) the place which now almost alone holds out against the Greeks.

"After my arrivall in Peterasso, the metropolitan of Pelopenesus, I left turmoyling dangers of the intricated iles of the Ionean and Adriaticall seas, and advised to travell in the firme land of Greece, with a caravan of Greekes that were bound for Athens.

"Peterasso is a large and spacious city, full of merchandise, and greatly beautified with all kinds of commercers. Their chiefe commodities are, raw silkes, cloth of gold and silver, silken grow-grams, rich damask, velvets of all kinds, with sattins and taffaties, and especially a store-house for graine. The Venetians, Ragusans, and Marseillians, have great tradings with them. Here, I remember, there was an English factor lying, whom the Subbassa, or governour of the town, a Turke, caused privately afterward, upon malice, to be poysoned, even when I was wintring at Constantinople; for whose death, the worthy and generous ambassadour, Sir Thomas Glover, my patron and protector, was so highly incensed, that he went hither himselfe to Peterasso, with two janizaries, and a warrant sent with him from the emperour, who, in the midst of the market-place of Peterasso, caused one of these two janizaries to strike off the head from the shoulders of that Sanzack, and put to death divers others, also, that had beene accessary to the poysoning of the English consull; and the ambassadour returning againe to Constantinople, was held in singular reputation, even with the Turkes, for prosecuting so powerfully the sword of justice, and would not shrinke for no respect, I being domesticke with him the selfe same time."

From Patras he traverses Peloponnesus. At Argos, "he had the ground to be a pillow, and the world-wide fields to be a chamber; the whirling windy skies to be a roofe to his winter

blasted lodging, and the humid vapours of cold Nocturna to accompany the unwished-for bed of his repose."

Our 'painefull traveller' remains some time in Crete. Proceeding to Canea, he meets with an adventure.

"Having learned of the theevish way I had to Canea, I advised to put my money in exchange, which the captaine of that strength very courteously performed, and would, also, have disswaded me from my purpose, but I, by no perswasion of him, would stay. From thence departing all alone, scarcely was I advanced twelve miles in my way, when I was beset on the skirt of a rocky mountaine, with three Greeke murthering renegadoes, and an Italian bandido, who, laying hands on me, beat me most cruelly, robed me of all my cloaths, and stripped me naked, threatning me with many grievous speeches.

"At last, the respective Italian perceiving I was a stranger, and could not speak the Cretan tongue, began to aske me, in his owne language, where was my money? To whom I soberly answered, I had no more than hee saw, which was fourescore bagantines, which scarely amounted to two groats English; but hee, not giving credit to these words, searched all my cloathes and budgeto, yet found nothing, except my linnen, and letters of recommendations I had from divers princes of Christendome, especially the Duke of Venice, whose subjects they were, if they had beene lawfull subjects; which, when hee saw, did move him to compassion, and earnestly entreated the other three theeves to grant me mercy, and to save my life. A long deliberation being ended, they restored backe againe my pilgrimes cloathes and letters, but my blew gowne and bagantines they kept. Such, also, was their theevish courtesie towards me, that, for my better safeguard in the way, they gave me a stamped piece of clay, as a token to shew any of their companions, if I encountred with any of them; for they were about twenty rascalls of a confederate band, that lay in this desart passage.

"Leaving them with many counterfeit thankes, I travailed that day seven and thirty miles, and, at night, attained to the unhappy village of Pickehorno, where I could have neither meate, drinke, lodging, nor any refreshment to my wearied body. These desperate Candiors thronged about me, gazing (as though astonished) to see me both want company and their language, and by their cruell looks they seemed to be a barbarous, uncivill people; for all these highlanders of Candy are tyrannicall, blood-thirsty, and deceitfull. The consideration of which, and the appearance of my death, signed to mee secretly by a pittifull woman, made mee to shunne their villany, in stealing forth from them in the darke night, and privately sought for a secure place of repose in a umbragious cave by the sea-side, where I lay till morning, with a fearefull heart, a crased body, a thirsty stomacke, and a hungry belly."

It is creditable to Lithgow, that many of his misfortunes were brought on by his humanity. He leads the life of a pe-

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destrian knight-errant—fighting and running away, cudgelling and being cudgelled—all for the sake of relieving distress and exploring the unknown regions of the world. The following extract affords an instance.

"In my first abode in Canea, being a fortnight, there came six gallies from Venice, upon one of which there was a young French gentleman, a protestant, borne neare Monpeillier, in Langadocke; who being, by chance, in company with other foure of his countreymen in Venice, one of them killed a young noble Venetien, about the quarrell of a curtezan; whereupon, they flying to the French ambassadours house, the rest escaped, and he onely apprehended by a fall in his flight, was afterward condemned by the senators to the gallyes induring life. Now, the gallyes lying here sixe dayes, he got leave of the captaine to come ashoare with a keeper when he would, carrying an iron-bolt on his legge. In which time, wee falling in acquaintance, he complained heavily of his hard fortune, and how, because he was a protestant, (besides his slavery) he was severely abused in the galley, sighing forth these words, with tears:—Lord, have mercy upon mee, and grant me patience, for neither friends nor money can redeeme mee. At which expression I was both glad and sorrowfull; the one moving my soule to exult in joy for his religion; the other, for his misfortunes, working a Christian condolement for intollerable affliction; for I was in Venice at that same time when this accident fell out, yet would not tell him so much; but pondering seriously his lamentable distresse, I secretly advised him the manner how he might escape, and how farre I would hazard the liberty of my life for his deliverance, desiring him to come a shoare early the next morning. Meanewhile I went to an old Greekish woman, with whom I was friendly inward, for shee was my landresse, and reciting to her the whole businesse, she willingly condiscended to lend me an old gowne and a blacke vaile for his disguisement. The time came, and we met. The matter was difficult to shake off the keeper; but such was my plot; I did invite him to the wine, where, after tractall discourses, and deepe draughts of Leatick, reason failing, sleepe overcame his sences. Whereupon, conducting my friend to the appointed place, I disburdened him of his irons, clothed him in a female habite, and sent him out before mee, conducted by the Greekish woman, and, when securely past both guard and gate, I followed, carrying with mee his cloathes, where, when accoasting him by a field of olives, and the other returned backe, we speedily crossed the Vale of Suda, and, interchanging his apparrell, I directed him the way over the mountaines to a Greekish convent on the south side of the land, a place of safeguard, called, commonly, the Monastery of Refuge, where hee would kindly bee entertained, till either the gallyes or men-of-war of Malta arrived; it being a custome at their going or comming from the Levante to touch heere, to releeve and carry away distressed men. This is a place whereunto bandits, men-slayers, and robbers repaire for reliefe.

"And now many joyfull thankes from him redounded, I returned,

keeping the highway; where, incontinent, I encountred two English souldiers, John Smith and Thomas Hargrave, comming of purpose to informe me of an iminent danger, shewing me that all the officers of the gallyes, with a number of souldiers, were in searching the city, and hunting all over the fields for me. After which relation, consulting with them what way I could come to the Italian monastery, Saint Salvator, for there I lay (the vulgar towne affording neither lodging nor beds); they answered me, they would venture their lives for my liberty, and I should enter at the easterne (the least frequented) gate of the city, where three other Englishmen lay that day on guard, for so there were five of them here in garison; where, when wee came, the other English, accompanied with eight French souldiers, their familiars, came along with us also; and, having past the market-place and neare my lodging, four officers and sixe gally souldiers runne to lay hold on mee; whereat, the English and French unsheathing their swords, valiantly resisted their fury, and deadly wounded two of the officers. Meane while, fresh supply comming from the gallyes, John Smith runne along with me to the monastery, leaving the rest at pell mell, to intercept their following. At last, the captaines of the garrison approaching the tumult, relieved their own souldiers, and drove backe the other to the gallyes. A little thereafter, the generall of the gallyes came to the monastary, and examined mee concerning the fugitive; but I clearing myselfe so, and quenching the least suspition hee might conceive (notwithstanding of my accusers), hee could lay nothing to my charge. Howsoever it was, hee seemed somewhat favourable: partly, because I had the Duke of Venice his pasport; party, lbecause of my intended voyage to Jerusalem; partly, because he was a great favourer of the French nation; and, partly, because he could not mend himselfe, in regard of my shelter and the governours favour. Yet, neverthelesse, I detained myselfe under safeguard of the cloyster untill the gallyes were gone."

He gives a pleasing account of the police of Candia.

"In this time there was no vice-roy, the former being newly dead, and the place vacant. The souldiers kept a bloody quarter among themselves, or against any whomsoever their malignity was intended; for in all the time I stayed there, being ten dayes, it was nothing to see every day foure or five men killed in the streetes. Neither could the rector nor the captains helpe it, so tumultuous were the disordered souldiers, and the occasions of revenge and quarrelling so influent. This commonly they practise in every such like vacation, which otherwise they durst never attempt, without death and severe punishment; and, truely, me thought it was as barbarous a governed place, for the time, as ever I saw in the world, for hardly could I save my owne life free from their dangers, in which I was twice miserably involved."

On his return to Canea, he meets with a moralist, whose tenets were not uncommon in those barbarous days.

"I was forced to returne to Canea the same way I went. When come, I was exceedingly merry with my old friends the English-men. Meanewhile there arrived from Tunnis, in Barbary, an English runagate, named Wolson, bound for the Rhodes; where, after short acquaintance with his natives, and understanding what I was, he imparted these words:—I have had my elder brother, said hee, the master (or captaine) of a ship, slaine at Burnt Iland, in Scotland, by one called Keere; and, notwithstanding he was beheaded, I have long since sworne to be revenged of my brothers death on the first Scotsman I ever saw or met, and my designe is to stab him with a knife this night, as he goeth late home to his lodging, desiring their assistance. But Smith, Hargrave, and Horsfeild refused; yet Cooke and Rollands yeelded. Meanwhile, Smith knowing where I used sometimes to diet, found me at supper in a suttlers, a souldiers house, where, acquainting me with this plot, the host, he, and three Italian souldiers conveighed me to my bed, passing by the arch-villaine and his confederates, where he was prepared for the mischiefe; which when he saw his treachery was discovered, he fled away, and was seene no more here.

"Remarking the fidelity and kindnesse that Smith had twice shewne me, first from freeing me from the danger of galley-slavery, and now in saving my life, I advised to do him a good deed in some part of acquittance, and thus it was.—At his first comming to Venice, he was taken up as a souldier for Candy; where, when transported, within a small time, he found the captaines promise and performance different, which inforced him at the beginning to borrow a little money of his lieutenant. The five yeares of their abode expired, and fresh companies come from Venice to exhibite the charge. Smith not being able to discharge his debt, was turned over to the new captaine for five yeares more, who paied the old captaine his mony; and his time, also, worne out, the third captaine came, where, likewise, he was put in his hands, serving him five yeares longer.

"Thus, having served three captains fifteene yeares, and never likely able (for a small trifle) to attaine his liberty, I went to the captaine and payed his debt, obtaining, also, of the rector his licence to depart, and the allowance of the state for his passage, which was wine and biscot-bread. Thereafter I imbarked him for Venice, in a Flemish ship, the master being a Scotsman, John Allen, borne in Glasgow, and dwelt at Middleborough, in Zeland. His debt was onely forty-eight shillings sterling."

Arriving at Angusa, in Paros, he seems to have been unfortunate in meeting with unfurnished lodgings. His abode, such as it was, the Greek Islanders were unwilling that he should make the best of.

"In Angusa I stayed sixteene dayes, storme-sted with northernely winds, and in all that time I never came in bed; for my lodging was in a little chappell, a mile without the village, on hard stones, where I,

also, had a fire, and dressed my meate. The Greekes visited mee oftentimes, and intreated me, above all things, I should not enter within the bounds of their sanctuary, because I was not of their religion; but, in regard of the longsome and cold nights, was inforced every night to creepe in the midst of the sanctuary to keepe myselfe warme, which sanctuary was nothing but an altar hemb'd in with a partition wall, about my height, dividing the little roome from the body of the chappell."

After encountering various difficulties, he arrives at Constantinople, and receives one of those welcomes with which he is so familiar.

"But (by your leave) I had a hard welcome in my landing, forbidding farewell to the Turkes, who had kindly used me three dayes, in our passage from the Castles, the master of the boate saying *adio Christiano*. There were foure French Runnagates standing on the Cay; who, hearing these words, fell desperatly upon me, blaspheming the name of Jesus, and throwing me to the ground, beate me most cruelly; and if it had not beene for my friendly Turkes, who leaped out of their boat and relieved mee, I had, doubtlesse, there perished. The infidels standing by, said to mee, behold what a Saviour thou hast, when these that were Christians, now turned Mahometans, cannot abide, nor regard the name of God; having left them, with many a shrewd blow, they had left mee. I entered a Greek lodging, where I was kindly received, and much eased of my blows, because they caused to oint them with divers oiles, and refreshed mee also with their best entertainment, gratis, because I had suffered so much for Christ's sake, and would receive no recompence againe. The day following, I went to salute, and doe my duty to the right worshipfull Sir Thomas Glover, then lord ambassadour for our late gracious sovereigne king James, of blessed memory, who most generously and courteously entertained mee three moneths in his house, to whose kindnesses I was infinitely obliged: as hereafter in my following discourse of the fourth part of this history, shall be more particularly avouched; for, certainly, I never met with a more compleat gentleman in all my travels, nor one in whom true worth did more illustrate vertue."

Leaving Constantinople, after various wanderings, of which a particular narrative is recorded, we find him in Syria. This is one of his adventures in Palestine.

"We hired a Christian guide, named Ioab, and agreed with him to take us to Lidda, which was two dayes journey. But before we advanced to our passage, Ioab had sent a privie messenger before us, to warne about three hundred Arabs (who had their abode on the south side of Mount Carmell,) to meete him at such a place as he had appointed; giving them to know, wee were rich and well provided with chickens and sultans of gold, and piasters of silver, and that he should render us into their hands for such a recompence and consi-

deration, as their savage judgement should thinke fit; according to the spoyles and booties they should obtaine, together with the miserable murder and losse of our lives. This being done, and unknown to us, we marched along, travelling faster then our ordinary pace, some on horse, and some on foot, for my pilgrimage was ever pedestrial; which our guide suspecting that by our celerity wee should goe beyond the place appointed for his treacherous plot, began to crosse us grievously; leading us up and downe amongst pools and holes, whither he listed, where many of our camels and asses were lost, and could not be recovered, because wee all began to suspect and feare; which was the cause that the owners durst not stay to relieve their perished beasts.

"In the end, the captaine and Ianizaries, intreated him earnestly to bring us in the right way; but the more they requested, the more obdurate was his heart, replying, he was mistaken, and could not finde it till day light; upon the which words, the company was stayed; and in the meanwhile, there came a Turke, one of our souldiers, unto the captain, saying; hee saw the guide, before our departure from Nazareth, send a Moore before him, for what respect hee knew not, being long at private conference. Whereupon, they straight bound him with ropes, on a horseback, threatning him with death, to cause him confesse the truth.

"In the midst of this tumult, I having got sight of the northstarre, (which seem'd exceeding low to me,) considered thereby, that the villaine had led us more to the southward then to the westward, which was our way to Jerusalem. Whereupon I intreated the caravan to turne our faces northward, otherwise we should be cut off, and that suddenly: for although (said I,) it may peradventure be that we are three or foure miles short of the place intended for our massacre, yet they missing us, will, like ravening wolves, hunt here and there; wherefore, if wee incline to the north, (God willing,) we shall prevent their bloody designes. To the which advice, being duely pondered, they yielded; and so I became their guide, in that darke night, till morning; for none of them knew that starre, neither the nature of it. At last, this desperate wretch, considering that either by our vanquishing, or the enemies victory, hee could not escape, sith his treason was revealed, began to beg pardon of the caravan, saying, that if he could have any surety of his life, he would sufficiently inform us how to eschew the iminent dangers, for we were all in extream perill of our lives; and not so much courage nor comfort left us, as the very smallest hope of any relief.

"The captain being distracted with feare, replied, hee would, and thereupon swore a solemne oath; so did the Ianizaries sweare by the head of Mahomet, for the like effect: Which being done, he was untied, and confessed, that if we had continued in our way he led us, we had been all put to the edge of the sword; and falling downe on his knees, cried, oft with tears, mercy, mercy, mercy.

"All that night we went with that starre, and, against morning, wee were in the westerne confines of Phœnicia, and at the beginning of Palestine, close by the Marine, and within half a mile of Tyrus."

He traverses the Holy Land, and ultimately joins a caravan which is crossing the desart to Cairo. They encounter dreadful fatigue, and every species of privation.

"Advancing in our course, wee fell down from the hils in a long bottome of sand, above sixe miles in length: Wherein with sore wrestling against the parching sun, and could get no ground to pitch our tents to overshade us, three of our Germans, the two barons, Signior Strouse, and Signior Crushen, with one Signior Thomasio, tumbled downe from their beasts backes starke dead, being suffocated with the vigorous sunne; for it was in May, choaked also with extream drowth, and the reflection of the burning sand; and, besides, their faire was growne miserable, and their water worse, for they had never been acquainted with the like distresse before, though it was always my *vade mecum*. Whereupon the caravan staied, and caused cast on their corpes againe, on their owne beasts backes, and carried them to the side of a hard hill; wee digged a hollow pit, and disroabing them of their Turkish cloathes, I did with my owne hands cast them all three, one above an other, in that same hole, and covering the corpes with moulding earth. The souldiers helped mee to role heavy stones about their grave, to the end, that the bloody iackals should not devour their corpes; and to conclude this wofull and sorrowfull accident, the other Germans alive, bestowed on mee their dead friends Turkish garments, because of my love and diligent care I ever did empty shew them; which one of their mules carried for me to Grand Cayro."

In Cairo, the remaining Germans die, and make Lithgow their heir.

"Arriving, at last, in this little world, the great Cairo, and biding farewel to our caravan, the three Germans and I lodged with one Signior Marco Antonio, a consul there for Venice. The other four Frenchmen going to their own consul, a Marsellian born, and there stayed. Here with this Venetian for three days, the Dutchmen and I had great chear, but they farre greater, a daily swallowing downe of strong Cyprus wine, without mixture of water; which still I intreated them to forbear, but they would not be requested. The season being cruell hot, and their stomacks surfeited with burning wine, upon the fourth day, long ere noon, the three Dutchmen were all dead; and yet mee thought they had no sicknesse, the red of their faces staying pleasant, their eyes staring always on mine, and their tongues were perfit to the last of their breath.

"He who dyed last, and lived longest, was William Dilerganck, who left mee all his owne golde, and what the former five had left him; delivering me the keyes of their three cloak bags, before the consul declared, by his mouth, that he left mee absolute heire, to intromet with all and whatsoever they had there. But eftsoons the treacherous consul knowing that I was a stranger to them, and by accident met together at Ierusalem, and that they were gentlemen, and well provided with gold, forg'd a reason to himself, and for his owne benefit, that hee would meddle with all they left behind them, under

this excuse, that he would be answerable to their friends for it, at his returne to Venice. Well, I am left to bury them, and, with great difficulty, bought one grave for them all three, in a Copties chappell, where I interred them; paying to the Ægyptian Christians for that eight foot of ground, ten sultans of gold, besides sixe piasters, for carrying their corps hither, being two miles, in the city, distant from the consuls house. Whence, ere I had returned, the Venetian factor seased upon all, and shutting his gate upon my face, sent me out my own budget. Whereupon I addressed myself to the French consul, Monsieur Beauclair, who kindly received me, and having told him all the manner, how I was greatly wronged and oppressed by the other consul, he straight sent for a Jewish phisician, his familiar oracle: where, having consulted together, the next day early we went all three, and their followers, to the Beglerbeg, or governour of the city. Wee soon complained, and were as soone heard. The Venetian consul is sent for, and he cometh: where facing the judge, and pleading both our best, (for there are no lawyers in Turkie, every man speaking for himselfe,) the bassaw, with his counsell, upon sight of the keyes of their cloak-bags in my hands and my narration thereupon, and (notwithstanding favouring the factor), immediately determined that I should have the two parts of their moneys, with all their Jerusalem relics, and Turkish clothes, and the Venetian to have the former third part. It is done, and irrevocable; upon which the Jewish doctor, and I, with two Janizaries, came to mine adversaries house; where I giving the Jew the keyes, the cloak-bags were opened, and the money being told, it came just to 1424 chickeens of gold, besides certain rings and tablets. The Jew delivered me my part, which came to 942 chidkeens, the rest went to the inconscionable consul, the half of the rings and tablets. And packing up all the relicts, moneys, cloths, and cloak-bags, I hired a mule, and brought them along with me to the French factors house. Where, when come, Monsieur Beauclair, and my fellow pilgrimes, were very glad that I had sped so wel, none of us al knowing what was in the cloak-bags till they were viewed; and giving hearty thanks to the consul, and ten pieces of gold to the Jew and Janizaries, I sup'd, and reposed till the morrow, thanking God of my good fortune. Yet was I exceeding sorrowfull for the losse of these gallant gentlemen, religiously disposed, and so affable, that for familiarity and kindnesse they were the mirrours of noble minds, and vertuous spectacles of humanity; whose deaths were to mee a hell, and whose lives had beene my paradice on earth. To whose memory and prayse I am not able to congratulate the least commendation, their heroicke dispositions, deserved at my hands."

Our limits will not permit us to make a great number of very amusing extracts, which occur in the rest of the volume, in which he continues his travels in almost every part of the habitable globe. We must now turn to the most curious part of the volume, and finish this paper by one long narrative of the most extraordinary sufferings that man ever inflicted or supported. The details are heart-rending: they excite the

deepest and most painful interest, and fill us with horror at the pitch of cruelty to which human nature may be degraded by ignorance and bad government. We believe the story to be perfectly unique: many men, we fear, have been placed in similar circumstances, in countries where the Inquisition has established its baneful influence; but no other individual has survived to publish so minute an account of his sufferings to the world. It is surprisign that this most extraordinary narrative has not been made better known. It bears every mark of truth, as does, indeed, the whole volume.

Lithgow is arrested at Malaga as a spy: he is accused of giving information to the English ships respecting the return of the Plate fleet, and imprisoned in the palace of the Governor.

"The day following, the governour entred my prison alone, intreating mee to confesse I was a spy, and hee would be my friend, and procure my pardon, neither should I lacke (intirim) any needefull thing: but I still attesting my innocency, hee wrathfully swore I should see his face no more, till grievious torments should make me doe it, and leauing mee in a rage, hee observed too well his condition.

"But withall in my audience, he commanded Areta, that none should come neare mee, except the slave, nor no food should be giuen mee, but three ounces of moosted browne bread, every second day, and a fuleto or English pint of water, neither any bed, pillow, or coverlet to be allowed mee: and close up, said he, this window in his roome, with lime and stone, stop the holes of the doore with double matts, hanging another locking to it; and to withdraw all visible and sensible comfort from him, let no tongue nor feete be heard neare him, till I have my designes accomplished: and thou Hazior, I charge thee, at thy incommings to have no conference with him, nor at thy out goings abroad to discover him to the English factors, as thou wilt answer upon thy life, and the highest torments can be devised.

"These directions delivered, and alas, too accessary to me in the performance; my roome was made a darke-drawn dungeon, my belly the anatomy of mercilesse hunger, my comfortlesse hearing, the receptacle of sounding bells, my eyes wanting light, a loathsome languishing in dispaire, and my ground lying body, the woefull mirrour of misfortunes, every houre wishing anothers comming, every day the night, and every night the morning.

"And now being every second or third day attended with the twinckling of an eye, and my sustenance agreeable to my attendance, my body grew exceeding debile and infirme, insomuch that the governour (after his answers received from Madrile) made hast to put in execution his bloody and mercilesse purpose before Christmas holy dayes, lest the expiring of the twelfth day I should bee utterly famished, and unable to undergoe my tryall, without present perishing, yet unknowne to me, save onely in this knowledg, that I was confined to die a fearefull and unacquainted death: for it is a current

custome with the Spaniard, that if a stranger be apprehended upon any suspition, he is never brought to open tryall, and common jaile, but clapped up in a dungeon, and there tortured, impoisoned, or starved to death. Such meritorious deeds accompany these onely titular Christians.

"In end, by God's permission, the scourge of my fiery tryall approaching; upon the forty seventh day after my first imprisonment, and five dayes before Christmas; about two of clock in the morning, I heard the noise of a coach in the fore streete, marvelling much what it might meane.

"Within a pretty while I heard the locks of my prison-doore in opening; whereupon bequeathing my soule to God, I humbly implored his gracious mercie and pardon for my sinnes: for neither in the former night, nor this could I get any sleep, such was the force of gnawing hunger, and the portending heavinesse of my presaging soule.

"Meanwhile the former nine sergeants, accompanied with the scrivan, entered the room without word speaking, and carrying mee thence, with irons and all, on their armes through the house to the street, they laid mee on my backe in the coach: where two of them sat up beside me, (the rest using great silence) went softly along by the coach side.

"Then Baptista the coachman, an Indian negro, droving out at the sea gate, the way of the shoare side, I was brought westward almost a league from the towne, to a vine-presse house, standing alone amongst vineyards, where they inclosed mee in a roome till day-light, for hither was the racke brought the night before, and privily placed in the end of a trance.

"And all this secresie was used, that neither English, French, or Flemings, should see or get any knowledge of my tryall, my grievous tortures, and dreadfull dispatch, because of their trecherous and cruel proceedings.

"At the breach of day the governour Don Francisco, and the Alcade, came forth in another coach: where when arrived, and I invited to their presence, I pleaded for a trench-man, being against their law to accuse or condemne a stranger, without a sufficient interpreter. The which they absolutely refused, neither would they suffer, or grant mee an appellation to Madrid.

"And now after long and new examinations, from morning to darke night, they finding my first and second confession so runne in one, that the governour swore, I had learned the art of memory: saying, further, is it possible hee can in such distresse, and so long a time, observe so strictly, in every manner, the points of his first confession, and I so often shifting him too and fro.

"Well, the governour's interrogation and my confession being mutually subscribed. he and Don Francesco besought mee earnestly to acknowledg and confesse my guiltinesse in time: if not, he would deliver me in the alcades hands there present: saying moreover, thou art as yet in my power, and I may spare or pardon thee, providing thou wilt confesse thyselfe a spie, and a traytour against our nation.

"But, finding mee stand fast to the marke of my spotlesse inno-

cency, he, invective, and malicious hee, after many tremenduous threatnings, commanded the scrivan to draw up a warrant for the chiefe justice; and done, he set his hand to it, and taking me by the hand, delivered me and the warrant in the alcalde majors hands, to cause mee bee tortured, broken, and cruelly tormented.

" Whence being carried along on the sergeants armes, to the end of a trance or stone-gallery, where the pottaro or racke was placed, the encarnador, or tormentor, began to disburden me of my irons, which being very hard inbolted, he could not ram-verse the wedges for a long time: whereat the chief justice being offended, the malicious villaine with the hammer which hee had in his hand, stroake away above an inch of my left heele with the bolt. Whereupon I grievously groaning, being exceeding faint, and without my three ounces of bread, and a little water for three dayes together: the alcalde said, O traitor, all this is nothing but the earnest of a greater bargaine you have in hand.

" Now the irons being dissolved, and my torments approaching, I fell prostrate on my knees crying to the heavens,

" 'O great and gracious God, it is truely knowne to thy allseeing eye, that I am innocent of these false and fearfull accusations, and since therefore it is thy good will and pleasure, that I must suffer, now by the scelerate hands of merciless men; Lord furnish mee with courage, strength, and patience, least by an impatient minde, and feeble spirit, I become my owne murtherer, in confessing myselfe guilty of death, to shun present punishment. And according to the multitude of thy mercies, O Lord, be mercifull to my sinfull soule, and that for Jesus thy Sonne and my Redeemer his sake.'

" After this, the alcade and scrivan being both chaire-set, the one to examining, the other to write downe my confession and tortures: I was by the executioner stripped to the skin, brought to the rack; and then mounted by him on the top of it: where eftsoones I was hung be the pareshoulders, with two small cords, which went under both my armes running on two rings of iron that were fixed in the wall above my head.

" Thus being hoysed, to the appointed height, the tormentor discended below, and drawing downe my legs, through the two sides of the three planked racke, hee tyed a cord about each of my ankles: and then ascending upon the racke, hee drew the cords upward, and bending forward with mainforce my two kneels against the two planks; the sinewes of my hams burst asunder, and the lids of my knees being crushed, and the cords made fast, I hung so demayned for a large houre.

" At last the encarnador, informing the governour that I had the marke of Jerusalem on my right arme, joyned with the name and crowne of King James, and done upon the holy grave; the corridigor came out of his adjoyning stance, and gave direction to teare asunder the name and crowne (as hee said) of that heretike king, an arch-enemy to the holy Catholic church: then the tormentor laying the right arme above the left, and the crown upmost, did cast a cord over both armes seven distant times: and then lying downe upon his backe,

and setting both his feete on my hollow-pinched belly, he charged and drew violently, with his hands, making my wombe support the force of his feet, till the seven several cords combined in one place of my arme (and cutting the crowne, sinewes, and flesh to the bare bones) did pull in my fingers close to the palme of my hands; the left hand of which is lame so still, and will be for ever.

"Now mine eyes began to startle, my mouth to foame and froath, and my teeth to chatter like to the doubling of drummers stickes. O strange inhumanity of men, monster manglers! I surpassing the limits of their national law; three score tortures being the tryall of treason, which I had and was to endure: yet thus to inflict a seaven-fold surplussage of more intollerable cruelties: and, notwithstanding of my shivering lips, in this fiery passion, my vehement groaning, and blood springing fonts, from armes, broaken sinewes, hammes, and knees; yea, and my depending weight on flesh-cutting cords, yet they stroake me on the face with cudgels, to abate and cease the thundring noise of my wrestling voice.

"At last, being loosed from these pinnacles of paine, I was hand-fast set on the floore, with this their incessant imploration: Confesse, confesse, confesse in time, for thine inevitable torments ensue: where finding nothing from me but still innocent, O I am innocent, O Jesus! the Lamb of God have mercy upon mee, and strengthen mee with patience to undergo this barbarous murder.

"Then by command of the justice, was my trembling body laid above, and along upon the face of the racke, with my head downeward, inclosed within a circled hole; my belly upmost, and my heeles upward toward the top of the racke, my legs and armes being drawne asunder, were fastned with pinnes and cords, to both sides of the outward plankes; for now was I to receive my maine torments.

"Now what a pottaro or rack is (for it stood by the wall of timber, the upmost end whereof is larger than a full stride; the lower end being narrow, and the three planks joyning together are made conformable to man's shoulders; in the downe-most end of the middle plancke there was a hole, wherein my head was laid: in length it is longer than a man being interlaced with small cords from plancke to plancke, which divided my supported thighes from the middle plank: through the sides of which exteriour planks there were three distant holes in every one of them; the use whereof you shall presently heare.

"Now the alcalde giving commission, the excutioner layd first a cord over the calfe of my leg, then another on the middle of my thigh, and the third cord over the great of my arme; which was severally done on both sides of my body receiving the ends of the cords, from these sixe severall places through the holes made in the outward planks, which were fastened to pinnes, and the pinnes made fast with a device: for he was to charge on the outside of the planks, with as many pinnes as there were holes and cords; the cords being first laid meet to my skin: and on every one of these sixe parts of my body, I was to receive seven severall tortures: each torture consisting of three winding throwes of every pinne; which amounted to twenty one throwes in every one of these five parts.

" Then the tormentor having charged the first passage above my body (making fast by a device each torture as they were multiplyed) he went to an earthen jarre standing full of water, a little beneath my head: from whence carrying a pot full of water, in the bottome whereof there was an incised hole, which being stopped by his thumb, till it came to my mouth, he did not poure it in my bellie; the measure being a Spanish sombre, which is an English pottle: the first and second services I gladly received, such was the scorching drouth of my tormenting paine, and likewise, I had drunke none for three daies before.

" But afterward, at the third charge perceiving these measures of water to be inflicted upon me as tortures, O strangling tortures! I closed my lips againe-standing that eager credulity.

" Whereat the alcalde inraged, set my teeth asunder with a payre of iron cadges detaining them there, at every severall turne, both mainely and manually; whereupon my hunger clungd belly waxing great, grew drum-like imbolstered; for it being a suffocating paine, in regard of my head hanging downward, and the water re-ingorging itselfe, in my throat, with a strugling force, it strangled and swallowed up my breath from youling and groaning.

" And now to prevent my renewing griefe (for presently my heart faileth and forsaketh me) I will onely briefely avouch, that betweene each one of these seven circular charges I was aye re-examined, each examination continuing halfe an houre: each halfe houre a hell of infernall paine; and between each torment, a long distance of life-quelling time.

" Thus lay I five howers upon the racke, between foure a clock afternoone, and ten a clocke at night, having had inflicted upon mee sixtie severall torments: neverthelesse, they continued mee a large halfe houre (after all my torments) at the full bending, where my body being all begored with blood, and cut through in every part, to the crushed and bruised bones, I pittifully remained, still roaring, howling, foaming, bellowing, and gnashing my teeth, with insupportable cryes, before the pinnes were undone, and my body loosed.

" True it is, it passeth the capacity of man, either sensibly to conceive, or I patiently to expresse the intollerable anxiety of mind, and affliction of body, in that dreadfull time I sustained.

" At last my head being by their armes advanced, and my body taken from the racke, the water regushed abundantly from my mouth; then they recloathing my broken, bloody, and cold trembling body being all this time starke naked, I fell twice in a sounding trance: which they againe refreshed with a little wine, and two warme eggs, not for charity done, but that I should be reserved to further punishment; and if it were not too truly known those sufferings to be of trueth, it would almost seem incredible to many, that a man being brought so low with starving hunger, and extreame cruelties, could haue subsisted any longer reserving life.

" And now at last they charged my broken legs, with my former eye-frighting irons, and done, I was lamentably carried on their armes to the coach, being after midnight, and secretly transported to my former dungeon without any knowledge to the towne, saue onely these

my lawless and mercilesse tormentors: where when come, I was laid with my head and my heeles alike high, on my former stones.

"The latter end of this woefull night, poor mourning Hazier, the Turke, was set to keepe me, and on the morrow the governour entred my roome, threatning me still with more tortures to confesse; and so caused hee every morning long before day, his coach to be rumbled at his gate, and about me where I lay a great noise of tongues, and opening of doores: and all this they did of purpose to affright and distract me, and to make me beleeve I was going to be racked againe, to make mee confesse an untrueth; and still thus they continued every day of five dayes till Christmas.

"Upon Christmas day Mariana, the ladies gentlewoman, got permission to visit me, and with her licence shee brought abundance of teares, presenting me also with a dish of honey and sugar, some confections and reasons in a great plenty to my no small comfort, besides using many sweet speeches for consolations sake.

"Shee gone, and the next morning of saint Iohns day come, long ere day the towne was in armes, the bells ringing backward, the people shouting, and drums beate, whereon my soul was onerjoyed, thinking that the Moores had seazed upon all: and in the afternoone the Turke comming to mee with bread and water, being by chance the second day, I asked him what the fray was? who reply'd, be of good courage, I hope in God and Mahomet, that you and I ere long shall be set at liberty, for your countreymen, the English armado, and mine the Moooes, are joyned together, and comming to sack Malaga: And this morning post came from Allagant to premonish the governour thereof: whereupon he and the towne have instantly pulled downe all the coppet shops, and dwelling houses that were builded without the shore side adjoyning to the townes wall: but yet said hee, it is no matter, the towne may easily be surprised, and I hope wee shall be merry in Algier, for there is above a hundred sayle seene comming hither; and therewith kissing my cheeke, he kindly left mee.

"Indeed, as for such news from Allagant; the detriment of twenty eight houses, the shoar-planted cannon, the suspition they had of the English, and the towne four dayes in armes, were all true, save onely the confederacy of the English with the Moores, that was false.

"Witnesse Sir Richard Halkins, and the captains of his squader, who a little after Christmas comming to the road, went to the governour to clear himselfe, and the fleet of that absurd imputation laid to their charge. The twelfth day of Christmas expired, they began to threaten me on still with more tortures, even till Candlemasse: in all which comfortlesse time, I was miserably afflicted with the beastly plague of gnawing vermin, which lay crawling in lumps, within, without, and about my body: yea, hanging in clusters about my beard, my lips, my nostrils, and my eyebrowes almost inclosing my sight.

"And for a greater satisfaction to their mercilesse mindes, the governour caused Areta, his siver plate keeper, to gather and sweep the vermine upon me twice in eight dayes, which tormented me to the death, being a perpetuall punishment; for mine armes being broke,

my hands lucken, and sticking fast to the palms of both hands by reason of the shrunk sinewes, I was unable to lift mine arms to stirre my fingers: much less to avoid the filthy vermin: neither could my legs and feet performe it, being impotent in all. Yet I acknowledge the poore infidell, some few times, and when opportunity served, would steale the keyes from Areta, and about midnight would enter my room, with sticks and burning oyle, and sweeping them together in heapes, would burne the greatest part, to my great release; or doubtlesse I had beene miserable eat up, and devoured by them.

"And now some eight dayes before Candlemasse, the slave informed me, that an English seminary priest, born in London, and belonging to the Bishops Colledge of Malaga; and a Scotish Cowper named Alexander Ley, borne in Dunbar, and there married, were in translating all my bookes and observations out of English, in the Spanish tongue, bringing every other dayes numbers of wrot papers to the governour, and for their paines had thirty duccats allowed, and that they were saying, I was an arch-hereticke to the pope, and the Virgin Mary.

"Having re-dounded him concealed thanks, I was assured of their bloody inquisition, preparing my selfe in God, with faith, and patience, to receive and gain-stand it; for my spiritual resolution was surely founded; being sightless of company, and humane faces, I had intirely the light of my soule celebrate to God Almighty.

"And hereupon the second day after Candlemas, the governour, the inquisitor, a canonicall priest, entered my dungeon accompained with two Jesuites, one of which was predicator, and superior of the Tiatinean colledg of Malaga: where being chaire set, candle lighted, and door locked; the inquisitor, after diverse frivolous questions, demanded me if I was a Roman Catholik, and acknowledged the pope's supremacy. To whom I answered, I was neither the one, or did the other. And what power (said I,) have you to challenge me of my religion, since it is a chiefe article, of the former concluded peace, that one of our Kings subjects should be troubled by your inquisition; but as you have murdred me for alledged treason, so you meane to martyr me for religion.

"And you governour, as you have tortured and hunger-starved this helpelesse body, consumed wtth cold and vermine to the last of my life; the Almighty God who revealeth the secrets of all things (although I be never relieved) will certainely discover it to my countrey and to the world. And is this the best of your good deeds you repay to our mercifull king, who then being onely king of Scotland, in the time of your just over-throw of eighty-eight, gave secourse to thousands of your ship-wracked people for many moneths; and in the end caused transport them safely to their desired ports. Leaving to the worlds memory an eternall stampe of Christian bounty, mercy, and royal charitie: and your acquittance to him, is an imputation of treachery to his fleete, detaining and mis-regarding his letters and seales, and now imposing to a tormented innocent, your lawlesse inquisition.

"To which the governour answered, all that was true, but it was

done more through feare than love, and therefore deserved the lesser thankes; but (intrim) wee will follow the uttermost of our ends. And the Jesuite predicator to confirme his words, said, there was no faith to bee kept with heretikes, which directly, or indirectly, is the sublime policy of conquerors, which our mighty and innumerable nation evermore taketh notice of and observeth.

"Then the inquisitor arising, expressed himselfe thus: Behold the powerfull majesty of Gods mother, commander of her Sonne, equall to the Father, wife of the Holy Ghost, Queene of Heaven, protector of angels, and sole gubernatrix of the earth, &c. How thou being first taken as a spye, accused for trechery, and innocently tortured (as we acknowledge we were better informed lately from Madrile of the English intention) yet it was her power, her Divine power, which brought these judgments upon thee, in that thou hast wrote calumniously against her blessed miracles of Loretta; and against his holinesse, the great agent and Christs vicar on earth: therefore thou hast justly falne into our hands by her speciall appointment; thy books and papers are miraculously translated by her speciall providence with my owne countreymen: wherefore thou maist clearely see, the impenetrable mysteries of our glorious lady in punishing her offenders: and for a humble satisfaction, repent thee of thy wickednesse, and be converted to the holy mother church. And after many such like exhortations of all the foure, the inquisitor assigned mee eight daies for my conversion: saying, that he and the Tiatines would twice a day visite mee in that time, intreating me to bee advised againe the next morning, of these doubts and difficulties that withstood my conscience.

"Then in leaving me, the Jesuite predicator making a crosse upon my crossed brest, said, My sonne, behold you deserve to be burnt quick; but by the grace of our Lady of Loretto, whom you have blasphemed, we will both save your soule and body: Spewing forth also this fæminine Latine; *Nam mansueta et misericordiosa est Ecclesia, O Ecclesia Romana! extra quem non est salus:* They gone, and I alone all this night, was I instant with my God, imploring his grace to rectify my thoughts, illuminate my understanding, confirme my confidence, beatific my memory, to sanctifie my knowledge, to expell the servile feare of death, and to save my soule from the intangling corruption of any private ends, illusions, or mundane respects whatsoever.

"The next morning, the three Ecclesiastickes returned, and being placed with chaires and candles, the inquisitor made interrogation, of what difficulties, errours, or mis-beleefe I had: to whom ingenuously I answered I had none, neither any difficulty, errour, nor mis-beliefe; but was confident in the promises of Jesus Christ, and assuredly believed his revealed will in the Gospell, professed in the Reformed Catholike church; which being confirmed by grace, I had the infallible assurance in my soule, of the true Christian faith.

"To these words hee answered, thou art no Christian, but an absurd hereticke, and without conversion; a member of perdition; whereupon I replyed, Reverend sir, the nature of charity and religion,

doe not consist in opprobrious speeches; wherefore if you would convert mee, as you say, convince mee by argument: if not, all your threatnings of fire, death, nor torments, shall make me shrink from the truth of Gods word in sacred Scriptures. Whereupon the mad inquisitor clapped mee on the face with his foote, busing mee with many raylings, and if the Jesuits had not intercepted him, hee had stabbed me with a knife; where, when dismissed, I never saw him more."

It appears that the governor had given him up to the Inquisition; and, as the arguments of the priests took no effect upon him, he is condemned to death.

"But hauing satisfied his bewitching policy with a Christian constancy, they all three left me in a thundering rage; vowing I should that night have the first seal of my long sorrowes: and directing their course to the bishop and Inquisitor (for the governour had wrested the inquisition vpon mee, to free him of his former aspersion layde upon the English fleet, and my tryall therefore, converting it all to matters of religion) the inquisition, I say, sat forth with, where first I was condemned to receiue that night eleuen strangling torments in my dungeon: and then after Easter holidayes, I should be transported priuately to Grenada, and these, about midnight, to be burnt body and bones into ashes, and my ashes to be flung in the ayre: well, that same night, the scriuan, sergeants, and the young English priest entered my melancholy staunce: where the priest in the English tongue vrging me all that he could (though little it was he could doe) and vnpreuailing, I was disburdened of mine irons, vnclothed to my skin, set on my knees and held vp fast with their hands: where, instantly, setting my teeth asunder with iron cadges, they filled my belly full of water, euen gorgeing to my throate: then, with a garter, they bound fast my throat, till the white of mine eye turned vpward; and being laid on my side, I was by two sergeants tumbled too and fro seuen times through the roome; euen till I was almost strangled: this done, they fastned a small cord about each one of my great toes, and hoysing me therewith to the roofe of a high loft (for the cords runne on two rings of iron fastned above) they cut the garter, and there I hung with my head downward, in my tormented weight, till all the gushing water dissolved: this done, I was let downe from the loft, quite senselesse, lying a long time cold dead among their hands: whereof the governour being informed, came running vp stayres, crying—is he dead? O fie, villans, goe fetch me wine, which they powred in my mouth, regayning thereby a slender sparke of breath.

"These strangling torments ended, and I reclothed, and fast bolted againe, they left mee lying on the cold floore praysing my God, and singing of a Psalme. The next morning the pittifull Turke visiting mee with bread and water, brought me also secretly, in his shirt-sleeve, two handfulls of rasins and figges, laying them on the floore amongst the crawling vermine, for having no use of armes nor hands, I was constrayned by hunger and impotency of

time, to licke up one with another with my tongue: this charity of figs the slave did once every weeke or fortnight, or else I had long ere then famished."

His miserable situation becomes known to the English in Malaga, by an accident, and he is released.

"But now to abbreviat a thousand circumstances of my lamentable sufferings, which this volume may not suffer to contain. By God's great providence, about a fortnight before Easter, anno 1621, there came a Spanish cavaliere, of Grenada, to Malaga, whom the governour, one night, invited to supper, being of old acquaintance; where, after supper, to intertaine discourse, the governour related and disclosed to the stranger, (God working thereby my discovery and deliverance,) all the proceedings and causes of my first apprehending, my confessions, torments, starvings, their mistaking of the English fleete, and, finally, the wresting of the Inquisition upon me, and their condemnatory sentence; seeming also much to lament my misfortunes, and praising my travailes and deserts.

"Now all this while, the gentleman's servant, a Flandrish Fleming, standing at his maister's back, and adhering to all the governour's relations, was astonished, to heare of a sakelesse stranger, to have indured, and to indure such damnable murther and cruelty. Whereupon, the discourse ending, and midnight past, the stranger returned to his lodging; where the Fleming having bedded his master, and himselfe also in another roome, he could not sleepe all that night, and if hee slumbered, still hee thought hee saw a man torturing, and burning in the fire; which he confessed to Mr. Wilds when morning came.

"Well, he longed for day, and it being come, and hee cloathed, hee quietly left his lodging, inquiring for an English factor, and comming to the house of Mr. Richard Wilds, the chiefe English consull. Hee told him all what hee heard the governour tell his master, but could not tell my name; only master Richard Wilds conjectur'd it was I, because of the others report of a traveller, and of his first and former acquaintance with me there.

"Whereupon the Fleming being dismissed, he straight sent for the other English factors, Mr. Richard Busbitch, Mr. Iohn Corney, Mr. Hanger, Mr. Stanton, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Rowley, and Mr. Woodson; where advising them, what was best to be done for my reliefe, they sent letters away immediately with all post dilligence, to Sir Walter Aston, his maiesties ambassadour lying at Madrile. Vpon which hee, mediating with the king and counsell of Spaine, obtained a straight warrant to command the governor of Malaga, to deliuer mee ouer in the English hands; which being come, to their great dislike, I was released on Easter Satturday before midnight, and carryed uppon Hazier, the slaues backe, to Master Busbitches house, where I was carefully attended till day light.

"Meanewhile, by great fortune, there being a squader of his maiesties ships lying in the road, Sir Richard Halkins came early ashoare, accompanied with a strong trayne, and receiued mee from the mer-

chants: whence I was carryed on men's armes, in a pair of blanquets, to the Vanguard, his maiesties ship. And three dayes thereafter, I was transported to a ship, bound for England, the fleets victualler, named the Good Will, of Harwich, by direction of the General, Sir Robert Maunsell: where being well placed, and charge given by Sir Richard Halkins to the ships master, William Westerdale, for his carefulnes toward the preservation of my life, which then was broght so low and miserable. The aforesaid merchants sent me from shoare, besides the ships victuals, a suite of Spanish apparell, twelue hens, with other poultry, and a barrell of wine, a basket full of egges, two roves of figges and rasins, two hundred oranges and lemmons, eight pounds of sugar, a number of excellent good bread, and two hundred realls in siluer and gold; besides two double pistolls, Sir Richard Halkins sent mee as a token of his loue."

When Lithgow arrived at Deptford, he was carried upon a bed to Theobalds, where the King resided, and placed in the Privy Gallery, to be seen by the King. James sent him to Bath, at the royal expense, where he stayed twenty-seven weeks, and appears to have recovered his health and strength, excepting in his left arm. Various attempts were made to procure redress from Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador; and one of them was backed so forcibly by violent conduct on the part of Lithgow, that some sort of a challenge passed, and the poor pilgrim was imprisoned again in the Marshalsea, at Southwark, "whence," he says, "he returned with more credit, than Gondomar did with honesty to Spain."

In the reign of Charles, Lithgow brought his case, by a bill of grievances, before the Upper House; but he never appears to have obtained any satisfactory redress.

END OF VOL. XI.

[*The Index to this Volume will appear with the next No.*]